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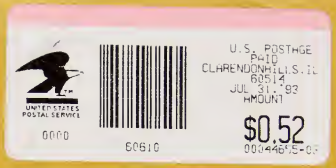
Catherwood



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Though I suspect that my
dear Mr. Stoughton has made
a pretty bid for a long au-
tograph by his very nice letter,
I will tell him that many of
the characters in "Dollard" are
real. The Indians, the nuns,
the nuns' man-servant, all
kind. It is hardly necessary to
add that the hero, and Dollier
de Casson were real men.

As to Claire, I am sure

she must have kind — some-
where. So sure, that in point-
ing out the old portion of the
cathedral in Dreux to my
husband once, I said "There
is where Claire and Dolland
were married."

Does any young American
realize the debt we owe to
the pioneer French? I wish
I could gather our boys and
girls into one vast amphithe-
ater, and tell them — print on
them — the stones I do love.

Sincerely your friend,
Mary Hartwell Catherwood.
April 17th. 1896.

Halvor Americana

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TIMOTHY H. BAKKEN
HALVOR AMERICANA
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June 10 1993

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a description of a manuscript that you may wish to consider adding to your collection of Mary Hartwell Catherwood papers. The original is presently available at $42.50, and may be had on approval if desired.

Sincerely,

Timothy H. Bakken

Timothy H. Bakken

Helga, Please order. I will wipe as directed. Jan

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. Autograph Statement Signed, 2pp, 8vo, n.p., 17 April 1896

"Though I suspect that my dear Mr. Stoughton has made a pretty bid for a long autograph by his very nice letter, I will tell him that many of the characters in 'Dollard' are real. The Indians, the nuns, the nuns' man-servant, all lived. It is hardly necessary to add that the hero, and Dollier de Casson were real men.

"As to Claire, I am sure she must have lived -- somewhere. So sure, that in pointing out the old portion of the Cathedral in Quebec to my husband once, I said 'There is where Claire and Dollard were married.'

"Does any young American realize the debt we owe to the pioneer French? I wish I could gather our boys and girls into one vast amphitheater, and tell them -- print on them -- the stories I so love."

Two tiny marginal hinging traces on first page; fine

The Blue Crane.

Act I

(Scene: Interior of country newspaper office. Two desks; overflowing waste-basket; a number of cheap chairs; a small shelf of books;on conspicuous perch at back of room a stuffed blue crane. Placard on wall,"Office of the Blue Crane. A high-class weekly. Terms,$I.50 per year. Job printing neatly done."

Noise of hand-press heard in next room. Sam Peevy at one desk opening letters. Printer's boy stands waiting for copy, receives a handful, and goes into next room.

Enter hurriedly Seth Adams, slamming street door and leaning for an instant with his back against it.)

Sam.(Still tearing envelopes open.) Here's success to the Blue Crane, my boy. Seven new subscribers in the last mail!--What's the matter with you? Have you seen a ghost?

Seth.(Listening covertly for outer sounds.) I think I have.

The ghost walks today.

Sam.--The ghost has walked pretty regularly in this office lately. Seven new subscribers!--and tonight we begin to board. --To board, man!--instead of sleeping here on the office chairs and eating crackers and cheese we shall sleep in beds and eat like Christians!

Seth.--It will be a pleasure to see you eat like a Christian, Sam.

Sam.--But I'm not ashamed of the crackers and cheese. I'm going to put them in my political speeches when I run for congress.

Seth.--They'll be very filling in your speeches.

Sam.--Did you pick up any items?

Seth.--(Approcahing his own desk and taking out note-book.) The Thompson boy has been kicked out of the drug-store and gone back to sponge on his grandmother. I have it that our young friend William Thompson has severed his connection with Smith's enterprising pharmacy ,and will visit with his relatives awhile to recuperate his health.

Sam.--That's in great shape. We can't antagonize anybody, you know, except a political opponent. What else?

Seth.--Our postal card correspondent from Prairiw Dog Hollow

missed the mail and sent these notes by the hand of a neighbor:--"Bob Cass is finishing his new house. That's right, Bob. Fix the cage and catch the bird!"---"We regret to learn that Eli Harness's children is down with the whooping-cough. But health in this district is otherwise good, except Milton Singly's wife who is also bedfast."--I wish I had been born a postal card correspondent in a country neighborhood.(Sits down at his desk.)

Sam.--(Leaving his desk to put hand on Seth's shoulder.)Seth, will you never tell me what ails you? You're not the man you were at college. Six years of Europe have done for you.

Seth.--If a fellow could always be coming home from Europe he might accomplish something by the mere rise of his spirits. Gorgeous autumn colors of my native country, high zenith shining as no other sky shines, clean gladness of a landscape unsoaked by mediæval filth--my God! how my soul shouted hallelujah while I whirled through it in a dining-car,paying five prices for a vile breakfast and rancid butter!

Sam.--Don't remind your poor partner of your former prodigality.

Seth.--It's really a compensation to me for the loss of my money, to see how defrauded my poor partner feels.

Sam.--Why, you had a hundred thousand dollars.

Seth.--And you'll come back at me a hundred thousand times to make me account for every dollar of it.

Sam.--You ought to account to somebody.

Seth.--That's been one of my fatal troubles, Sam: there was no one for me to account to; no father, mother, brother or sister.

Sam.--I'd be a whole family to you, and show you where to put the money if we had it.We are not here in the west, hanging by our eyelids on this little paper, for our health. We must do something. We ought to have a land-office here in the Blue Crane sanctum. Do you know how men get rich in western towns? They buy land: they subdivide lots.

Seth.--But my lot was subdivided before I came here.

Sam.--I can't understand it! You had no vices. Now poor Keene's profligacy was absolute drunkenness. Keene was the original Blue Crane.All sorts of a man he was: had been a mine owner, an actor, a special correspondent. He started this paper when the town surveyor drove the first stakes. In six months the paper was in the sheriff's hands and Keene was in the ditch.

Seth.--He's the man you opened your new graveyard with?

Sam.--Yes, that was Keene.

Seth.--Laid him like a corner-stone.

Sam.--Exactly. And a poor corner-stone he is for his child's fortunes. He left a half-grown daughter without a cent in the world or a shelter over her, except what her own labor gives her. Before a man accumulates a family he ought to sit down with pencil and paper and figure out how many mouths he can accommodate with regular meals every day. Regular meals!(Takes his hat from a hook) Seth, this is an auspicious moment.We ourselves are about to return to regular meals.We are now going out to board! I feel that I am capable of boarding indefinitely.(Opens door into press-room. Noise of press ceases.)Thomas, we are going out to supper and shall not return.We are going out to supper. When you leave, please lock the press-room door and turn the boy out.(Closes door.)That'll impress him more than paying him a month's wages.

Seth.-- And be cheaper for us.

Sam.--Well! After three weeks of scant lunching are you waiting for the butler to announce dinner?Or am I to go forth alone and eat for the firm?

Seth.--Perhaps we better begin that way and let the hostess gradually into the situation.

Sam.--I warn you, my boy, that you are trifling with what are at present my tenderest sensibilities.

Seth.--Don't wait for me, Sam.I have some work to finish.

Sam.--My boy, ordinarily I'd die for you--but, no, I won't wait.

Exit.)

(Seth sits writing, and gradually the room grows darker. He throws down his pen and walks the floor at first in excitement, which subsides; and his arms form themselves to the carried shape of a child. He begins to whistle softly, then to croon, then to sing:--)

The girlie had two chairs turned down
To make a house in a corner.
She tied her bonnet on her head,
And much it did adorn her.
"I lock my doo',
You mus'n't knock.
Lick-lock!
Lick-lock!"

The girlie has two stones set up
To make a house in a corner--
A corner of the churchyard space,
Where sky and grass adorn her.
She has locked her door;
We dare not knock!
Lick-lock!
Lick-lock!"

(Timid knock at the door. He pauses with his back toward it, dropping arms at sides and looking over shoulder.Door opens. Enter Kate Keene.)

Kate.--Goodevening. Is Mr. Adams here?

Seth.--Goodevening. Mr. Adams is here.

Kate.--I was sent to tell him that his supper will be spoiled. (As he turns toward her she moves to the wall and leans there hiding her face.)

Seth.-- A spoiled supper is really good cause for tears in the Blue Crane office.

Kate.You look like my father--O! you look like my father!

Seth.--(Aside.) Now I wonder what distinguished citizen I am the counterpart of?

Kate.--He has been dead only a few months. I am not used to it yet, and the crane and you reminded me of him.

Seth. The crane and I reminded her of him.

Kate.--He was the best man in the world. Other people have bad faults, but he had only one little weakness.

Seth.(Aside). That must have been the weakness they opened the new cemetery with; and this must be the daughter of the original Blue Crane.

Kate. I try not to make any fuss. But you can't always wait until you go to bed ,to cry.(Turning, and drying her eyes.) I miss him so!

Seth.--He was then a good father?

Kate(with enthusiasm.) He was beautiful!

Seth.--(Aside.) The man I resemble was beautiful!

Kate. And brilliant.

Seth.-- Brilliant, certainly.So perfect a father will by contrast prove a serious drawback to your husband when you come to have one.

Kate.--I am never going to have a husband. My father told me not to marry.

Seth.--He was a man of sense as well as a beauty.I begin to find the resemblance very flattering.You are certain I am like your father?

Kate.--Even your voice and your eyes when you make a joke to keep the tears back.

Seth.--Well, then, I wish you would sometimes call me --father Not openly, I mean, but --sometimes. I had.....a child of my own, ...and she died. She was just old enough to say...father. I carried her when she was ill...and her little arms clung round my neck....And now I think and think about the little neglected foreign grave...All around it are graves heaped with beaded flowers. I put some violets over her...and came away....alone.

Kate.-- (tenderly)But where is the child's mother?

Seth.--That is what I used to ask myself--Where is the child's mother? And the only answer I could ever give was--Damn the child's mother! She left her little sick child with me, and she left me because she had impoverished me.

The Dead Sweetheart.

I lie across her grave all night:
I walk beside her ghost all day;
Too numb to weep, too dazed to pray.
--How can I have her from my sight?

All life upon the world is done:
A sickening sunshine soaks the land;
Like painted trees the forests stand;--
Their soul went with my precious one!

And I must live, and do my part!--
For years, and years, and years, and years--
Without her kisses--with my tears!--
God smite me dead this broken heart!

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

First 3 chapters of Mother's.
last & unfinished novel, "For Tippecanoe"
& other typewritten stories.
Personally typed.

FOR TIPPECANOE

I

The Golden Rose

"Glory and success are absolute certainties in the future!--I can see them coming! Can't you, Camilla?

"My sight isn't as long as yours," responded Camilla. "But I can see them shying at New Harmony! That uniform would scare anything. O Frances, don't wear it!"

Frances looked down at white trousers which encased her from waist line to the fastening below the knee. A tunic or upper garment, of the same heavy linen as the trousers, fitted every curve of her trim shape, and flared from her neck set like an ivory column. It had Greek drapery which fell nearly as low as her ankle on one side, but on the other side was looped against the thigh. Her stockings also were white, and her feet carefully shod with leather instead of the satin slippers of that period.

She stood tall as a goddess, full chested, broad shouldered. She

had one of the most beautiful heads that Nature ever fashioned, the short chestnut hair clustering and curling around it, a calyx for her face. Her straight nose, her oval cheeks and perfect mouth and full blue eyes, were mobile with intensity of expression which was power made visible. Life radiated from her as from a being dowered with more than her share.

"These are my best new clothes," she said."They give me freedom in every muscle. Try the Community uniform, Camilla; you'd like it yourself!"

"I'd rather die than be seen in it!" Camilla declared with fervor. "See how it looks on you!--and you so beautiful!"

A swinging mirror stood on the floor betwixt its pillars of mahogany. Frances stood face to face with her reflection.

"I am a clean woman inside and out. That's more to the purpose than being beautiful."

"I'd rather see you put on the jacket and petticoat and skull-cap, that the Rappites made their women wear, so the men wouldn't look at them!"

"That dress was too clumsy," pronounced Frances. "Who cares for the men! They look at us too much anyhow.We must keep them in their places--as companions in organizing the new society."

"The Duke of Saxe-Weimar is coming to the Assembly tonight."

"And who's the Duke of Saxe-Weimar? An ordinary German. He says nothing remarkable. As soon as he leaves the Tavern the Community will forget him."

"But he'll not forget how Community women dress! He'll go back

to Europe and tell what he saw! It may reach General La Fayette's ears, that Frances Wright--the girl he received in his family like a daughter--has gone so wild over American experiments that she"---

"No longer dresses like a female! General La Fayette will laugh. He knows I always objected to being called a young female!--Do you know how men really feel about women, Camilla? They pretend devotion: but in their hearts they despise us! I am as well made, as free, --I have a mind as well equipped--as any man! I have no superstitions, no fears. A man is no more to me than a woman. I will never trick myself out for him to stare at!"

"The man who wouldn't stare at you now, would be blind!"

"Why?"

"Can't you see how you look?"

"The costume may appear a little singular at first,"admitted Frances.

Camilla laughed. She then began to coax.

"Please wear the taffeta that Madame La Fayette used to admire, Beautiful!"

"I've grown since those days."

"Or the gauze with embroidered bands, Dorable!"

"The gauze with embroidered bands is too fine for a republican gathering, to say nothing of a laboring Community!"

"Then put on anything decent!--Take this off for my sake!"

"Let's carry the war into Africa," proposed Frances, a whimsical change going over her face."Take off something for my sake, Tippe-

canoe. Take off your prejudices."

"Will you put them on if I do?"

Frances shook her head, smiling at Camilla's persistence.

"I can't break my word, and prevent poorer women in the Community from having an equal chance with myself. We should all dress alike."

"What other women in the Community can afford the fine web you have spoiled?"

"I couldn't ~~wear~~ endure stuff that scratched," said Frances. "It would do the cause no good to chafe my skin!"

"How many are going to wear the uniform?"

"All who are not afraid of men!"

"You mean all who are willing to make the men afraid of them!"

"There is only one tribute that I exact from men, Camilla: that is their respect. They shall respect me!"

"Do you think they can--in that?"

Visibly wincing, Frances laughed again, and lifted Camilla from the floor.

"Put me down, man," said Camilla."You make me blush!"

Frances shook her. She was very small and undeveloped, as if her progress toward womanhood had been arrested at the beginning of her teens.Her mouth was so wide, and her eyes such caverns of darkness, that the shadow of the death's head seemed always showing through Camilla Wright's countenance.Though neither emaciated nor repulsive, her body expressed piteous weakness.

She wore a short-waisted gown of mouse-colored silk, cut to show her doll like neck and arms, and the neat points of her slippered

feet. Her traits were decided and individual. She clung with both arms, and fitted her head to the curve of Frances' neck.

"Do you like me, Frances?"

Frances kissed her as a mother devours the one little child in the world.

"I'll never be a Communist!" declared Camilla. "I hate philanthropy! I like old thought a great deal better than new thought! And though I wouldn't own it to anybody in New Harmony, it makes me [illegible] to see you in breeches! What makes you love a little bug of a twin like me? I'll always have to crawl the ground; and you were made to soar like a lark; you're generally in the clouds. I'm jealous of the strangers that take you from me!"

"Strangers don't take me from you, Tippecanoe."

"Yes, they do!Great hulking men and women crowd between us."

"Some day," said Frances," a great hulking man will carry you off."

Camilla shook her head.

"I was just made of what was left from you, Frances. You are almost two women, and I'm nothing but a scrap.Your twin is your pocket piece: you'll have to keep her."

"I couldn't do without her," said Frances.

"I might," admitted Camilla," love someone else more, bodily; but I never could love anyone more, spiritually!"

Frances smiled as she let her twin escape lightly, and smoothed Camilla's silk skirt.

"Some unseen ligament surely unites us, Tippecanoe!If I am try-

ing to help rid the world of abuses, it is to make it a better place for you to live in."

"The world's good enough, Frances, as long as you are in it."

"Let me help improve this corner of it while I am passing through. There's the Assembly bell ringing, Tippecanoe.Madame and Jane and Lucy and Virginia have already gone over. We must hurry."

"They are not wearing the uniform," said Camilla."It is easy for them to show themselves!"

The house which the two girls left, stood like a low Greek temple, massive and broad, showing many pillars. It was known as the Mansion, and Number Five in the Community.

Basking under a full moon, the village stretched level as a garden arched with trees. The season was well advanced in that angle made by the Ohio and Wabash rivers. Southward, beyond groves and fields, the horizon was guarded by a semicircle of hills rising to one tall headland. Betwixt the village and the Wabash river slept many Rappite dead in a walled inclosure, spring's blanket stretched evenly over all, no fold of a grave wrinkling any of its surface. These German pioneers and their transplanted survivors had built the town; in solid handiwork of round based brick and stone houses, each secluded from the street, having its entrance at the side. Their fortress , for storing grain, or for retreat in time of danger, spread a huge oblong of shadow westward in the moonlight.Loopholes were slit in its stone sides, and lookouts pierced its upper story of brick. Donjon doors kept its entrance,

and the tiled roof was bullet proof.

Frances stopped, drawing in her breath with delight. She lifted one white sleeved arm high above her head, in jubilant salutation to the future. The place satisfied her. No other town on the continent had such quaint individual traits. The Spanish who built in Florida, and the French who built in Quebec, built for themselves. But this town was built by a Community for communal life. She who so loved individual freedom, saw the millennium coming through united individual effort!

The Rappites' chief work, set in the heart of their village, was the church, which the new Community used as an Assembly Hall. It rose in the middle of an open square, and was shaped like a Greek cross. Orchards, and black locusts of which the Rappites had been very fond, massed shadows eastward and westward, but only a few great elms outlined the square.

This huge cruciform structure blazed through all its windows like a lighted cathedral. There were four entrances, each a hundred and twenty feet from the opposite one. The principal door, fan-topped and double- leaved, faced north. The stone pillars of this beautiful door nobly upheld a triangular tablet, on which was carved a golden rose set in a golden wreath, parting the figures of the year 1822. Moonlight showed it against the white stone as sparkles are struck on water; and "Micah IV, 8;" which faithful Rappites had known by heart as they went in and out:--"Unto thee shall come the golden rose, the first dominion."

This door, simple as a statue, imposing as if done by the hand of Nature, the Rappite leader had dreamed for his sanctuary.

Within, the Greek cross was outlined upon the floor in stone, surrounded by a parquetry of native woods. Between its arms were the signs of the zodiac. Twenty-eight huge pillars, having pedestals six feet high, supported the dome. Triple arches separated the wings of the building from the center, each middle arch standing on pillars of walnut or cherry, the smaller ones on columns in the wall. Halfway between the arches were mighty shafts of sassafras, stretching twenty-one feet to the ceiling. In that part of the Indiana commonwealth the sassafras tree grew large enough to furnish the hunter with his favorite dugout.

The New Harmony orchestra--a violin, a violoncello, a clarionet, and two flutes, played within an iron railing where a crown of wax lights seemed to hang under the dome. The great space below plenteously balzed; for candle-making was one of the Community industries. Other and roseate light glowed from logs in four fireplaces, at the corners of the central square. Though all the doors stood open and the May air flowed through, the vast hollow of masonry needed these hearts of warmth.

A Commune in the wilderness was a strange sight to the European who sat on the speaker's platform in the south wing. He was between two other men; one plainly dressed, with a face of pure benevolence, the other a blond man of athletic build, who ~~and muscularly huge~~, assumed the air of a proprietor.

The world's capitol never presented stranger contrasts than in this crowd swarming in the Communal hive.

"Of course the scheme attracted many singular cattle," said the blond man to the European, "Nearly a thousand people rushed here as soon as it was known, and the undesirable ones can't be weeded out at once."

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who preferred to be called Barom Brownburg in America, listened to the blond man but spoke to the plain gentleman on the other side of him.

"Why do you yourself leave the Community at its beginning, Herr Owen?"

"Because it must work out its own problems, Baron."

"But a guiding hand at this time may be very necessary."

"I have thought it all over, and decided to go back to England for a year. The new ideas shall be tested independently."

"You are a very generous and confiding land-owner, to leave so large an estate at the mercy of people you do not know."

"My sons will remain here."

"And Mr. Owen leaves affairs in the hands of an efficient committee," said the blond man.

"What is this?" inquired the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, indicating a figure sprawling on the platform indifferent to his presence. The figure was arrayed in a long sack coat of yellow nankeen, stained like a palette with many colors. A waistcoat also of nankeen, fastened as high as his chin, bulged in all its pockets with roots and herbs. His tight pantaloons were buttoned around his ankles. He was a lank cadaverous man, whose oily black hair, stringing upon his shoulders, gave him a ghastly look, in spite of a full and noble forehead and steadfast eyes.

"Is the Baron speaking of Rafinesque, Mr. Taylor?" said Robert Owen.

"Yes," the blond man answered briskly. "That's Rafinesque, Baron: Constantine Rafinesque, born in Turkey, of a German mother and French

father. A most remarkable naturalist, Baron."

"Remarkable, certainly, " admitted the Duke of Saxe-Weimar." Am I mistaken in supposing that you manufacture soap in this Community, Herr Owen?"

"The only products we ~~make~~ make in excess of what we can use," answered Robert Owen , with his slow humorous smile,"are soap and glue. Rafinesque would never think of drawing soap; and glue itself couldn't stick him to us. He's here today, and off tomorrow. His home is any field or wood where he can find specimens. I'm afraid he will never be valued at his true worth. We have other men here who are making history in their service to science. There's Thomas Say--that muscular,tall, dark man--perhaps the most conspicuous in the Assembly--a fine conchologist. And Charles Le Seuer, the one with flaring nostrils, and a bit of whisker in front of his ears, who is talking with the slim large-eyed girl;--he is both artist and naturalist. The French government has pensioned him and sent him to America to push his studies."

"Why do these learned ~~men~~ Professors wear their breeches buttoned over roundabouts,like little boys?"

"We are experimenting in Community uniforms," Robert Owen confessed.

"I see. The principal members of the colony exploit them first."

The Duke ran his eyes over the mobile crowd. All the children had drawn to the center, where they danced in a ring to the music of the orchestra. Other feet on the floor marked time. Young men and girls swung by pairs into a great circle. The rhythmic changes of a Spanish dance progressed like the order of Nature. Their faces were rosy with passionate delight in dancing, as well as with the joy of new conditions, and

expectation of a common good. Toning with the flutes, these young people talked exhuberantly,as one vast family, calling to one another by the baptismal name.

"How the Owen brothers pair off!-- William and Robert Dale:--Richard and little Dale."

"And wherever the Neef girls are, there you will see Richard Owen and little Dale!"

"Sammy Dransfield was put over all the vineyards workers today."

"Lucy Sistare, I have some news for you."

"What is it, Jane?"

"Rob Faunt Le Roy says Mr. Say blistered his hands in the field! The Blessed Sistare will have a patient!"

"I have more startling news for you. Virginia du Palais was kicked over by a cow!"

Virginia du Palais appealed to the young man at her side.

"Why should I be called from the piano to milk cows? Baron Brownburg asked me to play for him, and I had just begun." ~~Madame Fretazia should~~

"Madame Fretazia should not put you to such Community work," he responded.

"I will not be downtrodden by a proud cow!"

"After this I'll milk for you," determined the boy.

"Billy Twigg is going to milk for Virginia du Palais!"

"No, he isn't!" spoke up a young man who led Camilla Wright by the finger tips to salute the opposite couple."Even the birds that sing can't shirk in this Community."

"Camilla is'nt sent out to milk cows, Robert Dale Owen," Virginia protested.

"Do you ever see Frances hold back her hand from any Community work?"

"None of us can hope to be like Frances," spoke Lucy Sistare, who never made sarcastic thrusts which could be detected. She had a gliding motion. Nothing exhuberant worked in her. She was a ground bird.

"I should think not!" one girl whispered to another, keeping the heresy secret. For whatever shocking things Frances Wright did, they must admire her. She took hold of modern civilization with the soul of a Greek. Her physical expression of freedom awed beholders.

She was standing tall and white like the youngest stripling in a group of men. The sage heads of the colony were drawn around her. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar had descended from his platform to examine more closely such a personality. On one side of her character as much a citizen of the world as he, she canvassed with him in his own language the political situation of Europe, simply, with the zest of a living mind. Geologists, artists, even common men who read or pretended to read at tables near the fires, all gave attention to one who knew how to move people in the mass. She compelled her audience to a unit; with latent lovesomeness of mind and body, that prevailed rather than charmed. She was perhaps the most guileless

woman who ever tried to carry the sacred atmosphere of her individuality through the world. Her enthusiasm was the joy of a spirit yet inhabiting Eden.

Women, gathered by that silver sickle of a voice, awed and scandalized, and secretly jealous of her as a spoiled, fortunate being, yet acknowledged in her their best representative.

Frances Wright was indeed outside of all common standards. Born to wealth, brought up with her sister by an English philosopher, cherished like a daughter in the family of LaFayette, she had traveled far, and lived the life of a sage and a saviour while yet in her teens. Her first love was the American republic, to which she offered this sacrifice. She bought three thousand acres of land in Tennessee, and forty slaves. This place was called Nashoba, which is aboriginal for Desolation. There the high bred girl, unused to frontier life, attempted with her sister, to work out the old dense problem of Africa. She was determined to show the United States that the blacks could earn their freedom and establish homes of their own. No prophet had yet risen to put the glory of ambition into that race. It ended in her chartering a ship and carrying her slaves to Hayti, where she gave them liberty and homes.

One auditor who steadfastly watched Frances Wright, had been kicked around the world ten years, part of the time upon the high seas, and he considered that he had not seen her equal in any port.

"Look at Savella!" said one boy to another. "Can the black

Spaniard understand English?"

"Part of the time she is talking Dutch to the Dutchman," said the other. "But if you want to know whether Savella understands English or not, you call him Chawed Breeches."

"What for?"

"Because, when he slipped out of the field and went in swimming today, a cow got hold of his clothes."

"What did the cow do?"

"She swollered all but one leg, and he got out and chased her, and swung on till she swollered up! Gee, Mike, you ought to have seen how mad he was when he washed his breeches!"

The boy called Mike put both hands over his mouth and snorted. He went close to Savella and beckoned. The Spanish boy ignored Mike's invitation. He did not care to climb to the dome platform, where Rappite musicians used to play before sunrise for the German colonists to march afield. Savella was more interested in the community than in those who had preceded it.

"Ah, come on, Chawed Breeches!" said Mike.

Savella knocked him down. As he sprawled, he saw the boy who had set him on, doubling over with enjoyment.

Captain Neef, the schoolmaster, looked on with his frowning smile. But his lieutenant took Savella by the ear. Mike ran on all fours, his sympathizers heaving him through the nearest door.

"Old Fig-pal didn't get Mike that time!" they exulted.

Frances noticed the Spaniard's whitening lips, and broke off her sentence to say imperatively,

"Bring him to me, Monsieur Phiquepal!"

Phiquepal pushed Savella before him. The boy stood proudly erect, for those were not days of whimpering, and the Community spirit was strong in him. The hardihood which comes from enduring outrage made him bold enough to say to Frances, in Spanish, for her ear alone,

"Senora, I have found a man in the woods!"

Frances laughed, giving him a Spanish reply.

"Fortunate boy! I haven't yet found one in the world!"

"Wouldn't you like to see this one? He lives alone."

"Men are much alike," she answered "I am not curious even about one who lives alone."

Watching her from a corner of the northeast fireplace stood a spectator who was not of the Community. Any well-behaved settler was received in the Assemblies; for New Harmony expected to convert the world. The settler, clean in homespun, had a yellow skin but a hardy eye. He looked at the Duke of Saxe-Weimar with some curiosity; but at Robert Owen with far more. A man who proclaimed universal brotherhood repeatedly from the platform, saying, "If we can not reconcile all opinions, let us at least unite all hearts!" — A man able to buy a town of ready built houses, and thirty thousand acres of land, including farms under cultivation, vineyards and

orchards -- and who turned the world loose on his domain to experiment at his expense, astounded the settler.

The Rappites, who preceded this Community, he was used to: he had watched them build New Harmony, and stolidly subdue the wilderness into an estate. Though they were a German speaking people, cut off from him by language and their rigid life, he had bought goods of them, found them honest, wished them well, and regretted them as neighbors when they sold their domain, and returned eastward whence they had come. It was a time of shifting and change, yet it had made him melancholy to see their departing boat loads drop down river.

But this new Community, that rushed in on the proprietor's invitation to the whole world --

"Lord, Lord!" he gasped at the recollection. The ready-made houses overflowed with a freshet of human beings. They came by boat, on horse back, on foot; some with goods, but many with none; some like religious enthusiasts, but many keen to get all they could for nothing.

The new proprietor found his town crowded when he arrived. He came down the Ohio and up the Wabash, bringing with him what was spoken of ever afterwards as "The boat-load of knowledge."; men and women of world-wide experience; gently bred children; souls with vision; natures so fine that wilderness grubbers like the settler could not understand them.

All this mass of humanity, seething like chemicals, was still in the uproar of combination. Already two elements had refused, and separated, for the sake of religion, or some other need disregarded in New Harmony, making two different communities in the neighborhood. The first was called Macluria, for the proprietor's associate, absent in Mexico, or elsewhere, for his health; and the second Feiba Peveli, by a rule for calculating longitude, which the settler and his class swore was "the damnedest craziness of all." He neither knew nor cared anything about longitude.

"Why didn't they call it Owensburg?" he often asked. "Owen was the big man. Owen owned the land. The very spot them off-splitters built on belonged to Owen. If I was in Owen's place I'd go out there with a shotgun and blow their Feeby-Pevvly off the earth! But he never gets mad. You cayn't rile Owen."

The blond man who had sat on the platform with Robert Owen and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, sauntered to the fire which Betsey Craddock, the Owens' English housekeeper, was having replenished by their Negro man.

"The night is not cool, Harry," she said. "A few sticks will do."

Black Harry teetered about his task, his legs bending like the folds of an accordeon.

When these two were out of hearing, the blond man inquired, at the end of an orchestra number,

"Well, what do you think of this happy family, Scrappy?"

"I donno, Taylor, I donno," responded the settler, who might have another name, but was known in New Harmony as Scrappy the cock-fighter. "I'm studyin'. The Rappites was easy seen through. Old Rapp kept them a drivin'. He was hard on the young folks, not lettin' them get married — and some did give him the slip. But he done well, and made them do well. This New Harmony Community — I cayn't tell! They're different!"

"It's a valuable estate," observed Taylor.

"The land cayn't be beat. The Rappites took the best there was. I'd like a piece myself when the breakin' up comes."

"You think the Community isn't likely to last?"

Scrappy worked his chin up and down in that mental rumination which keeps its own counsel. Taylor narrowed his eyes to topaz slits, as a cat might do beside the fire, and emphasized what he had already said —

"It's a very valuable estate indeed!"

"The children here belongs to the Community, do they?" Scrappy asked suddenly.

"That's the arrangement."

"Well, if either a red-skin or a Community undertook to own my youngone, they'd get a taste of my shotgun! Look at the women in breeches!" He bent over and rumbled in his hickory waistcoat. "When women takes to the breeches insted of religion, and marryin'

can be indulged in without a preacher, and public debates is turned over to the fair sect, and everybody is fed whether he works or not"-

Taylor made no reply to the challenging pause.

Frances Wright's clear voice happened to reach them.

"You have often told us, Mr. Owen, that the trinity of man's oppressors is irrational religion, individual property, and marriage."

"Looky there now!" said Scrappy to Taylor. "What fur doctern is that, and the country God-forsaken enough already!"

"The Community is experimenting," said Taylor.

His listener spat upon the coals.

"Well, I must be moseyin'. If I stay here I'll get so corrupted my woman won't harbor me!"

He looked around, drawing in the corners of his mouth, and ambled out of the north door under the Golden Rose.

"We propose to introduce a simple promise between two people, like that used by the Quakers," Robert Owen was saying to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. "Out of respect to the laws of the state, a marriage by the church may follow."

"The first promise then corresponds to a civil contract?"

"It would be binding in the Community."

"Nothing is binding on a free individual," said Frances. "I will show you."

She looked around at random. Her eye encountered the young man with Camilla. She nodded to him, but as he started forward, shook her head.

" Monsieur Phiquepal will do as well as any one,"said Frances. "Monsieur Phiquepal, will you take my hand?"

The man's dark skin blanched. He briskly took her hand and stood beside her.

"He will help me demonstrate to you the absurdity of the existing marriage system," said Frances.

Robert Owen, his philanthropic face flushing with surprise, made a gesture of dissent. The young man with Camilla, who had been called Robert Dale Owen, did more than this. He stood forward and said,

"I object!"

Frances laughed at him.

"Go on, Monsieur Phiquepal," she said.

"Frances!" Camilla cried out.

"Go on!" Frances insisted.

"Before these witnesses, I, William Phiquepal, do agree to take this woman to be my wife!"

The rich dark woods of the hall, showing their polish by candle light, held Frances in their heart, smiling as one who says —

"I can do anything -- to show you that you can!"

"See how trivial such words are! Before these witnesses, I, Frances Wright, do agree to take this man to be my husband!"

Women's eyes dilated, as if they saw Frances Wright driving a chariot to her destruction, bending her lithe figure, cracking the

whip, and huzzahing through her teeth to urge wild horses on!"

II

THE SPIRIT OF THE RAPPITES

Phiquepal's hand was moist; though he appeared a man without juices. Frances realized with quick sympathy that she flung it away. She wiped her palm on an unseen handkerchief in her tunic; and at once resumed her talk with the Duke of Saxe-Weimar as if nothing had happened.

There was a hush through the hall. The orchestra was silent. Her own voice vibrated with a sweet resonance.

The other women were dumb. The home-building instinct could not be taken out of them by theory. They had expected many changes in the new state of society, but only on the material side of life, the side which most cruelly grinds. The prime ingredient of happiness was its stability. A girl whose liberty was unbounded had no right to cheapen a tie which safeguarded them, and had safeguarded their mothers before them. How could it help any woman that a man should be able to say -- "Come be my wife!" --today, and tomorrow

command — "Depart!"

Phiquepal showed no mean figure behind her indifferent back. He was a man of middle age, tall, thin, and dark. His emaciated ears ran to a point at the top. He had full eyes, a large upper head, and distinct dark brows. His closely cut hair seemed to run into a shading of whisker down the hollow of his cheek. His narrow mouth pointed the lips outward with a prehensile tendency. His chin was sharp, and his throat long above his cravat. The nose was low between the eyes, and made a cartilaginous ripple, ending with a round tip. It was a nervous yet spirited face, intense as a thunder cloud.

People waiting to see what Phiquepal would do, saw at once. He could scintillate brilliantly in his teaching; or pull a boy over a desk with the swiftest changes of temper ever seen.

"She's going to catch it now!" whispered the boy who had set Mike upon Savella, as Phiquepal pushed in beside the woman who had fallen like a star in marrying him.

"Shall I bring the Feiba Peveli minister to Number Five in the morning?"he said to Frances.

She turned and gave him the cold stare with which Frances Wright checked masculine insolence.

"Why should you bring the Feiba Peveli minister to Number Five in the morning, Monsieur Phiquepal?"

"For the religious ceremony, which may follow the Community form,"

he answered.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar regarded him quizically.

"The experimental husband is determined to push the experiment to its limits, Fraulein."

"Such experiments, " spoke Robert Owen, "are only for those who desire to have each other as husband and wife. People enter this Community to decrease the troubles of life, not to increase them! We cannot tamper with the laws of the state."

"I am not tampering with the laws of the state, Monsieur Owen," said Phiquepal . .

"You are proposing a marriage which would be binding under the laws of the state."

"Is the Community form not considered binding?"

"We are too young as a Community to experiment in this manner. We shall bring disrepute on ourselves. "

"Whatever your wishes may be, ~~Monsieur~~ Phiquepal,"said young Robert Dale Owen,"I am certain Frances doesn't wish to go any farther in this matter."

Phiquepal looked at him with a stare which sent accustomed shivers down boys' backs, but replied quietly,

"I supposed this was a test marriage. How can it be a fair test, unless it is pushed through all forms?"

"We do not bring in improved methods of living, by radical changes,"Robert Owen urged. "I have never recommended opposition to the

state laws."

"Monsieur Phiquepal is right," spoke out Frances."This is an experiment in marriage, and we do not pause half-way. He may bring the Feiba Peveli minister to Number Five in the morning, and make the tie as binding as it can be made!"

"Frances!" said Robert Dale Owen sternly," you don't know what you are doing!"

"I think I do!"

"It can't go on, over public objection!"

"I think it can, when the objection is mere trivial interference!"

"My father, who is your oldest friend in this country, will be injured by what you are doing!"

"That's nonsense, Robert. We are here for individual liberty. I think no one can bid me stop in the midst of any undertaking! We will complete this marriage tomorrow morning, Monsieur Phiquepal."

"Fool!" Robert Dale said under his breath:--and instantly whispered--"I beg your pardon, Frances!"

Camilla fell against his arm, her upturned eyes drowning under their lids. He drew her with one arm, her feet sliding across the floor, into the open air. As soon as she could stand she sobbed aloud--

"Don't let anybody see me!"

"Nobody will see you. They are all looking the other way."

But a voice called from the step under the golden rose--

"Robert!"

"Tell her there's nothing the matter with me!" said Camilla sharp-

ly.

"Robert,did Camilla faint?"

"There's nothing the matter, Frances. The fires are too warm in the hall. We are going to walk under the trees."

"Get her scarf, Robert. She is easily chilled."

"I'll take care of her, Frances."

"You are very trustworthy."

"Has she gone in?" whispered Camilla.

"Yes."

The dewy night was quiet around them. Insects clicked as against a wall of silence. The orchestra once more struck up within.

Camilla shook from head to foot.

"Sit down on a bench while I bring you a shawl," said Robert Dale.

"I don't want a shawl---I want Frances!"

"Then I'll bring Frances."

"No!--no!--it's no use!"

"If you talked to her, Camilla"---

"She can't be turned when she undertakes anything. Don't you know how stubborn she was about the Nashoba slaves? And now her heart is set on this Community."

"Frances is grandly loyal," admitted Robert Dale.

"That horrible man is to blame!"

"No man could have refused her his hand when she asked it, Camilla."

"He pushed himself in her way--I saw him! He's always looking at her---I've watched him!"

"You might say the same of me, Camilla!"

"You wouldn't bind her tighter and tighter, Robert! You're open as sunshine:--not like that horrible man!"

"He isn't horrible, Camilla. Nothing can be said against Phiquepal, except that he goes off on tangents, like all the French."

"She has been used to men like La Fayette, and your father, and you, who cannot be discourteous to women. She'd burn at the stake for her convictions! She has to mother the whole world! She took Arethusa to be our maid, because Arethusa is lame, and needs Frances to wait on her!"

"Camilla," said the young man, "let's rise above earthly troubles. Let's go to the stars and the spirits of the night, and cool our heads. Come around to the ~~east~~ stairs. I'll get you a wrap, and we'll climb to the dome."

No other pair had scaled the long winding flight which ascended within the east arm of the cross. Robert Dale and Camilla stepped out alone upon the railed circle, the girl breathing quickly, the man supporting her on his arm. Camilla had the desperate feeling of one who runs before a rising tide, and is certain of ~~th~~ nothing but that moment's relief when a wave has broken. Giving herself to the weird moon-day, she looked down at the village among its trees, and at fields and farms divided by lanes, stretching to the wall of hills.

Though at that time the United States was a nation of drunkards, brutalized even in its rural corners, New Harmony ~~was~~ remained a very sanctuary. Women and children could walk alone there at midnight. ~~Though~~ A battle-ground where natures must shock together, there was yet no safer place under the starred flag. ~~Yet~~ Gentle breeding worked such cour-

tesy in Robert Dale Owen, however, that he continually squired and escorted women,; sometimes piloting five or six from Assembly with a lantern, when the moon was dark. Camilla had grown used to his care.

"I brought Jane's plaid,"he said, casting it around Camilla.

They sat on the musicians' bench, which made a circle around the outside of the dome, as the musicians' bench in the hall made a circle within it.Their backs rested against the dome, which concealed big bell and little bell hanging with silent tongues. Higher up ticked and gurgled the machinery of the clock.

"Are you warm?" the young man inquired.

"Quite," answered Camilla.

"It's a good thing to take a high view of life," he observed.

She drew a deep breath from the infinite freshness of night; from grass, vines, gardens, water, and wind blowing over a thousand miles of forest.

"It's comfortable to be with you, Robert," ~~said~~ acknowledged Camilla."Frances says you have more of the qualities of gentle manhood than ~~any other~~ other man in the Community."

"She should have said that of my father."

"I think she spoke of the younger men."

"He is younger than any of us, in spite of his fifty years. He has the faith of a child and the tenderness of a woman. He throws down the bars for all humanity, yet himself keeps the law as strictly as a Covenanter. You know he says that the trinity of mankind's oppressors is irrational religion, individual property, and marriage founded on individual property. He thinks we should not promise to love until death,

because we may not be able to keep that promise."

"If I were a man married to Frances, I could keep it!" asserted Camilla.

"And my father himself has no difficulty in keeping such a promise made to my mother. Poor mother--she cannot endure this western experiment!I know she is devoutly praying for us in Lanark!I hope the year he is going to spend with her will comfort her for the loss of her brood. She sent out Betsey Craddock with Jane and the rest of us, as the mother of Moses sent a family guardian!"

"I hate philanthropy more and more!" exclaimed Camilla.

"But we are in the midst of great things!"

"Frances is great.I'm nothing but her little twin, and never shall be anything else."

"It doesn't matter what we are individually, Camilla, if we help deliver the weak and the wretched--and they are the world's majority--from usages that have come down from savage times."

"It's no use to talk to me, Robert. You can't convert me."

She watched the moonlit fields.

"What's that moving away out yonder?"

"That speck of a house on wheels?"

"Yes."

"It's the old Rappite Ark, that the shepherd used for cradling his tender lambs."

"Who is pushing it?"

"The Rappite shepherd. He gets up out of the graveyard when the May moon is full!"

Camilla laughed.

"I have felt the spirit of the Rappites over this land," insisted Robert Dale."The spirit, even of living people lingers on what they have touched. You can't ~~even~~ tent in a spot without endowing it with your soul. Those Würtemburg peasants were seven years ~~turning~~ turning the wilderness into this garden. Number Five , where you live, was George Rapp's Mansion. Some part of those stolid, hard-working, believing natures, will cling to this soil forever! Do you ever think, Camilla, of men and women who must have walked these streets praying against the fulfilment of natural laws as against the devil!"

"Do you suppose they fell in love ~~with one another~~, Robert?"

"Of course they did! When the girls worked on one vineyard hill and the boys on another, they cast sheep's eyes across the ravine!"

"Among the Rappites marriage was forbidden, and in the Community people experiment with it!" said Camilla.

The clock startled her by its shivering boom. The orchestra struck up the march with which it usually dismissed the Assembly.

"We must go down.I wish the spirit of the Rappites had worked on Frances!"

"Whether we feel it or not," insisted Robert Dale,"it's around us like an atmosphere!"

III

GABRIEL'S FOOTPRINTS

May morning was fairer than May night in New Harmony. So well was the season advanced in that cradle betwixt hills and rivers, that all the birds were housekeeping in the trees; and men and boys planting the Community fields, felt a glow betwixt ground and sky. Blue smoke rose from the three or four factories.

Daylight showed the extent of the village, and those traits which made it singular. North, Granary, Church, Tavern, Steam-mill and South streets, intersected East, Brewery, Main, and West streets. A low wall or parapet made angles in a general diagonal extension across the south end of the town, opening an arched gateway at the foot of Main street. Outside were orchards, the long enclosure of the rope-walk, and beyond them the place called the Labyrinth in its little forest of black locusts. The hills striped with vineyards showed like heights above the Rhine. It was indeed a transplanted German village. Wherever bench or table could be placed under trees, there they stood, inviting to rest and deliberation.

Within the walled space was a fountain among flower beds and poplars. So ingeniously had the Rappites contrived its supply, that water dripped there on the sward all summer, a continuous delight to little children. Those who escaped being sent to bed at sunset, played like ducks around the fountain until their mothers haled them home.

The elder children of New Harmony had already come under Community discipline, and rose at four o'clock in the boarding schools. The boys stirred the mush for breakfast. The girls washed dishes, and prepared vegetables for dinner. They then studied until eight o'clock, when manual training began, and continued until the afternoon session, which lasted from one until three. There was constant festivity in this life of strenuous effort. An atmosphere of joy and youth, and of being in the center of a great social movement, kept the laziest from grumbling at hardships. There was not another ambitious school in the state, except a small college in what was called Blooming Town.

The military spirit of Captain Joseph Neef was even more stimulating than the throb of music, to which they marched in squads to their labor, as the Rappites had done.

In that wilderness Community the embryo of modern education was thus nourished; though in this present year of grace its very cradle may be forgotten. Babies of three years were gathered into the earliest children's garden or infant school, by Madame Fretageot and Madame Neef. There was a school of Art; a school of Zoölogy and Mineralogy; a school of Ichthology; and little ones were taught

botany as they tumbled among plants, at this strange frontier university. In New Harmony all knowledge was founded on observation. Le Sueur, Say, and Troost walked as gods, passionately inspiring their pupils.

Excepting private homes, Community boarding houses, and the Tavern, every building was a school. For manual training went on in the factories. A museum, the beginning of the Smithsonian Institute, was established on the second floor of the Granary fort; and lectures were given in many places beside the Assembly hall.

Captain Neef had a face like a Roman, and the carriage of a disciplined soldier. Compact, muscular, and untiring himself, he taught the children to love hardihood and despise fatigue. Though educated for the priesthood, he had taken to the profession of arms, and still carried at the base of his skull a spent slug received in the battle of Arcola. From the army he rushed to the school; and brought to America from Iverdun, the system of Pestalozzi.

The old soldier's chief aversion was his hat; and next to that he hated a neckerchief. Every morning Madame Neef carefully tied his cravat and set his ~~cover~~ decent cover on his head.

"Again must I submit to the rope?" he would cry. "Again must I carry a brick on my head?"

As he turned the first corner on his way to school, he threw away his hat and hung his neckerchief on a fence. Little Caroline Neef always followed her father and rescued them. Unfurling his wide collar from his soldier throat, Captain Neef then marched bareheaded through New Harmony to his field of daily achievement.

When the children, making a procession from school to the drug store, where medicines were given out to the Community, took their weekly dose of sulphur, Captain Neef took sulphur with them. It became martial, like gunpowder. A boy or girl who made a face was marked a coward. Newcomers, choking, or reviling the dose, were looked down upon, and hastened to change their ways.

For still at intervals, in spite of notices printed by Robert Owen that the town overflowed, stragglers came from the world. Usually they found room in houses left by seceders. For there were also the disaffected, who took offense, packed their belongings, and with their families, sought the ways they had come. They spread stories about the Community; calling it a nest of Free-lovers, and if they had not belonged to the various religious sects who held meetings at will, a nest of infidels.

There were also a few idlers, such as may be found everywhere; who, not daring to lounge publicly, took to the woods with their guns, or to the Cut-off — an arm of the Wabash, cast around an island --with their fishing poles. They sneaked in at night to feed at the tables and tell of game they had nearly captured; or parade as hunters if they brought any.

Throughout New Harmony wherever two or more people encountered each other ~~throughout~~ all that day, they discussed Frances Wright and William Phiquepal. Any man and woman who approach ~~this~~ the mystery called marriage, are made, by some instinct of human nature, the

brief playthings of an interested world.

Josiah Warren, the orchestra leader, a short man with overhanging brows and a tenacious jaw which unexpectedly ended without a chin, found the subject absorbing too much attention at the Brewery. This building had been closed by Robert Owen as a manufactory of foaming drink, and opened as a Mechanics' Institute; where handcrafts were diversified by short lectures.

It was Phiquepal's day to give the men a quarter of an hour on Greek architecture. Young and old came into the Brewery office as the town clock struck; and as usual before the lecturer stood at his table, they swarmed around Josiah Warren to have some fun with him.

Men from all parts of the Federal Union, and Swiss, Germans, French and English from Europe, delighted in his fierce radicalism. Interested in all experiments, ready to hear all knowledge, and picked to pieces what was rejected by their common sense, they respected Josiah Warren as the father of manual training in the Community, and amused themselves with him as the apostle of a system. Truth in what he said continually stimulated them to hoist him to a bench and exhort,

"Now go it, Josiah!"

His serious face, undisturbed by the boisterousness of natures ruder than his own, stood above the crowd.

"When Robert Owen starts me in a time-store, I'm going to prove

my theory to you. Until then I can only repeat and continue to repeat these undeniable facts. Write them in your hats. Carry them in your minds. Cost is the limit of price, and time is the standard of value. The most disagreeable labor entitles to the highest compensation. These are everlasting truths. When we have a society based on exact right, individual sovereignty will be universal, and these things will be proved."

The men listened seriously. It was not this hobby which they wanted Josiah to ride. One and another attempted clumsily to seat him on his wild horse.

"If every sovereign wanted to do different from every other sovereign" — vaguely proposed the leader.

"There should be no interference with the liberty of any one."

"There is right smart liberty in Harmony," commented a sharp faced [redacted].

"It is better as de Rappites," grinned a German.

"Now Josiah, here comes Fig-pal. Is he married or single?"

"You know my views on marriage."

"But time is the standard of value. And that was done so quick it don't seem worth much," said another.

"If cost is the limit of price," a Kentuckian added, "I reckon she got such an ornary trade, she'd sell cheaper than she bought."

"What's marriage!" exclaimed Josiah Warren as Phiquepal stepped into the room. He was on his wild horse and would not stop even for

Robert Owen, who was that morning making his farewell round of the village, and entered quietly behind Phiquepal. "Marriage is nothing. It's a breach of manners to enquire whose husband or wife any one may be, or who is the father of a new-born child! Marriage is purely a personal relation so slight that I would have it indicated by nothing but a red thread on the finger!—when the thread disappeared that should signify the marriage was ended! The Indians, sir, had truer conceptions of such ties, than we who call ourselves civilized!"

Phiquepal laid his notes on the table. The cleft between his brows deepened when he smiled. He said to Josiah,

"May I ask if Madame Warren was married to your father by a red thread?"

"As I have intimated," replied Josiah, "that is nobody's business, sir!"

"Let brethren dwell together in unity, even if their opinions differ," Robert Owen reminded the speakers.

No man could see him, and believe evil of him or his philosophy. The most ignorant colonist knew Robert Owen's history. He had built a mighty community in Scotland, where laborers were enabled to achieve the best at the least cost to themselves. He was recognized the world over as one who had devoted himself, his family and his wealth to the service of humanity. The Czar of Russia visited him to observe his methods. He had spoken before senates and rulers, and carried his beliefs as a gospel. Some called him visionary;

others denounced him as absolutely crazy. Men occupied fighting for money and power, each his own champion, doubted the soundness of a man, who, having made a great fortune, pledged it to the realization of an ideal. But none ever accused him of baseness. The courteous gentleman, faithful to every social obligation through every hour of his life, foresaw his fellow beings in a state which they might never attain.

Phiquepal took up his notes, but Josiah Warren challenged him.

" May I ask if Monsieur Phiquepal thinks Miss Wright is married to him by anything as strong as a red thread?"

"Monsieur Warren may not know," deliberately answered Phiquepal, "that the marriage was repeated, under license, by the minister from Feiba Peveli, early this morning."

"A license!" said Robert Owen, startled. "Who took out a license?"

"I did," said Phiquepal.

"You went in the night" —

"About four o'clock this morning. I have taken every precaution."

"You certainly have! — Are you a Catholic?"

"I am not."

"Then this appears to you a binding marriage?"

"As binding as any marriage can be."

"And that's not binding at all!" declaimed Josiah Warren, as he sat down contemptuously on the bench which had been his rostrum.

"Frances needn't put on even a red thread!"

"Let me tell you," spoke Robert Owen forcibly, "one who entraps a genius holds an uneasy bird! ---- You are much older than Frances, Monsieur Phiquepal. Though wise beyond her years in some matters, in others she is a child! I trust, as a gentleman, you will guard her from her rashness in meddling with the laws of the state."

"I am ready and willing to meet and discharge every obligation I incur," Phiquepal answered.

"This brilliant and erratic, but great hearted girl must be treated with your utmost courtesy."

Phiquepal bowed.

"You understand that Frances does not consider these ceremonies binding!"

"Monsieur Owen may rest assured it is no light experiment."

Robert Owen half turned as he left the room, but he was too disturbed to speak a word to the men.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness, Mr. Owen," said Josiah, following the philanthropist on Brewery street.

"I wish this hadn't happened!"

"It's the same as if it hadn't!"

"I don't like the man," acknowledged Robert Owen. "I wish I did, but I don't!"

"Nobody does," Josiah responded.

"He evidently admires Frances!"

"Everybody does," Josiah responded.

"That being the case, he may be unmanly enough to hold her to her contract!"

"There is no such thing as a contract between them!"

"I'm sure none exists in the mind of Frances. But it is folly to brave established government with opinions that have not had time to mature. Gladly would I see marriage made a spiritual bond instead of a civil contract. But all are not prepared for higher ideals. I have myself happily kept its law; and my children and the Community know I never counseled rebellion in anyone."

"Leave this in my hands," recommended Josiah Warren.

"In your hands! You and those like you who cannot be moderate, Josiah, are going to bring the Community into disrepute! I do hope there will be great progress in self-government during my absence in England. I hope there will be more unanimity. Everybody seems setting out on a mad race of his own!"

"You temporize!" exclaimed Josiah Warren.

The human disposition, that generator of feuds and all social wretchedness, rose before Robert Owen a vast menacing specter, as he continued his way alone. But no specter ever stood between him and the sunshine long.

A couple of women watched him from the other side of the street.

"I wonder what he thinks!" said one.

"It does beat all!" exclaimed the other. "I expected to see strange sights when I came to Harmony;-- but I didn't expect to see a woman pick out a man without waiting to be asked!"

The first woman, immature but toilworn, with a breach in her front teeth, at once probed the subject.

"She must have been afraid of being an old maid!"

"Her!"

"They say she's past twenty-two;--I got married before I was sixteen!"

There was a note of triumph in the voice which announced this single advantage over Frances Wright. For neck and neck with the pride we feel in our great neighbors, goes a secret grudge that they are greater than ourselves.

"Humph!" sniffed her friend, putting her down with merciless fact, "Frances Wright could get foreign lords if she wanted them! She lived in La Fayette's house! Do you suppose them that has money and looks, like her, ever goes a-beggin'?--But to take up with Fig-pal--it does beat all!"

"She needn't live with him;--if anybody can get married now, and not be married!"

"She's put the noose around her neck!" was the solemn response. "They can talk about their Community experiments:--she's tied herself up in the old-fashioned way:--she's got a man!"

Unconscious of this baleful possession, Frances sat at her desk in the office of the New Harmony Gazette, and did her day's work with unflagging zeal, putting her strength into the labor. Wild flowers in vases and pitchers filled the place with incense. Branches of the tulip tree were fastened on the wall, their pale green blossoms drooping in the heat. It was a large square upper room, with windows looking north and west.

On the opposite side of it Robert Dale Owen had his desk. He was about twenty-five years old;a well made man, with striking features and dark hair. He had the student's habit of bending his erect shoulders forward and looking up under his brows, the caul of introspection drawn over the clear gazing in his blue eyes. Both editors betrayed the custom of bringing outdoors into the study. They were full of unrepressed vitality, moving with the motion of thought. There was between them a perfect companionship of that creative side which we can so seldom share with others.

"Robert are you ready for our walk?" Frances inquired, when sunset light began to fade upon the wall.

"I have to paste the news items from the eastern papers yet."

"Let me help you."

She crossed the room and sorted his clippings, handing them to him as he placed them in order.

"Eastern papers received Thursday evening contain nothing new from Europe."

"Cotton weaving is suspended in Ireland. There is much distress among the operatives."

"Accounts from Greece are contradictory."

"Affairs in Spain are slowly but steadily growing worse."

"There are now nearly five thousand pupils in the Boston public schools.

"The only fact of importance from South America is the passing of two decrees, by which Spanish property is confiscated, and for-

eigners put on a footing with Peruvians in selling their goods. It was formerly necessary to employ native agents."

"That's all; and rather a meager grist."

Robert Dale hung his copy on a hook beside the door.

"What have you done Frances?"

"Before we go," said Frances, "listen to something I haven't done. Here is an imitation of Horace, written for the guitar, which came to me, signed with initials, from the schools: —

"Is it Love that has cemented her charms around his neck?
You will soon see him floating, a sailless,mastless wreck!
In pursuit of Enjoyments that will give him the slip —
High gales, without a Steersman — have dismantled the Ship!"

"Why should a little cement bring on such bad weather?" demanded Robert Dale.

"Don't laugh at our mixed metaphors," returned Frances. "Here are the last lines, and very pat they are."

"Consult then thy Reason, since the Passions are such!
She will curb them, or destroy them: — rather none, than too much.
The Pleasures they yield, they're vastly too dear.
For a Moment of heart's joy you will mourn for a year!"

"Yes, and a day longer. Imagine moaning that to a guitar, Frances, when there are any fandangoes to play! The New Harmony poets are all in eruption. I have added a scene to Pocahontas."

"I hope it is better than the last."

"Yes, critic, it is. Tell me what you' ve done so I can abuse that."

"My paper on Opinions is ready to print."

"Read a bit of it."

Frances took up her manuscript and read — "Look to your stage. See what it is! Then look back to ancient Greece, and judge what it might be!"

"Hum! Another fling at Pocahontas! Come down from ancient Greece and give me something of interest in the United States."

Frances read again — "My friends, I am no Christian in the sense usually attached to the word. I am neither Jew nor Gentile, Mohammedan nor Theist; I am but a member of the human family, and would accept truth by whomsoever offered."

"Well, Frances, I am going to offer you some truth. I've kept it back all day, so come out in the open air where it can explode."

They went down stairs and through the south gate past the rope-walk, before either was ready to set a slower pace. Her smaller feet timed step with the man's, as she moved unhampered over the toilsome sand of a wagon road; yet the languorous ripple of a woman's motion softened her entire outline and made the stride a march.

"I stopped and helped the girls with their straw braiding in the manual training school this morning," said Frances. "But the whole body cries out for vigorous use. When I was at with the La Fayettes I used to go to the washing-pool, and dip and souse and soap and beat the linen with the laundresses! Some mystic, muscular fluid clears my head and makes me splendidly fit for

brain labor."

"After I had helped pull down a few of the old temporary cabins of the Rappites," said Robert Dale, "I concluded I was fit enough for brain labor."

"But haven't you noticed," urged Frances, "however depressed you may be, if you set to work, immediately you want to sing! There is something about manual labor which puts us in tune."

"I'm keyed just right now, Frances," said Robert Dale, turning upon her as they neared the Labyrinth, "to sing that truth you are ready to accept. You've made a fool of yourself in this affair with Phiquepal."

The sun was gone in vermillion light beyond the river, and a primrose twilight already looked up over the hills. Field workers were marching into the village with military step, to the music of clarionet and flute blown from the Assembly dome. Away off in the eastern fields young lambs gave voice, quavering to their mothers. The shepherd and his helpers were driving their flock home.

"Last night was bad enough," Robert Dale added, "but the step you took this morning was inexcusable!"

"It was no step at all; I am glad I did it, if only for your instruction! There is no bond betwixt Phiquepal and me. Repeating a few words makes no tie. The process is simply ridiculous!"

"He went to Mt.Vernon for the license !"

"Suppose he did!"

"You are legally bound to him!"

"Such a fracas to make about so trivial a matter!" exclaimed Frances impatiently.

"What I want to get at," insisted Robert Dale, "is your reason for doing this."

"I did it first for Tippecanoe; and then for all the other women in the Community. I am making it a question of a woman's freedom! I am breaking ground in new thought. For a woman's subjection to a man is only in her mind! Throughout all the generations women have been more bound than men have. I want to make them free — free!"

"Frances, you are talking in the air. Father greatly regrets your rashness. There are so many who do not understand the principles, he says. People come here from the old world. They cannot at once throw off inherited and acquired habit. Those were the wisest Christianizers who grafted the Christian religion on pagan custom. It is not gracious to throw mud in the faces of our forefathers, who did as well as they could!"

"You don't understand the principles yourself, Robert! The bondage of the mind is intolerable!"

"Frances, anybody who upsets a beehive and stands to be stung, is a fool: so is he who unnecessarily provokes prejudice and ill-will. Let us avoid extremes."

"There I differ from you. I would stand to be stung, if by

being stung I could prove to a world, servilely afraid of bees, that their sting is not mortal."

"You are putting Phiquepal to a terrible test. You must have seen how eager he was!"

"He happened to stand nearer than you. The experiment might have been made with you, Robert!"

"I wish it had been made. I would have freed you at once, Frances.!

"You couldn't have freed me! I am not bound!"

"I tell you you are bound by the state law, Frances!"

"Do you think I am afraid of law? I have never been afraid of anything in my life! I would rather die than fear! So cruel does fear seem to me that I would endure agony to free Camilla, or any other woman — or man --from its bondage. The world is beautiful, and I am a Free Enquirer through it. None can hereafter send me to a place which I do not know exists! None can tie me here to what I do not recognize as mine!"

"Frances, no matter how great a fool you make of yourself, there is something about you that goes straight to the heart!"

"I have staked my fortune, my reputation, and my life on the cause of human improvement. I must find a way to the human heart, Robert!"

"One can wrangle with you, as with a man, knowing you will give and take without going off to cry!"

"Say, rather, as with a rational being. If I am guided by the

light within — that is, God in the breast — and you are guided by the same light, and we see from different angles, what is there to quarrel about? Besides, we are all like one great family here in New Harmony."

"This is the happiest time of our lives, Frances!"

"We are certainly helpmeets. I never liked any other man quite as well as I do you, Robert! You are a living soul! General LaFayette was a living soul, too. I speak of him as past: for that was a disappointment when the born apostle of liberty showed that he could stoop to temporize with kings! That ended our labors together. He thought it was a girl's caprice to throw the history aside. I could not say -- 'Greatest of European patriots, you have been weighed in the balances and found wanting in one vital grain!' It was a privilege to have the companionship of one who had so magnificently lived. I have been very blessed in my short life, Robert!"

"Frances," said Robert Dale "Do you think the woman has grown in you yet?"

"Why?"

"Because we are like boys together!"

"Perhaps it's this dress."

"No; before you put it on I often thought we were like boys together."

"I'm glad of it!"

"But Frances, you'd be lovelieras a woman!"

"Would I be any more useful?"

"Oh, we don't want a woman to be useful -- entirely. We want her to be lovely!"

She looked at him with intent eyes, answering,

"And pay the price for it by being called a female! I don't want to pay the price."

Gabriel's Footprints remained where the Rappites had left them, a threshold at the entrance to the Labyrinth.

Robert Dale and Frances stood at this goal, as they had often done before, gazing at the oblong slab of limestone which bore distinct impressions of naked human feet. The prints were colossal, with spreading toes. Tiny encrinite fossils ornamented the rock like minute carving. He who had stood upon it, had advanced the left foot, planting his heels near together.

George Rapp had told his followers these were Gabriel's footprints, made while the Arch-angel appeared in New Harmony, giving spiritual directions to their leader. And since the Labyrinth was a mystery, these mysterious tracks were laid at its opening, not to be trodden upon, but to be studied with serious awe.

"There were big Indians on the Mississippi where Rapp got this stone," said Robert Dale.

That weird medium, neither dusk not light, which takes possession of the world edges after the sun leaves them, and turns figures to silhouettes on the water, showed through its transparent film a head above the Labyrinth border. The head was in the act

of turning aside, when Frances and Robert Dale saw it in profile, white like silver over the level of the hedge. The features had a roseate coloring, peculiarly effective under blanched or powdered hair. They were strong, quiet, male, youthful.

The head remained an instant and passed out of sight. There was no sound in the dense network of greenery.

"Who was that?" exclaimed the young man.

"I don't know," answered Frances. "But it is a face I have seen somewhere."

"What's he doing in the Labyrinth? I believe I'll follow him."

"You'll be lost in a minute! You know what a place it is! We must turn back now. That face had a wonderful effect on me. Maybe it was the ghost of a Rappite!"

"Or Gabriel come back to survey his footprints."

"Perhaps it was,"laughed Frances. "If there are angels, why shouldn't they come to New Harmony? It is the gate of Paradise!"

Hiawatha at Desbarats.

First, there was the joy of going. We followed other pilgrims from the train, surprised to find how many were taking that direction, to a little steamer waiting in Desbarats river. She was really a diminutive freight boat; but link after link, bare mast after bare mast, her tow of four sailboats and two skiffs uncoiled behind their motor. They were filled by the laughing crowd. It was an expedition into fairyland. Over everything shone cloudless blue and the August sun.

Desbarats river seeks the Georgian Bay through a field of rushes. Its full and narrow channel was sown with water lilies. A level waterway in low lying green, it widened to an inland sea that was ridged with islands of brown rock.

The tow curved off toward what was beginning to be the afternoon sky, and so came to a cove in a hilly shore. Gala craft had gathered around a wooded point beyond. We found many people before us at the festival. Still ~~rowing~~ following ~~the disembarked~~ other pilgrims, we climbed

a path across a ridge, and found a natural amphitheater swarming with life. A stage was set at the water's edge, with a background of lake and interlapping islands for its scenery. A tree grew through its center. Benches were ranged up the height in front of it, and a few straight tall pines threw narrow and shifting protection across the outdoor theater. A dozen wigwams, painted with totem marks, and made of bark or canvas, outlined the three sides not occupied by the stage.

But while the eye took note of these things, it gathered first all the color and motion of the place; a camp fire blazing under triangular poles; squaws cooking, and serving a long table which stretched beneath a roof of bark. Old Indians sliced mutton, and helped make tea. Men and women were gay in painted buckskins, quill work, in feathers, in paint. When such of their visitors as had not brought baskets, were fed, they were going to act the Ojibwa story of Hiawatha, arranged from Longfellow's poem by a promoter of land in the Georgian Bay. This gentleman on being encountered, confessed to his agency in the matter, but insisted he had merely given a framework to their long preserved traditions, ceremonials, dances, and songs.

Minnehaha with braids hanging down beside her handsome face, continually heaped up the blueberry platter, and brought cups of tea. The company was gay and goodnatured, and the food was clean. Nokomis busied herself at the fire. And even Hiawatha himself, in milk-white buchskins, with two feathers crossed upon his forehead, was a cupbearer, until the promoter shouted through a megaphone down the heights--

"Hiawatha, and all the Indians who appear in the play, go to your dressing-rooms and get ready!"

Adorable papooses in scarlet and in yellow, and ravishing vermilion skins through which their black eyes glowed, ~~practised on~~ climbed the railing of the stage, their limbs swelling with beautiful muscle. No formality attended the drama. The actors ran about , and it was hard to set the spectacle in motion. But having begun, they entered their parts with spirit.

The audience was almost as interesting as the aboriginal men and women crowding the stage. From my lord the bishop, and my lady the high-bred Canadian with snow white hair and a skin of condensed blush roses ~~and snow white hair~~, to the farmer of a few yards of stone, and fisher people, all classes were represented. Newspaper correspondents, and tourists, mothers and children from neighboring towns, and kodak manipulators, who gave importance to the proceedings by photographing the actors in all manner of poses,

There was no scenery shifting; there was no curtain. The sky illumined this guileless orgie, the Indians came and went as openly as a Greek chorus, interpreting with their bodies the pictures suggested through the megaphone. They spoke and sang Ojibwa. Primitive honesty ennobled every guile action, and some groupings of those brilliant figures against lake and island, are memories ofr a lifetime. Continually the spectators broke into applause.

The charm cannot be conveyed; for aboriginal life unfolded like a flower, evaporated in the decanting, passed like the joy of a moment. It was necessary to sit and watch the peculiar revival, and give imagination up to the thump of the Indian drum, to appreciate the value of it. A lapse of eighteen years in half a minute seemed no discrepancy in a scene so wide and unchanging. The little happenings of time merely shifted on the face of eternity.

First , the tribes gathered to smoke the calumet. They sat around the leader in a cir cle, and he carried the pipe from one to another, receiving it after each man had drawn a cloud of smoke, and waving it in graceful lines while he poured out Ojibwa eloquence.

Pau-puk-kee-wis the mischief maker was easily the popular favorite. He wore a magnificent crst of eathers descending almost to his heels and was graceful as a panther. Pau-puk-keewis blazed in eolers. The eye reluctantly wandered from him to little Hiawatha, nursed in a bark eradle at a tent door by Nokomis.

Next, the child Hiawatha was taught to sheot with the bew, and not ene of his arrows missed the mark. The moment after, Hiawatha, eighteen years eld, started to the land of the Daeotahs en one side of the amphitheater, and arrived there en the ether side.

His people danced a snake danee for his safe return: curving their line as a serpent undulatez, creep ing under and arch of lifted hands as a serpent seeks its hole. Whatever they did they a ecentuated with staccato eries. When Hiawqtha brought heme Minnehaha they danced in her hener a dance perhaps as eld as the Sabine rape: the stealing of the

The Heart of the Wilderness.

Pink shaded wax tapers shone over the faces of the diners, and the butler moved on silent feet. But instead of fair uncovered necks the rosy glow revealed snug stocks, and heads in yachting trim. It was a city dinner taken like a passover at the instant of departure.

"How delicious to think we shall be on the lake in half an hour!" said the hostess, fanning herself. "There is always that highway of sudden escape from heat in Chicago."

One of the [redacted] people around the table, rose and made his apologies and farewells.

"So sorry I am obliged to take the hot train instead of the cool yacht, Mrs. Calvert."

"But you will follow us as soon as you can, [redacted]?"

"Within a fortnight."

"Remember there will be three unprotected women in camp until you arrive," said Marian Calvert , rising to part with him at the street door.

"I'll be there!" piped the ten year old son of the hostess. "And mama says I'm the man of the house, and the camp, and the yacht, now."

"You're young," Marian told him, in the slighting English way.

"It is adorable to be young," said the French countess: and Thorndyke wondered as he b o wed over her hand, if she found herself no longer adorable.He thought her rather a faded widow; and his prejudices were strongly Anglo-Saxon. Marian Calvert was stalwartly handsome, with big rosy arms, and a flush like Aurora. sane, and undegenerate, well equipped to be a mother of the new generation. The Countess de Russie, whose title of princess in the empire of the Czar she chose to drop in Amehidat , had the age of youth or the youth of age. He thought her unwholesome; a type of the decaying French race; with a magnetism which appalled hi m, and a child-like presence which wholly disarmed him. She was clearly not a woman whom a man should marry; but she might be one for whom he would die.

Mrs. Calvert had told one of her intimates--"I expect to have a summer of absolute peace.There will be no chaperoning, and no possibility of flirting. Marian and Dr. Thorndyke are to be married

in the autumn. Amelie de Russie was a little girl in the little convent of the Assumption at Auteuil in Paris, when I was a big girl in the big convent. You want blue blood with you when you go to summer in the wilderness, for there is nothing which tries the gentlehood of man or woman like primitive conditions. It is seldom wise to take up with a Russian noble. I once had my hair done in a parisian hair dresser's shop with a brush bearing a silver crest. It had been made to order for a Russian prince who could not pay the bill and was obliged to permit his hairdresser to keep the brush. But Amelie's husband was really a decent bald headed old njoble, wih with an estate of his own which I have visited. If he were alive I could not object to introduce him to any of my friends: and it is seldom one can speak so highly of any foreign prince. As for Amelie herself, it used to lift me up at the convent to be called 'little mother' by a countess with quarterings that ran beyond the battle of Tours. And I have never been let down in her friendship since."

The door closed behind Dr. Throndyke, and Marian Calvert returned to the table as the butler stood by his mistress and coughed behind his hand.

"Well, Randle?"

"Pardon, mum, but it's Katy and Annie, mum."

"What of Katy and Annie?"

"They won't go, mum."

Mrs. Calvert turned in her chair and looked at the man.

"Do you mean that twenty minutes before we are to take the

yacht--twenty minutes before you are left to close the house for the summer--that the two maids break their agreement to accompany us?"

"Yes, mum."

"Very well, Randle. You may tell them to leave the house at once."

"They've left it already, mum."

The butler put on the dessert with silent and ~~aplo~~ apologetic devotion: and then retreated to his pantry. Mrs. Calvert folded her arms and looked at Marian and the Countess de Russie.

"The chickens were ordered to be delivered dressed, and the very pease shelled for those beings! Provisions enough ~~to stock~~ for a grocer's stock are stored in that cottage. And now I suppose we can't go!"

"But steam's up in the yacht!" bellowed Jack.

"We can cruise around in the yacht:--if the pilot and engineer haven't deserted!"

"I thought Americans were resourceful," spoke Madame de Russie."Are servants a necessity? Let us wait upon ourselves."

"Certainly,2 assented Marian. "We have hands and feet.You know, aunt, that English girls are always taught cooking."

"Do you ~~think~~ believe we shall be able to manage?" The hostess drew a deep breath of relief."What a joy, then, to be rid of servants, ~~as well as~~ I begin to soar!Think of the summers wasted on hotel verandahs with people staring at us!"

"All peop.e are amusing," said Madame de Russie."But only a few are endurable."

"Well, I have gone back to Nature in full dress for the last time. But when I called you to this rough outdoor life I scarcely expected to offer such primitive condotions."

Into these primitive conditions Thorndyke plunged like a zestful swimmer when a sailboat from Sturgeon Bay landed him and his baggage on the log dock. Undetected by the cottagers, whose firelight shone out to him, he stood and watched the sail diminish in night, the undetermined forest cliff barring the east, and the strangely pallid whiteness of wats r showing all its swells to the horizon, under a black sky. The shingle-tinted house had a wide spread of surrounding porch supported by pillars of unhewn trees. As Thorndyke approached the interior revealed itself;a single baronial hall, with chimney opposite the entrance, and stairs ascending to a gallery that let into chambers all around the upper level.The furnishing was rude; blocks of drift serving as tabourets: but a thousand touches made it divine. Cedar branches hung like banners on the unceiled walls. A group of figures that he scarcely recognized, sat before the blazing hearth, one holding a mandolin. Madame de Russie rose up in a short red denim dress with her collar turned back from her full throat, and balanced herself on the bearskin rug. She could nott see Thorndyke where he halted beyond the porch shadow; and to the tinkle of her friend's mandolin, gave herself to intoning a street song:--

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y danse, on y danse!
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mond y danserai!

"Le beau monsieure fait comme ca&"

"L'enfant mechant fait comme ca, &c"

"Le maman fait comme ca,&c"

"La grande dame fait comme ca,&c"

"This is indeed a welcome!" hailed Thorndyke; and had the door slammed in his face,and the shades pulled down, while he could hear wild scamperings and the upsetting of furniture. It was a transformation so sudden that he waited to see what his friends would do next. They did nothing. The opaque mass of house resisted him, and not a sound came out of space w hich had just been tinkling like a vaudeville stage.

"I will modify my first remark," said Throndyke."This is indeed not a welcome."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marian.

"It is Dr. Thorndyke," the countess declared.

His hostess threw the door wide and met him with both hands.

"We have had a water tramp tonight, and we thought he had come back!"

"Said his name was ready Razors," cried Jack,"and he'd cut our hearts out when he came back!We locked the door and the windows. He wanted somebody to mend his boat and cook his supper."

Dauphin - Gael

Prelude

St. Bat's

"My name is Eagle," said the little girl.

The boy said nothing.

"My name is Eagle," she repeated. "Eagle De Ferrier. What is your name?"

Still the boy said nothing.

She looked at him surprised, but checked her displeasure. He was about nine years old, while she was less than seven. By the dim light which sifted through the top of St. Bat's church he did not appear sullen. He sat on the flagstones as if dazed and stupefied, facing a blacksmith's forge, which for many generations had occupied the north transept. A smith and some apprentices hammered measures that echoed with multiplied volume from the Norman roof; and the crimson fire

made a spot vivid as blood. A low stone arch, half walled up , and blackened by smoke, framed the top of the smithy, and through this frame could be seen a bit of St. Bat's close outside, upon which the doors stood open. Now an apprentice would seize the bellows-handle and blow up flame which briefly sprang and disappeared. The aproned figures, Saxon and brawny, made a fascinating show in the dark shop.

Though the boy was dressed like a plain French citizen of that year 1795, and his knee breeches betrayed shrunken calves, and his sleeves, wrists that were swollen as with tumours, Eagle accepted him as her equal. His fine wavy hair was of a chestnut color, and his hands and feet were small. His features were perfect as her own. But while life played unceasingly in vivid expression across her face, his muscles never moved. The hazel eyes, bluish around their iris rims, took cognizance of nothing. His left eyebrow had been parted by a cut now healed and forming its permanent scar.

"You understand me, don't you?" Eagle talked to him. "But you could not understand Sally Blake. She is an English girl. We live at her house until our ship sails, and I hope it will sail soon. Poor boy! Did the wicked mob in Paris hurt your arms?"

She soothed and patted his wrists, and he neither shrank in pain nor resented the endearment with male shyness.

Eagle edged closer to him on the stone pavement. She was amused by the blacksmith's arch, and interested in all the unusual life around her, and she leaned forward to find some response in his eyes. He was unconscious of his strange environment. The ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great, or St. Bat's as it was called, in the

heart of London, had long been a hived village. Not only were houses clustered thickly around its outside walls and the space of ground named its close; but the inside, degraded from its first use, was parceled out to owners and householders. The nave only had been retained as a church, bounded by ~~its~~ massive pillars, which did not prevent ~~anybody~~ Everybody from using it as a thoroughfare. Children of resident dissenters could and did hoot when it pleased them, during service, from an overhanging window in the choir. The Lady Chapel was a fringe-maker's shop. The smithy in the north transept had descended from father to son. The south transept, walled up to make a respectable dwelling, showed through its open door the ghastly marble tomb of a crusader which the thrifty London housewife had turned into a parlor table. His crossed feet and hands and upward staring countenance protruded from the midst of knick-knacks.

Light fell through the venerable clerestory on upper arcades. Some of these were walled shut, but ~~many~~ others retained their arched openings into the church, and formed balconies from which upstairs dwellers could look down at what was passing below.

Two women leaned out of the Norman arcades, separated only by a pillar, watching across the nave those little figures seated in front of the blacksmith's window. An atmosphere of comfort and thrift filled St. Bat's. It was the abode of labor and humble prosperity, not an asylum of poverty. Great worthies, indeed, such as John Milton, and nearer our own day, Washington Irving, did not disdain to live in St. Bartholomew's close. The two British matrons, therefore, spoke the prejudice of the better rather than the baser class.

"The little devils!" said one woman.

"They look innocent," remarked the other."But these French do make my back crawl!"

"How long are they going to stay in St. Bat's?"

"The two men with the little girl and the servant intend to sail for America next week. The lad, and the man that brought him in--as dangerous ~~a~~ looking a foreigner as ever I saw!--are like to prowl out any time. I saw them go into the smithy, and I went over to ask the smith's wife about them. She let two upper chambers to the creatures this morning."

"What ails the lad? He has the look of an idiot."

"Well, then, God knows what ails any of the crazy French! If they all broke out with boils like the heathen of scripture, it would not surprise a Christian. As it is, they keep on beheading one another, day after day and month after month; and the time must come when none of them will be left--and a satisfaction that will be to respectable folks!"

"First the king, and then the queen,"mused ~~the first~~ one speaker." And now news comes that the little prince has died of bad treatment in his prison. England will not go into mourning for him as it did for his father, King Louis. What a pretty sight it was, to see every decent body in a bit of ~~red~~ black, and the houses draped, they say,in every town! A comfort it must have been to the queen of France when she heard of such Christian respect!"

The women's faces, hard in texture and rubicund as beef and good ale could make them,leaned silently a moment high above the dim pavement. St. Bat's little bell struck the three quarters before ten; lightly, delicately, with always a promise of the great booming which should

follow on the stroke of the hour. Its perfection of sound contrasted with the smithy clangor of metal in process of welding construction. A butcher's boy made his way through the front entrance toward a staircase, his feet echoing on the flags, carrying exposed a joint of beef on the board upon his head.

"And how do your foreigners behave themselves, Mrs. Blake?" inquired the neighbor.

"Like French Enemy grays, to be sure. I told Blake when he would have them to lodge in the house, that we were a respectable family. But he is master, and their lordships has money in their purses."

"French lordships!" exclaimed the neighbor."Whether they calls themselves counts or markises, what's their nobility worth? Nothink!"

"The Markis de Ferrier," retorted Mrs. Blake, nettled by a liberty taken with her lodgers which she reserved for herself," is a gentleman if he is an Enemy gray, and French. Blake may be master in his own house, but he knows landed gentry from tinkers--whether they ever comes to their land again or not."

"Well, then," soothed her gossip,"I was only thinking of them French that comes over, glad to teach their betters, or even to work with their hands for a crust."

"Still," said Mrs. Blake, again giving rein to her prejudices,"I will be glad to see all French papists out of St. Bat's. For what does scripture say?--'Touch not the unclean thing!'--And that servant body, instead of looking after her little missus, galloping out of the close on some bloody errand!"

"You ought to be thankful, Mrs. Blake, to have her out of the way, instead of around our children, poisoning their hinfant minds!

Dr. Shinpol

Thank God they are playing in the church lane like little Christians, safe from even that lad and lass yonder!"

A yell of fighting from the little Christians [redacted] mingled with their hoots at choir boys gathering for the ten o'clock service in St. Bat's. When Mrs. Blake and her friend saw this preparation they withdrew their dissenting heads from the arcades in order not to countenance what might go on below.

Minute followed minute, and the little bell struck the four quarters. Then the great bell boomed out ten;--the bell which had given signal for lighting the funeral piles of [redacted] many another martyr, on Smithfield, directly opposite the church. Organ music pealed; [redacted] choir boys appeared from their robing-room beside the entrance, pacing two and two as they chanted. The celebrant stood [redacted] in his place at the altar, and antiphonal music rolled among the arches; pierced by the dagger voice of a woman in the arcades, who called after the retreating butcher's boy to look sharp [redacted], and bring her the joint she ordered.

Eagle [redacted] sprang up and dragged the arm of the unmoving boy in the north transept. There was a weeping tomb in the chancel which she wished to show him;--[redacted], lettered with a threat to shed tears for a beautiful memory if passers-by did not contribute their share; a threat the marble duly executed on account of the dampness of the church and the hardness of men's hearts. But it was impossible to [redacted] to disturb [redacted] religious service. So she coaxed the boy, dragging behind her, down the ambulatory beside the oasis of chapel, where the singers, sitting sideways, in rows facing east [redacted] facing the

alter, chanted the Venite. A few worshipers from the close, all of them women, pattered in to take part in this daily office. The smithy hammers rang under organ measures, and an odor of cooking sifted down from the arcades.

Outside the church big fat-bellied pigeons were cooing about the tower or strutting and pecking on the ground. To kill one was a grave offence. The worst boy playing in the lane durst not lift a hand against them.

Very different game were Eagle and the other alien whom she led past the red faced English children.

"Good day," she spoke pleasantly, feeling their antagonism. They answered her with a titter.

"Sally Blake is the only one I know," she explained in French, to her companion who moved feebly and stiffly behind her dancing step. "I cannot talk English to them, and besides, their manners are not good, for they are not like our peasants."

Sally Blake and a bare kneed lad began to amble behind the foreigners, he taking his cue smartly and lolling out his tongue. The whole crowd set up a shout, and Eagle looked back. She wheeled and slapped the St. Bat's girl in the face.

That silent being whom she had taken under her care recoiled from the blow which the bare kneed boy instantly gave him, and without defending himself or her, shrunk down in an attitude of entreaty. She screamed with pain at this sight, which hurt worse than the hair-pulling of the mob around her. She fought like a panther in front of him.

Two men came in the long narrow lane leading from Smithfield, interfered, and scattered her assailants.

You may pass up a step into the graveyard, which is separated by a wall from the lane. And though nobody followed, the two men hurried Eagle and the boy into the graveyard and closed the gate.

It was not a large inclosure, and thread-like paths, grassy and ungraveled, wound about crowded graves. There was a very high outside wall: and the place insured such privacy as could not be had in St. Bat's church. Some crusted stones lay broad as gray doors on ancient graves; but the most stood up in irregular oblongs, white and lichened.

A cat call from the lane was the last shot of the battle. Eagle valiantly sleeked her disarrayed hair, the breast under her bodice still heaving and sobbing. The June sun illuminated a quaint determined child of the gray eyed type between white and brown, flushed with fullness of blood, quivering with her intensity of feeling.

""ho would say this was Mademoiselle De Ferrier!" observed the younger of the two men. Both were past middle age. The one whose queue showed the most gray, took Eagle reproachfully by her hands; but the other stood laughing.

"My little daughter!"

"I did strike the English girl -- and I would do it again, father!"

"She would do it again monsieur the Marquis," repeated the laugher.

""ere the children rude to you?"

"They mocked him, father." She pulled the boy from behind a grave-stone where he crouched unmoving as a rabbit, and showed him to her guardians. "See how weak he is! Regard him — how he walks in a dream! Look at his swollen wrists — he cannot fight. And if you wish

to make these English respect you you have to fight them!"

""here is Ernestine? She should not have left you alone."

"Ernestine went to the shops to obey your orders, father."

The boy's dense inertia was undisturbed by what had so agonized the girl. He stood in the English sunshine gazing stupidly at her guardians.

"Who is this boy, Eagle?" exclaimed the younger man.

"He does not talk. He does not tell his name."

The younger man seized the elder's arm and whispered to him.

"No, Philippe, no!" the elder man answered. But they both approached the boy with a deference which surprised Eagle, and examined his scarred eyebrow and his wrists. Suddenly the Marquis dropped upon his knees and stripped the stockings down those meager legs. He kissed them, and the swollen ankles, sobbing like a woman. The boy seemed unconscious of this homage. Such exaggeration of her own tenderness made her ask,

""hat ails my father, Cousin Philippe?"

Her Cousin Philippe glanced around the high walls and spoke cautiously.

""ho was the English girl at the head of your mob, Eagle?"

"Sally Blake."

""hat would Sally Blake do if she saw the little king of France ride into the church lane, filling it with his retinue, and heard the royal salute of twenty-one guns fired ~~in his honor~~ for him?"

"She would be afraid of him."

"But when he comes afoot, with that idiotic face, giving her such a good chance to bait him -- how can she resist baiting him? Sally Blake is human."

"Cousin Philippe, this is not our dauphin? Our dauphin is dead! Both my father and you told me he died in the Temple prison nearly two weeks ago!"

The Marquis de Ferrier replaced the boy's stockings reverently, and rose, backing away from him.

"There is your king, Eagle," the old courtier announced to his child. "Louis XVII, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, survives in this wreck. How he escaped from prison we do not know. Why he is here unrecognized in England, where his claim to the throne was duly acknowledged on the death of his father, we do not know. But we who have often seen the royal child cannot fail to know him; brutalized as he is by the past ~~wretched~~ horrible year of his life."

The boy stood unwinking before his three expatriated subjects. Two of them noted the traits of his house, even to his ears, which were full at top, and without any indentation at the bottom where they met the sweep of the jaw.

The dauphin of France had been the most tortured victim of his country's Revolution. By a jailer who cut his eyebrow open with a blow, and knocked him down on the slightest pretext, the child had been forced to drown memory in fiery liquor, month after month. During six worse months, which might have been bettered by even such a

Dauphiné-jal 2

jailer, hid from the light in an airless dungeon, covered with rags which were never changed, and with filth and vermin which daily accumulated, having his food passed to him through a slit in the door, hearing no human voice, seeing no human face, his joints swelling with poisoned blood, he had died in everything except physical vitality, and was taken out at last merely a breathing corpse. Then it was proclaimed that this corpse had ceased to breathe. The heir of a long line of kings was coffined and buried.

While the elder De Ferrier shed nervous tears, the younger looked on with eyes which had seen the drollery of the French Revolution.

"I wish I knew the man who has played this clever trick, and whether honest men or the rabble are behind it."

"Let us find him and embrace him!"

"I would rather embrace his prospects when the house of Bourbon comes again to the throne of France. Who is that fellow at the gate? He looks as if he had some business here."

The man came on among the tombstones, showing a full presence and prosperous air, suggesting good vintages, such as were never set out in the Smithfield alehouse. Instead of being smooth shaven he wore a very long mustache which dropped its ends below his chin.

A court painter, attached to his patrons, ought to have fallen into straits during the Revolution. Philippe exclaimed with astonishment -

"Why it's Bellenger! Look at him!"

Bellenger took off his cap and made a deep reverence.

"My uncle is weeping over the dead English, Bellenger," said

Philippe "It always moves him to tears to see how few of them die."

"We can make no such complaint against Frenchmen in these days," the court painter answered. "I see you have my young charge here, enjoying the gravestones with you; - a pleasing change after the unmarked trenches of France. With your permission I will take him away."

"Have I the honor, Monsieur Bellenger, of saluting the man who brought the king out of prison?" the old man inquired.

Again Bellenger made the marquis a deep reverence, which modestly disclaimed any exploit.

"When was this done? --Who were your helpers? — Where are you taking him?"

Bellenger lifted his eyebrows at the fanatical royalist.

"I wish I had had a hand in it!" spoke Philippe De Ferrier.

"I am taking this boy to America, monsieur the Marquis," the painter quietly answered.

"But why not to one of his royal uncles?"

"His royal uncles:" repeated Bellenger. "Pardon,monsieur the Marquis, but did I say he had any royal uncles?"

"Come!" spoke Philippe De Ferrier. "No jokes with us, Bellenger. Honest men of every degree should stand together in these times."

Eagle sat down on a flat gravestone, and looked at the boy who seemed to be an object of dispute between the men of her family and the other man. He neither saw nor heard what passed. She said to herself --

"It would make no difference to me! It is the same, whether he is the king or not."

Bellenger's eyes half closed their lids as if for protection from the sun.

"Monsieur De Perrier may rest assured that I am not at present occupied with jokes. I will again ask permission to take my charge away."

"You may not go until you have answered some questions."

"That I will do as far as I am permitted."

"Do Monsieur and his brother know that the king is here?" inquired the elder De Perrier, taking the lead.

""hat reason have you to believe," responded Bellenger," that the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois have any interest in this boy?"

Philippe laughed, and kicked the turf.

""e have seen him many a time at Versailles, my friend. You are very mysterious."

"Have his enemies, or his friends set him free?" demanded the old Frenchman.

"That," said Bellenger, "I may not tell."

"Does Monsieur know that you are going to take him to America?"

"That I may not tell."

"When do you sail, and in what vessel?"

"These matters, also, I may not tell."

"This man is a kidnapper!" the old noble cried, bringing out his sword with a hiss. But Philippe held his arm.

"Among things permitted to you," said Philippe," perhaps you will take oath the boy is not a Bourbon?"

Bellenger shrugged, and waved his hands.

"You admit that he is?"

"I admit nothing, monsieur. These are days in which we save our heads as well as we can, and admit nothing."

"If we had never seen the dauphin we should infer that this is no common child you are carrying away so secretly, bound by so many pledges. A man like you, trusted with an important mission, naturally magnifies it. You refuse to let us know anything about this affair?"

"I am simply obeying orders, monsieur," said Bellenger humbly. "It is not my affair."

"You are better dressed, more at ease with the world than any other refugee I have seen since we came out of France. Somebody who has money is paying to have the child placed in safety. Very well. Any country but his own is a good country for him now. My uncle and I will not interfere. We do not understand. But liberty of any kind is better than imprisonment and death. You can of course evade us, but I give you notice I shall look for this boy in America, and if you take him elsewhere I shall probably find it out."

"America is a large country," said Bellenger, smiling.

He took the boy by the hand, and made his adieus. The old De Ferrier deeply saluted the boy and slightly saluted his guardian. The other De Ferrier nodded.

"We are making a mistake, Philippe!" said the uncle.

"Let him go," said the nephew. "He will probably slip away at once out of St. Bartholomew's. We can do nothing until we are certain of the powers behind him. Endless disaster to the child him-

self might result from our interference. If France were ready now to take back her king, would she accept an imbecile?"

The old De Ferrier groaned aloud.

"Billenger is not a bad man," added Philippe.

Eagle watched her playmate until the closing gate hid him from sight. She remembered having once implored her nurse for a small plaster image displayed in a shop. It could not speak, or move, or love her in return. But she cried secretly all night to have it in her arms, ashamed of the unreasonable desire, but conscious that she could not be appeased by anything else. That plaster image denied to her symbolized the strongest passion of her life.

The pigeons wheeled around St. Bat's tower, or strutted burnished on the wall. The bell, which she had forgotten since sitting with the boy in front of the blacksmith-shop, again boomed out its record of time; though it seemed to Eagle that a long, lonesome period like eternity had begun.

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Book I

Awaking

I

I remember poising naked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a diminishing vista: the extreme point of coherent recollection. My body and muscular limbs reflected in the water filled me with savage pride.

I knew, as a beast knows its herd, that my mother Marianne was hanging the pot over the fire pit in the center of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunting down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedonk, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was stripping more slowly on the rock behind me. We were heated with wood ranging. Aboriginal life, primeval and [redacted] vigor giving, lay behind me when I plunged, expecting to strike out under the delicious forest shadow.

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on the shore, and the shore with them. My mother Marianne might still be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodges of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was bandaged, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary they were grander than the inside of St. Regis church where I took my first communion, though that was built of stone. These walls were paneled, as I learned afterward to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures, and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for one shaded wax light burned near me. The ceiling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself into panels also, reflecting the light with a dark rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's white garments fluttered at the windows.

I had dived early in the afternoon, and it was night. Instead of finding myself still stripped for swimming, I had a loose robe around me, and a coverlet drawn up to my armpits. The couch under me was by no means of hemlock twigs and skins, like our bunks at home; but soft and rich. I wondered if I had died and gone to heaven; and just then the Virgin moved past my head and stood looking down at me. I started to jump out of a window, but felt so little power to move that I only twitched, and pretended to be asleep, and watched her as we sighted game, with eyes nearly shut. She had a poppet of a child on one arm that sat up instead of leaning against her shoulder, and looked at me too. The poppet had a cap on its head, and was dressed in lace, and she wore a white dress that let her neck and arms out, but covered her to the ground. This image I could see her breathe,

This was remarkable, as the Indian women covered their necks and arms, and wore their petticoats short.

which was a marvel, and the color moving under her white skin. Her eyes seemed to go through you and search all the veins, sending a shiver of pleasure down your back.

Now I knew after the first start that she was a living girl holding a living baby, and when my father Thomas Williams, appeared at the door of the room, it was certain I could not be in heaven. It came over me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the bandages my head was as clear as if all its faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only sensed as a dumb brute. A fish thawed out after being frozen, and reanimated through every sparkling scale and tremulous fin, could not have felt its resurrection more keenly. My broken head gave me no trouble at all.

The girl and baby disappeared as soon as I saw my father; which was not surprising, for he could not be called a prepossessing half-breed. His lower lip protruded and hung sullenly. He had heavy brows and a shaggy thatch of hair. Our St. Regis Iroquois kept to the buckskins, though they often had hunting shirts of fulled flannel; and my father's buckskins were very dirty.

A little man that I did not know was in the room, shuffled across the floor to keep my father from entering. Around the base of his head he had a thin curtain of hair scarcely reaching his shoulders. His nose pointed upward, tipped by a candle extinguisher. He wore horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waistcoat and coat of black like the ink which fades to brown in a drying ink-horn. He put his hands together and took them apart uncertainly, and shot out his

lip and frowned, as if he had an universal grudge and dared not vent it.

He said something in a language I did not understand, and my father made no answer. Then he began a kind of Anglo-French, worse than the patois we used at St. Regis when we did not speak Iroquois. I made out the talk between the two, understanding each without hesitation.

"Sir, who are you?"

"The chief, Thomas Williams," answered my father.

"Pardon me, sir; but you are unmistakably an Indian."

"Iroquois chief," said my father. "Mohawk."

"That being the case, what authority have you for calling yourself Thomas Williams?" challenged the little man.

"Thomas Williams is my name."

"Impossible, sir! Skenedonk, the Oneida, does not assume so much. He lays no claim to William Jones or John Smith, or some other honest British name."

The chief maintained silent dignity.

"Come , sir, let me have your Indian name! I can hear it if I cannot repeat it."

Silently contemptuous, my father turned toward me.

"Stop, sir!" the man in the horn spectacles cried. "What do you want?"

"I want my boy."

"Your boy? This lad is white."

"My grandmother was white," condescended the chief."A white prisoner from Deerfield. Eunice Williams."

"I see, sir. You get your Williams from the Yankees. And is this lad's mother white too?"

"No. Mohawk."

"Why, man, his body is like milk! He is no son of yours."

The chief marched toward me.

"Let him alone! If you try to drag him out of the manor I will appeal to the authority of Le Ray de Chaumont."

My father spoke to me with sharp authority--

"Lazarre!"

"What do you call him?" the little man inquired, ambling beside the chief.

"Eleazar Williams is his name. But in the lodges, at St . Regis, everywhere, is is Lazarre. "

"How old is he?"

"About eighteen years."

"Well, Thomas Williams," said my fretful guardian, his antagonism melting to patronage,"I will tell you who I am, and then you can feel no anxiety about the lad. I am Dr. Chantry, physician to the Count de Chaumont. The lad cut his head open on a rock, diving in the lake, and has remained unconscious ever since. This is partly due to an opiate I have administered to insure complete quiet; and he will not awake for several hours yet. He received the best surgery as soon as he was brought here and placed in my hands by the educated

Dauphine - pal 4

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Oneida, Skenedonk."

"I was not near the lodge," said my father. "I was down the lake, fishing."

"I have bled him once, and shall bleed him again; though the rock did that pretty effectually. But these strapping young creatures need frequent blood-letting."

The chief gave him no thanks, and I resolved myself to knock the little doctor down [redacted], if he came near me [redacted] with a knife.

"In the absence of Count de Chaumont, Thomas," he proceeded, "I may direct you to go and knock on the cook's door, and ask for something to eat before you go home."

"I stay here," responded my father.

"There is not the slightest need of anybody's watching beside the lad tonight. I was about to retire when you were permitted to enter. He is sleeping like an infant."

"He belongs to me," the chief said [redacted].

Dr. Chantry jumped at the chief in rage.

"For God's sake, shut up and go about your business!"

It was like one of the little dogs in our camp snapping at the patriarch of them all, and recoiling from a growl. My father's hand was on his hunting knife; but he grunted and said nothing. ~~It was~~ Dr. Chantry humorously withdrew from the room and left the Indian in possession. Weak as I was I felt my insides quake with laughter. My very first observation of the whimsical being tickled me with a kind of fore-knowledge of all his ~~comical~~ weak fretfulness.

My father sat down at the foot of my couch on the floor, where the wax light threw his shadow, exaggerating its unmoving profile. I noticed one of the chairs he disdained as useless, though when eating or drinking with white men he sat at table with them. The chair I saw was one that I faintly recognized, as furniture of some previous experience, slim legged, gracefully curved, and brocaded. Barcaded was the word. I studied it until I fell asleep.

The sun, shining through protected windows instead of glaring into our lodge door, showed my father sitting in the same position when I woke, and Skenedonk at my side. I liked the educated Iroquois. He was about ten years my senior. He had been taken to France when a stripling, and was much bound to the whites, though living with his own tribe. Skenedonk had the mildest brown eyes I ever saw outside a deer's head. He was a bald Indian with one small scalp lock. But the just and perfect dome to which his close lying ears were attached needed no hair to adorn it. You felt glad that nothing shaded the benevolence of his all-over forehead. By contrast he emphasized the sullenness of my father; yet when occasion pressed there never was a readier hand than Skenedonk's to kill.

I tossed the cover back to spring out of bed with a whoop. But a woman in a high cap with ribbons hanging down to her heels, and a dress short enough to show her shoes, stepped into the room and made a courtesy. Her face fell easily into creases when she talked, and gave you the feeling that it was too soft of flesh. Indeed her eyes were cushioned all around. She spoke and Skenedonk answered her in [redacted] French. The meaning of every word broke through my mind as five [redacted] breaks through paper.

"Madame de Ferrier sent me to inquire how the young gentleman is."

Skenedonk lessened the rims around his eyes. My father grunted.

"Did Madame de Ferrier say 'the young gentelman?" Skenedonk inquired.

"I was told to inquire. I am her servant Ernestine," said the woman, her face creased with the anxiety of responding to questions.

"Tell Madame de Ferrier that the young gentleman is much better, and will go home to the lodges today."

"She said I was to wait upon him, and give him his breakfast under the doctor's direction."

"Say with thanks to Madame de Ferrier that I wait upon him."

Ernestine again courtsied, and made way for Dr. Chantry. He came in quite goodnatured, and greeted all of us, his inferiors, with a humility I then thought touching, but learned afterwards to distrust. My head already felt the healing blood, and I was ravenous for food. He bound it with fresh bandages, and opened a box full of glittering knives, taking out a small sheath. From this he made a point of steel spring like lightning.

"We will bring the wholesome lancet again into play, my lad," said Dr. Chantry. I waited in uncertainty with my feet on the floor and my hands on the side of the couch, while he carefully removed coat and waistcoat and turned up his sleeves.

"Ernestine, bring the basin," he commanded.

My father may have thought the doctor was about to inflict a vicarious puncture on himself. Skenedonk, with respect for civilized surgery, waited. I did not wait. The operator bared me to the elbow and showed a piece of plaster already sticking on my arm. The conviction of being outraged in my person came upon me mightily, and snatching the wholesome lancet I turned its spring upon the doctor. He yelled.

I leaped through the door like a deer , and ran barefooted, the loose robe curdling above my knees. I had the fleetest foot among the Indian racers , and was going to throw the garment away for the pure joy of feeling the air slide past my naked body, when I saw the girl and poppet baby who had looked at me during my first consciousness. They were sitting on a blanket under the trees of De Chaumont's park, which deepened into wilderness.

The baby put up a lip, and the girl surrounded it with her arm, dividing her sympathy with me, for I must have been a charming object. Though ravenous for food and broken-headed, I forgot my state, and turned off the road of escape to stare at her like a tame deer.

She lowered her eyes wisely, and I got near enough without taking fright to see a book spead open on the blanket, showing two illuminated pages. Something opened in me. I saw my mother , as I had seen her in some past life:--not Marianne the Mohawk wife of Thomas Williams, but a fair oval faced mother with arched brows. I saw even her pointed waist and puffed skirts, and the lace around her open neck. She held the book in her hands and read to me from it.

I dropped on my knees and stretched my arms above my head, crying aloud as women cry with gasps and chokings in sudden bereavement. Nebulous memories twisted all around me and I could grasp nothing. I raged for what had been mine--for some high estate out of which I had fallen into degradation, and clawed the ground in what must have seemed convulsions to the girl. Her poppet cried and she hushed it.

"Give me my mother's book!"I strangled out of the depths of my throat; and repeated, as if torn by a devil--"Give me my mother's book!"

Dauphin - for 5

She blanched so white that her lips looked seared, and instead of disputing my claim, or inquiring about my mother, or telling me to be gone, she was up on her feet. Taking her dress in her finger tips and settling back almost to the ground in the most beautiful obeisance I ever saw, she said--

"Sire!"

Neither in Iroquois or Iroquois-French had such a name been given to me before. I had a long title signifying Tree-Cutter, which belonged to every chief of our family. But that word--"Sire!"--and her deep reverence seemed to atone in some way for what I had lost. I sat up, quieting myself, still moved as water heaves. She put the missal on the lap formed by my single garment, and drew back a step, [illegible] formally standing. My scarred ankles, at which the Indian children used to point, were exposed to her gaze, for I never would sit on them after the manner of the tribe. There was no restraining the tears that ran down my face. She might have mocked me, but she remained white and quiet; while I sat as dumb as a dog, and as full of unuttered speech. Looking back now I can see what passionate necessity shook me with throbs to be the equal of her who had received me as a superior.

De Chaumont's manor house, facing a winding avenue, could be seen from where we were. It was of stone, built to inclose a court on three sides, in the form that I afterwards recognized as that of French palaces. There were a great many flowers in the court, and vines covered the ends of the wings. All those misty half remembered hunting seasons that I had spent on Lake George were not without some knowledge. The chimneys and roofs of Le Ray de Chaumont's manor often

looked at me through trees as I steered my boat among the islands. He was a great land owner, having more than three hundred thousand acres of wilderness. And he was friendly with both Indians and Americans. His figure did not mean much to me when I saw it, being merely a type of wealth, and wealth extends little power into tne wilderness.

The poppet of a child climbed up and held to the girl's dress. She stooped over and kissed it, saying, "Sit down, Paul". The toy human being seemed full of intelligence, and after the first protest examined me fearlessly, with enchanting smiles about the mouth and eyes. I noticed even then an upward curling of the mouth corners and a kind of [illegible] magic in the liquid blue gaze, of which Paul might never be conscious, but which would work on every beholder.

That a child should be the appendage of such a very young creature as the girl, surprised me no more than if it had been a fawn or a dog. In the vivid moments of my first rousing to life I had seen her with Paul in her arms; and he remained part of her.

We heard a rush of horses up the avenue, and out of the woods came Le Ray de Chaumont and his groom, the wealthy land owner equipped in gentleman's riding dress from his spurs to his hat. He made a fine show, whip hand on his hip and back erect as a pine tree. He was a man in middle life, but he reined up and dismounted with the swift agility of a youth , and sent his horse away with the groom, as soon as he saw the girl run across the grass to meet him. Taking her hand he bowed over it and kissed it with pleasing ceremony, of which I approved. An Iroquois chief in full council had not better manners than Le Ray de Chaumont.

Paul and I waited to see what was going to happen, for the two came toward us, the girl talking rapidly to the man. I saw my father and Skenedonk and the doctor also coming from the house, and they readily spied me sitting tame as a rabbit near the baby.

You never can perceive yourself what figure you are making in the world :for when you think you are the admired of all eyes you may be displaying a fool; and when life seems prostrated in you it may be that you show as a monument on the heights. But I could not be mistaken in De Chaumont's opinion of me. He pointed his whip handle at me exclaiming--

"What!--that scarecrow, madame?"

II

"But look at him," she urged.

"I recognize first," said De Chaumont as he sauntered," an old robe of my own."

"His mother was reduced to coarse serge, I have been told."

"You speak of an august lady, my dear Eagle. But this is Chief Williams' boy. He has been at the hunting lodges every summer since I came into the wilderness. There you see his father, the half-breed Mohawk."

"I saw the dauphin in London, Count. I was a little child, but his scarred ankles and wrists and forehead are not easily forgotten."

"The dauphin died in the Temple, Eagle. "

"My father and Philippe never believed that. "

"Your father and Philippe were very mad royalists."

"And you have gone over to Bonaparte. They said that boy had all the traits of the Bourbons, even to the shaping of his ear."

"A Bourbon ear hears nothing but Bonaparte in these days," said De Chaumont."How do you know this is the same boy you saw in London?"

"Last night while he was lying unconscious, after Dr. Chantry had bandaged his head and bled him,I went in to see if I might be of use.

He was like some one I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. He claimed it as his mother's--and you know, Count, it was his mother's!"

"My dear child, whenever an Indian wants a present he dreams that you gave it to him, or he claims it. Chief Williams' boy wanted your valuable illuminated book. I only wonder he had the taste. The rings on your hands are more to an Indian's liking."

"But he is not an Indian, Count. He is as white as we are."

"That signifies nothing. Plenty of white children have been brought up among the tribes. Chief Williams' grandmother, I have heard, was a Yankee woman."

Not one word of their rapid talk escaped an ear trained to faintest noises in the woods. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me.

My father stopped when he saw Madame de Ferrier, and called to me in Iroquois. It was plain that he and Dr. Chantry disagreed. Skenedonk, put out of countenance by my behavior, and the stubbornness of the chief, looked ready to lay his hand upon his mouth in sign of being confounded before white men; for his learning had altered none of his inherited instincts.

But as for me, I was as De Chaumont had said, Chief Williams' boy, faint from blood letting and twenty-four hours' fasting; and the father's command reminded me of the mother's dinner pot. I stood up erect and drew the flowered silk robe around me. It would have been

Dauphin Jail

easier to walk on burning coals, but I felt obliged to return the book to Madame de Ferrier. She would not have taken it, and I closed her grasp upon it, and stooping, saluted her hand with courtesy as De Chaumont had done. If he had roared I must have done this devoir. But all he did was to widen his eyes and strike his leg with his riding whip.

My father and I seldom talked. An Indian boy who lives in water and forest all summer and on snowshoes all winter, finds talk enough in the natural world without falling back upon his family. Dignified manners were not lacking among my elders, but speech had seemed of little account to me before this day.

The chief paddled and I sat naked in our canoe;--for we left the flowered robe with a horse-boy at the stables;--the sun warm upon my skin, the lake's blue glamour affecting me like enchantment.

Neither love nor aversion was associated with my father. I took my head between my hands and tried to remember a face that was associated with aversion.

"Father ," I inquired,"was anybody ever very cruel to me?"

He looked startled, but spoke harshly,

"What have you got in your head? These white people have been making a fool of you."

"I remember better today than I ever remembered before. I am different. I was a child: but today manhood has come. Father, what is a dauphin?"

The chief made no answer.

"What is a Temple? Is it a church, like ours at St. Regis?"

"Ask the priest."

"Do you know what Bourbon is, father,--particularly a Bourbon ear?"

"Nothing that concerns you."

"But how could I have a Bourbon ear if it didn't concern me?"

"Who said you had such an ear?"

"Madame De Ferrier."

The chief grunted.

"At least she told Mr. Chaumont," I repeated exactly, "I was the boy she saw in London, that her father said had all the traits of the Bourbons. Where is London?"

The chief paddled without replying. Finding him so ignorant on all points of the conversation, or so determined to put me down, I gazed awhile at our shadow gliding in the water, and then began again.

"Father, do you happen to know who Bonaparte is?"

This time he answered.

"Bonaparte is a great soldier."

"Is he a white man or an Indian?"

"He is a Frenchman."

I meditated on the Frenchmen I dimly remembered about St. Regis. They were undersized fellows, very apt to weep when their emotions were stirred. I could whip them all.

"Did he ever come to St. Regis?"

The chief again grunted.

"Does France come to St. Regis?" he retorted with an impatient question.

"What is France, father?"

"A country."

"Shall we ever go there to hunt?"

"Shall we ever go the other side of the sunrise to hunt? France

is the other side of the sunrise. Talk to the squaws."

Though rebuked, I determined to do it if any information could be got out of them. The desire to know things was consuming. I had the belated feeling of one who waked to consciousness late in life and found the world had run away from him. The camp seemed strange, as if I had been gone many years, but every object was so wonderfully distinct.

My mother Marianne fed me, and when I lay down dizzy in the bunk, covered me. The family must have thought it was natural sleep. But it was a fainting collapse, which took me more than once afterwards as suddenly as a blow on the head, when my faculties were most needed. Whether this was caused by the plunge upon the rock or the dim life from which I had emerged, I do not know. One moment I saw the children, and mothers from the neighboring lodges, more interested than my own mother: our smoky rafters, and the fire pit in the center of unfloored ground: my clothes hanging over the bunk, and even a dog with his nose in the kettle. And then, as it had been the night before, I waked after many hours.

By that time the family breathing Sweet the air within around the walls, and a fine starlight showed through the open door, for we had no window. Outside the oak trees were pattering their leaves like rain, reminding me of our cool spring in the woods. My bandaged head was very hot. in that dark lair of animals, close the log bunks stretched and deepened shadow

If Skenedonk had been there I would have asked him to bring me water, with confidence in his natural service. The chief's family was a large one, but not one of my brothers and sisters seemed

as near to me as Skenedonk. The apathy of our fraternal attachment never caused me any pain. The whole tribe was held dear.

I stripped off Dr. Chantry's unendurable bandages, and put on my clothes, for there were brambles along the path. The lodges and the dogs were still, and I crept like a hunter after game, to avoid waking them. Our ~~hunting~~ village was an irregular camp, each house standing where its owner had pleased to build it on the lake shore. Behind it the blackness of wooded wilderness seemed to stretch to the end of the world.

The spring made a distinct tinkle in the rush of low sound through the forest. A rank night sweetness of mints and other lush plants mixed its spirit with the body of leaf earth. I felt happy in being a part of all this, and the woods were to me as safe as the bed-chamber of a mother. It was fine to wallow, damming the span of escaping water with my fevered head. Physical relief and delicious shuddering coolness ran through me.

From that wet pillow I looked up and thought again of what had happened that day, and particularly of the girl whom De Chaumont had called Madame De Ferrier and Angel. Every word that she had spoken passed again before my mind. Possibilities that I had never imagined rayed out from my recumbent body as from the hub of a vast wheel. I was white. I was not an Indian. I had a Bourbon ear. She believed I was a Dauphin. What was a Dauphin, that she should make such a deep obeisance to it? My father the chief, recommending me to the squaws, had ~~[illegible]~~ appeared to know nothing about it.

All that she believed De Chaumont denied. The rich book which stirred such torment in me--"you know it was his mother's!" she said--

Dauphine - fol 7

De Chaumont thought I merely coveted. I can see now that the crude half savage boy wallowing in the spring stream, set that woman as high as the highest star above his head, and made her the hope and symbol of his possible best.

A woman's long cry, like the appeal of that one on whom he meditated, echoed through the woods and startled him out of his wallow.

III

I sat up with the water trickling down my back. The cry was repeated, out of the west.

I knew the woods, but night alters the most familiar places. It was so dark in vaults and tunnels of trees and thickets that I might [redacted] have burrowed through the ground almost as easily as thresh a path. The million scarcely audible noises that fill a forest surrounded me, and twigs not broken by me cracked or shook. Still I made directly toward the woman's voice which guided me more plainly, but left off running as my ear detected that she was only in perplexity, [redacted]. She called at intervals, imperatively but not in continuous screams. She was a white woman; for no squaw would publish her discomfort. A squaw if lost would camp sensibly on a bed of leaves, and find her way back to the village in the morning. The wilderness was full of dangers, but when you are elder brother to the bear and the wildcat you learn their habits, and avoid or outwit them.

Climbing over rocks and windfalls I came against a solid log wall

and heard the woman talking in a very pretty chatter the other side of it. She only left off talking to call for help, and left off calling for help to scold and laugh again. There was a man imprisoned with her, and they were speaking English, a language I did not then understand. But what had happened to them was very plain. They had wandered into a pen built by hunters to trap bears, and could not find the bush-masked and winding opening, but were traveling around the walls. It was lucky for them that a bear had not arrived first, though in that case their horses must have smelled him. I heard the beasts shaking their bridles.

I found my way to the opening, and whistled. At once the woman ceased her chatter and drew in her breath, and they both asked me a question that needed no interpretation. I told them where they were, and the woman began talking at once in my own tongue and spoke it as well as I could myself.

"In a bear pen? George, he says we are in a bear pen! Take us out, dear chief, before the bear family arrive home from their ball. I don't know whether you are a chief or not, but most Indians are. My nurse was a chief's daughter. Where are you? I can't see anything but chunks of blackness."

I took her horse by the bridle and led him, and so got both the riders outside. They had no tinder, and neither had I; and all of us groped for the way by which they had come to the bear pen. The young man spurred his horse in every direction, and turned back unable to get through.

Though we could not see one another I knew that both the adventurers

were young, and that they expected to be called to severe account for the lawless act they were committing. The girl , talking English, or French, or Mohawk almost in one breath, took the blame upon herself and made light of the boy's self reproaches.

She laughed and said-- "My father thinks I am with Miss Chantry, and Miss Chantry thinks I am with my father. He will blame her for letting me ride with George Croghan to meet him, and lose the way and so get into the bear pen. And she will blame my father, and your dearest Annabel will let the Count De Chaumont and Miss Chantry fight it out. It is not an affair for youth to meddle with, George."

Having her for interpreter George and I consulted. I might have led him back to our hunting camp, but it was a hard road for a woman and an impossible one for horses. There was no inhabited house nearer than De Chaumont's own. He decided to return to the by which they had come into the bear pen, and gladly accepted my offer to go with him; dismounting and leading Annabel De Chaumont's horse while I led his. We passed over rotten logs and through black tangles, the girl bending to her saddle bow, unwearied and full of laughter. It was plain that he could not find , and falling behind with the cumbered horse he let me guide the party.

I do not know by what instinct I felt my way, conscious of slipping between the wild citizens of that vast town of trees; but we finally reached a clearing and saw across the open space a lighted cabin. Its sashless windows and defective chinks were gilded with the yellow light that comes from a glowing hearth.

"I know this place!" exclaimed Annabel. "It is where the Saint-

Michels used to live before they went to my father's settlement at Le Rayville. Look at the house! Nobody lives there. It must be full of witches."

Violin music testified that the witches were merry. We halted, and the horses neighed and were answered by others of their kind.

"George Croghan's grandmother was struck by a witch ball. And here her grandson stands, too tired to run. But perhaps there aren't any witches in the house. I don't believe wicked things would be allowed to enter it. The Saint-Michels were so pious, and ugly, and resigned to the poverty of refugees. Their society was so good for me, my mother, when she was alive, made me venerate them until I hated them. Holy Sophie died and went to heaven. I shall never see her again. She was indeed excellent. This can't be a nest of witches. George, why don't you go and knock on the door?"

It was not necessary, for the door opened and a man appeared, holding his violin by the neck. He stepped out to look around the cabin at some horses fastened there, and saw and hailed us.

I was not sorry to be allowed to enter, for I was tired to exhaustion, and sat down on the floor away from the fire. The man looked at me suspiciously, though he was ruddy and good natured. But he bent quite over before De Chaumont's daughter, and made a flourish with his hand in receiving young Croghan. There were in the cabin with him two women and two little girls; and a Canadian servant like a fat brown bear came from the rear of the house to look at us and then went back to the horses.

All the women began to speak, but Annabel De Chaumont could talk

faster than the four others combined, so they knew our plight before we learned that they were the Grignon and Tank families, who were going into the west to find settlement. The Dutch Tank maid, dark and round eyed, and the flaxen little Grignon, had respect for their elders and held their tongues while Madame Tank and Madame Grignon spoke, but Annabel De Chaumont was like a grove of sparrows. There seemed swarming with young maids. The travelers were mere children, while the Count's daughter was startling as an angel. Her clothing fitted her body like an exquisite sheath. I do not know what it was, but it made her look as slim as a dragon fly. Her white and rose pink face had a high arched nose, and was proud and saucy. She wore her hair beaten out like mist, with rich curly shreds hanging in front of her ears to her shoulders. She shook her head to set her hat straight, and turned her eyes in rapid smiling sweeps. I knew as well then as I ever did afterwards, that she was bound to befool every man that came near her.

There were only two benches in the cabin, but it was floored and better made than our hunting lodges. The temporary inmates and their guests sat down in a long row before the fire. I was glad to make a pillow of a saddle near the wall, and watch their backs, as an outsider. Mademoiselle De Chaumont absorbed all eyes and all attention. She told about a ball, to which she had ridden with her governess and servants a three days' journey, and from which all the dancers were riding back a three days' journey to join in another ball at her father's house. With the hospitality which made Le Ray de Chaumont's manor the palace of the wilderness as it existed then, she invited the hosts who

Dem Schüler - Jahr 8

shelter her for the night, to come to the ball and stay all summer. And they lamented being obliged to hurry on to Albany, where a larger party would give them escort on the long westward journey.

The head of the house took up his bow, as if musing on the ball, and Annabel De Chaumont wriggled her feet faster and faster. Tireless as thistledown that rolls here and there at the will of the wind, up she sprang and began to dance. The young girls watched her spell bound. None of us had ever seen the many figures through which she passed, or such wonderful dancing. The chimney was built of logs and clay, forming terraces. As if it was no longer possible for her to stay on the ground she darted from the bench-end to the lowest log, and stepped on up as fearlessly as a thing of air. Monsieur Grignon played like mad, and the others clapped their hands. While she poised so I sat up to watch her, and she noticed me for the first time by firelight.

"Look at that boy--he has been hurt--the blood is running down his cheek!" she cried. "I thought he was an Indian--and he is white!"

She came down as lightly as she had gone up, and caused me to be haled against my will to the middle of a bench. I wanted her to let me alone, and told them my head had been broken two days before, and was nearly well. The mothers, too keen to wash and bandage to let me escape, opened a saddle pack and tore good linen.

George Croghan stood by the chimney, slim and tall and handsome. His head and face were long, his hair was of a sunny color, and his mouth corners were shrewd and good natured. I liked him the moment I saw him.

Younger in years than I, he was older in wit and manly carriage. While he looked on it was hard to have Madame Tank seize my head in her hands and examine my eyebrow. She next took my wrists, and not satisfied, stripped up the right sleeve and exposed a crescent shaped scar, one of the rare vaccination marks of those days. I did not know what it was. Her animated dark eyes drew the brows together so that a pucker came between them. I looked at Croghan, and wanted to exclaim — "Help yourself, anyway may handle me!"

"Ursule Grignon!" she said sharply, and Madame Grignon answered,

"Eh, what, Katarina?"

"This is the boy."

"But what boy?"

I saw on the ship.

"The boy [redacted]."

"The one who was sent to America [redacted]"—

Madame Tank put up her hand, and the other stopped.

"But that was a child," Madame Grignon then objected.

"Nine years ago. He would be about eighteen now."

"How old are you?" they both put to me.

Remembering what my father had told Dr. Chantry, I was obliged to own that I was about eighteen. Annabel De Chaumont sat on the lowest log of the chimney with her feet on a bench, and her chin in her hand, interested to the point of silence. Something in her eyes made it very galling to be overhauled and have my blemishes enumerated before her and Croghan. What had uplifted me to Madame De Ferrier's recognition now [redacted] to mock me, and I found it hard to submit. It would not go well with the next stranger who declared he knew me by my scars.

"What do they call you in this country?" inquired Madame Tank.

I said my name was Lazarre Williams.

"It is not!" she she said in an undertone, shaking her head.

I made bold to ask [redacted] with some warmth what my name was then, and she whispered --"Poor child!"

It seemed that I was to be pitied in any case. In dim self knowledge I saw that the core of my resentment was [redacted] her treating me with commiseration. [redacted] Madame De Ferrier had [redacted] treated one so.

"You [redacted] lived among the Indians?" Madame Tank resumed.

The fact was evident.

"Have they been kind to you?"

I said they had.

Madame Tank's young daughter edged near her and inquired in a whisper,

"Who is he, mother?"

"Hush!" answered Madame Tank.

The head of the party laid down his violin and bow, and explained to us,

"Madame Tank was maid of honor to the queen of Holland, before reverses overtook her. She cannot [redacted] tell the secrets [redacted] Knows Court [redacted] that [redacted] court."

"But she might at least tell us," coaxed Annabel," if this Mohawk is a Dutchman."

Madame Tank [redacted] said nothing.

"What could happen in the court of Holland? The Dutch are slow

coaches. I saw the Van Rensselaers once, near Albayn, riding in a wagon with straw under their feet, on common chairs, the old Patroon himself driving. This boy is some off-scouring."

"He outranks you, mademoiselle," retorted Madame Tank.

"That's what I wanted to find out," said Annabel.

I kept half an eye on Croghan to see what he thought of all this woman talk. For you cannot help being more dominated by the opinion of your contemporaries than by that of the fore-running or following generation. He held his countenance in excellent command, and did not meddle even by a word. You could be sure, however, that he was no credulous person who accepted everything that was offered to him.

Madame Tank looked into the reddened fireplace, and began to speak, and hesitated. The whole thing was weird, like a dream resulting from the cut on my head: the strange white faces; the camp stuff and saddlebags unpacked from horses; the light on the coarse floor; the children listening as to a ghost story; Mademoiselle De Chaumont presiding over it all. The cabin had an arched roof and no loft. The top was full of shadows.

"If you are the boy I take you to be," Madame Tank finally said, sinking her voice, "you may find you have enemies."

"If I am the boy you take me to be, madame, who am I?"

She shook her head.

"I wish I had not spoken at all. To tell you anything more would only plunge you into trouble. You are better off to be as you are, than to know the truth and suffer from it. Besides, I may be mistaken. And I am certainly too helpless myself to be of any use to you. This much I will say: when you are older, if things occur that make is necessary for

Dauphine Jail 9

for you to know what I know, send a letter to me, and I will write it down."

With delicacy Monsieur Grignon began to play a whisper of a tune on his violin. I did not know what she meant by a letter, though I understood her. Madame Tank spoke the language as well as anybody. I thought then, as idiom after idiom rushed back on my memory, that it was an universal language, with the exception of [redacted] Iroquois and English.

"We are going to a place called Green Bay, in the North-west Territory. Remember the name: Green Bay. It is in the Wiscensin country. "

IV

Dawn found me lying wide awake with my head on a saddle. I slipped out into the dewy half light.

That was the first time I ever thought about the mountains. They seemed to be newly created, standing up with streamers of mist torn and floating across their breasts. The winding cliff- bound lake was like a gorge of smoke. I felt as if I had reared upon my hind feet, lifting my face from the ground to discover there was a God. Some of the prayers our priest had industriously beaten into my head, began to repeat themselves. In a twinkling I was a child, [redacted] lonely in the universe, separated from my dim old life, instinct with growth, yet ignorant of my own needs.

What Madame De Ferrier and Madame Tank had said influenced me less than the intense life of my roused activities.

It was mid forenoon by the sun when I reached our lodges, and sat down fagged outside my father's door, to think longer before I entered. Hunger was the principal sensation, though we had eaten in the cabin the night before, and the Indian life inures a man to fasting when he cannot come by food. I heard Skenedonk talking to my father and

[redacted]. The village was empty; children and women, hunters and fishermen having scattered to woods and waters.

"He ought to learn books," said Skenedonk. "Money is sent you every year to be spent upon him: yet you spend nothing upon him."

"What has he needed?" said my father.

"He needs much now. He needs American clothes. He wept at the sight of a book. God has removed the touch of him since he plunged in the water."

"You would make a fool of him," said my father. "He was gone from the lodge this morning. You taught him an evil path when you carried him off."

"It is a natural path for him: he will go to his own. I stayed and talked with De Chaumont, and I bring you an offer. De Chaumont will take Lazarre into his house, and have him taught all that a white boy should know. You will pay the cost. If you don't, De Chaumont will look into this annuity of which you give no account."

"I have never been asked to give account. Could Lazarre learn anything? The priest has sat over him. He had food and clothing like my own."

"That is true. But he is changed. Marianne will let him go."

"The strange boy may go," said my mother. "But none of my own children shall leave us to be educated."

I got up and went into the cabin. All three knew I had heard, and they waited in silence while I approached my mother and put my hands on her shoulders. There was no tenderness between us, but she had fostered me. The small dark eyes in her copper face, and her shapeless body, were associated with winters and summers stretching to a van-

ishing point.

"Mother," I said, "is it true that I am not your son?"

She made no answer.

"Is it true that the chief is not my father?"

She made no answer.

"Who sends money to be spent on me every year?"

Still she made no answer.

"If I am not your son, whose son am I?"

In the silence I turned to Skenedonk.

"Is n't my name Lazarre Williams, Skenedonk?"

"You are called Lazarre Williams."

"A woman told me last night that it was not my name. Everyone denies me. No one owns me and tells whose child I am. Wasn't I born at St. Regis?"

"If you were, there is no record of your birth on the register. The chief's other children have their births recorded."

I turned to my father. The desolation of being cut off and left with nothing but the guesses of strangers overcame me. I sobbed so the hoarse choke echoed in the cabin. Skenedonk opened his arms, and my father and mother let me lean on the Oneida's shoulder.

I have thought since that they resented with stoical pain his taking their white son from them. They both stood severely reserved, passively loosening the filial bond.

All the business of life was suspended, as when there is death in the lodge. Skenedonk and I sat down together on a bunk.

"Lazarre," my father spoke, "do you want to be educated?"

The things we pine for in this world are often thrust upon us in a way to choke us. I had tramped miles, storming for the privileges that had made George Croghan what he was. Fate instantly picked me up from unendurable conditions to set me down where I could grow, and I squirmed with recoil from the shock.

I felt crowded over the edge of a cliff and about to drop into a valley of rainbows.

"Do you want to live in De Chaumont's house and learn his ways?"

My father and mother had been silent when I questioned them. It was my turn to be silent.

"Or would you rather stay as you are?"

"No, father," I answered, "I want to go."

The camp had never been dearer. I walked among the Indian children when the evening fires were lighted, and the children looked at me curiously as at an alien. Already my people had cut me off from them.

"What I learn I will come back and teach you," I told the young men and women of my own age. They laughed.

"You are a fool, Lazarre. There is a good home for you at St. Regis. If you fall sick in De Chaumont's house who will care?"

"Skenedonk is my friend," I answered.

"Skenedonk would not stay where he is tying you. When the lake freezes you will be mad for snowshoes and a sight of the St. Lawrence."

"Perhaps so. But we are not made alike. Do not forget me."

They gave me belts and garters, and I distributed among them all my Indian property. Then as if to work a charm which should keep me from breaking through the circle, they joined hands and danced around

Dauphine - jacket

me. I went to every cabin, half ashamed of my desertion, yet unspeakably craving a blessing. The old people variously commented on the measure, their wise eyes seeing the change in one who had been a child rather than a young man among them.

If the wrench from the village was hard, the induction into the manor was harder. Skenedonk took me in his boat, skirting the long strip of mountainous shore which separated us from De Chaumont.

He told me De Chaumont would permit my father to pay no more than my exact reckoning.

"Do you know who sends the money?" I inquired.

The Oneida did not know. It came through an agent in New York.

"You are ten years older than I am. You must remember very well when I was born."

"How can that be?" answered Skenedonk. "Nobody in the tribe knows when you were born."

"Are children not like the young of other creatures? Where did I come from?"

"You came to the tribe with a man, and Chief Williams adopted you."

"Did you see the man?"

"No. I was on the other side of the ocean, in France. "

"Who saw him?"

"Some of our people. But it is very well known. If you had noticed anything you would have heard the story long ago."

What Skenedonk said was true. I asked him, bewildered--"Why did I never notice anything?"

The Oneida tapped his bald head.

"When I saw you first you were not the big fellow with speaking eyes that you are today. You would sit from sunrise to sunset, looking straight ahead of you and never moving except when food was put in your hand. As you grew older the children dragged you among them to play. You learned to fish, and hunt, and swim; and knew us, and began to talk our language. Now at last you are fully roused, and are going to learn the knowledge there is in books."

I asked Skenedonk how he himself had liked books, and he shook his head, smiling. They were good for white men, very good. An Indian had little use for them. He could read and write and cast accounts. When he made his great journey to the far country, what interested him most was the behavior of the people.

We did not go into the subject of his travels at that time, for I began to wonder who was going to teach me books, and heard with surprise that it was Dr. Chantry.

"But I struck him with the little knife that springs out of a box."

Skenedonk assured me that Dr. Chantry thought nothing of it, and there was no wound but a scratch. He looked on me as his pupil. He knew all kinds of books.

Evidently Dr. Chantry liked me from the moment I showed fight. His Anglo-Saxon blood was stirred. He received me from Skenedonk, who shook my hand and wished me well, before paddling away.

De Chaumont's house was full as a hive around the three sides of its flowered court. A ball was in preparation, and all the guests had arrived. Avoiding these gentry we mounted stairs toward the roof,

and came into a burst of splendor. As far as the eye could see through square east and west windows, unbroken forest stretched to the end of the world, of Lake George wound, sown thick with islands, ranging in size from mere rocks supporting a tree, to wooded acres.

The room which weaned me from aboriginal life was at the top of the central building. Dr. Chantry shuffled over the clean oak floor and introduced me to my appointments. There were curtains like frost work, which could be pushed back from the square panes. At one end of the huge apartment was my huge bed, formidable with hangings. Near it stood a table for the toilet. He opened a closet door in the wall and showed a spiral staircase going down to a tunnel which led to the lake. For when De Chaumont first came into the wilderness and built the central house without its wings, he thought it well to have a secret way out, as his chatean in the old country had.

"The tunnel is damp," said Dr. Chantry. "I never venture into it, though all the corner rooms below give upon this stairway, and mine is just under yours."

It was like returning me the lake to use in my own accustomed way. For the remainder of my furniture I had a study table, a cupboard for clothes, some armchairs, a case of wooden bound books, and a massive fireplace with chimney seats at the end of the room opposite the bed.

I asked Dr. Chantry, "Was all this made ready for me before I was sure of coming here?"

"When the Count decides that a thing will be done it is usually done," said my schoolmaster. "And Madame De Ferrier was very active in

forwarding the preparations."

The joy of youth in the unknown was before me. My old camp life receded behind me.

Madame De Ferrier's missal-book lay on the table, and when I stopped before it tongue-tied, Dr. Chantry said I was to keep it.

"She gives it to you. It was treasured in her family on account of personal attachment to the giver. She is not a Catholic. She was brought up as good a Protestant as any English gentlewoman."

"I told her it was my mother's. It seemed to be my mother's. But I don't know—I can't remember."

My master looked at the missal, and said it was a fine specimen of illumination. His manner toward me was so changed that I found it hard to refer to the lancet. This, however, very naturally followed his examination of my head. He said I had healthy blood, and the wound was closing by the first intention. The pink cone at the tip of his nose worked in a whimsical grin as he heard my apology.

"It is not often you will make the medicine man take his own remedy, my lad."

We thus began our relation with the best feeling. It has since appeared that I was a blessing to Dr. Chantry. My education gave him something to do. For although he called himself physician to Count De Chaumont, he had no real occupation in the house, and dabbled with poetry, dozing among books. De Chaumont was one of those large men who gather in the weak. His older servants had come to America with his father, and were as attached as kindred. A natural parasite like Dr. Chantry,

Dauphin

took to De Chaumont as means of support; and it was pleasing to both of them.

My master asked me when I wanted to begin my studies, and I said, "Now." We sat down at the table, and I learned the English alphabet, some phrases of English talk, some spelling, and traced my first characters in a copy-book. With consuming desire to know, I did not want to leave off at dusk. In that high room day lingered. The doctor was fretful for his supper before we rose from our task.

Servants were hurrying up and down stairs. The whole house had an air of festivity. Dr. Chantry asked me to wait in a lower corridor while he made some change in his dress.

I sat down on a broad window sill, and when I had waited a few minutes, Mademoiselle De Chaumont darted around a corner, bare armed and bare necked. She collapsed to the floor at sight of me, and then began to dance away in the opposite direction with stiff leaps, as a lamb does in spring-time.

I saw she was in pain or trouble, needing a servant, and made haste to reach her; when she hid her face on both arms against the wall.

"Go off!" she hissed."---S-s-s! Go off!I haven't anything on! --Don't go off! Open my door for me quick!--before anybody else comes into the hall!"

"Which door is it?" I asked. She showed me. It had a spring catch , and she had stepped into the hall to see if the catch was set.

"The catch was set!" gasped Mademoiselle De Chaumont.

Dieu protège-moi !!

"Break the door--get it open--any way--Quick!"

By good fortune I had strength enough in my shoulder to set the door wide off its spring, and she flew to the middle of the room slamming it in my face.

Fitness and unfitness required nicer discrimination than the crude boy from the woods possessed. When I saw her in the ball-room she had very little more on than when I saw her in the hall, and that little clung tight around her figure. Yet she looked quite unconcerned, [redacted].

After we had eaten supper Dr. Chantry and I sat with his sister where we could see the dancing [redacted], on a landing of the stairway. De Chaumont's generous house was divided across the middle by a wide hall that made an excellent ball-room. The sides were paneled, like the walls of the room in which I first came to my senses. Candles in sconces were reflected by the polished [redacted] dark floor. A platform for his fiddlers had been built at one end. Festoons of green were carried from a cluster of lights in the center of the ceiling, to the corners, making a bower or canopy under which the dancers moved.

It is strange to think that not one stone remains upon another and scarcely a trace is left of this manor. When De Chaumont determined to remove to his seat at Le Rayville in what was then called Castorland, he had his first hold pulled down.

Miss Chantry was a blunt woman. Her consideration for me rested

on my being her brother's pupil. She spoke more readily than he did. From our cove we looked over the railing at an active world.

"Madame Eagle is a picture," remarked Miss Chantry."--Eagle! What a name for civilized people to give a christened child! But these French are as likely as not to call their boys Anne or Marie, and it wouldn't surprise me if they called their girls Cat or Dog. Eagle or Crow, she is the handsomest woman on the floor."

"Except Mademoiselle Annabel," the doctor ventured to amend.

"That Annabel De Chaumont," his sister vigorously declared, "has neither conscience nor gratitude. But none of the French have. They will take your best and throw you away with a laugh."

My master and I watched the brilliant figures swimming in the glow of wax candles. Face after face could be singled out as beautiful, and the scant dresses revealed taper forms. Madame De Ferrier's garments may have been white or blue or yellow: I remember only her satin arms and neck, the rosy color of her face, and the powder on her hair making it white as down. Where this assembly was collected from I did not know, but it acted on the spirits and went like volatile essence to the brain.

"Pheugh!" exclaimed Miss Chantry," how the French smell!"

I asked her why, if she detested them so, she lived in a French family, and she replied that Count De Chaumont was an exception; being almost English in his tastes. He had lived out of France since his father came over with La Fayette to help the rebellious Americans.

I did not know who the rebellious Americans were, but inferred that they were people of whom Miss Chantry thought almost as little as she did of the French.

Croghan looked quite a boy among so many experienced gallants, but well appointed in his dress, and tripping through the figures without

finally. [redacted]. He was, Miss Chantry said, a student of William and Mary College in the state of Virginia.

"This company of gentry will be widely scattered when it disperses home," she told us. "There is at least one man from over-seas."

I thought of the Grignon and Tank families, who were probably on the road to Albany. Miss Chantry bespoke her brother's attention.

"There he is."

"Who?" the doctor inquired.

"His highness," she incisively responded, "Prince Jerome Bonaparte."

I remembered my father had said that Bonaparte was a great soldier in a far off country, and directly asked Miss Chantry if the great soldier was in the ball-room.

She breathed a snort and turned upon my master." Pray, are you teaching this lad to call that impostor the great soldier?"

Dr. Chantry denied the charge and cast a weak eyed look of surprise at me.

I said my father [redacted] told me Bonaparte was a great soldier, and begged to know if he had been deceived.

"Oh:" Miss Chantry responded in a tone which slighted Thomas Williams. "Well! I will tell you facts. Napoleon Bonaparte is one of the worst and most dangerous men that ever lived. He [redacted] sets the world by the ears, and carries war into every country of Europe. That is his youngest brother yonder--that superfine gallant, in the long tailed white silk coat down to his heels, and white small clothes, with diamond buckles in his shoes, and grand lace stock and ruffles. Jerome Bonaparte spent last winter in Baltimore; and they say he is traveling in the north now to forget a charming American that Napoleon will not let

Dauphin

(12)

him marry. He has got his name in the newspapers of the day, and so has the young lady. The French consul warned her officially. But he may be made a little king, with other relations of your great soldier."

The young man who might be made a little king was not as large as I was myself, and had a delicate and womanish cut of countenance. I said he was not fit for a king, and Miss Chantry retorted that neither was Napoleon Bonaparte fit for an emperor.

"What is an emperor?" I inquired.

"A chief over kings," Dr. Chantry put in. "Bonaparte is a conqueror and can set kings over the countries he has conquered."

I said that was the proper thing to do. Miss Chantry glared at me. She had weak hair like her brother, but her eyes were a piercing blue, and the angles of her jaws were sharply marked.

Meditating on things outside of my experience I desired to know what the white silk man had done.

"Nothing."

"Then why should the emperor give him a kingdom?"

"Because he is the emperor's brother."

"But he ought to do something himself," I insisted. "It is not enough to accept a chief's place. He cannot hold it if he is not fit."

"So the poor Bourbons found. But they were not upstarts at any rate. I hope I shall live to see them restored."

Here was another opportunity to inform myself. I asked Miss Chan-

Dauphin - pal. 12

try who the Bourbons were.

"They are the rightful kings of France."

"Why do they let Bonaparte and his brothers take their place?"

Dr. Chantry turned from the promenaders below and with slow and careful speech gave me my first lesson in history.

"There was a great civil war in France called the ~~Terror~~ Revolution, when part of the people ran mad to kill the other part. They cut off the heads of the king and queen, and shut up the two royal children in prison. The Dauphin died."

"What is a Dauphin?"

"The heir to the throne of France was called the Dauphin."

"Was he the king's son?"

"The king's eldest son."

"If he had brothers were they Dauphins too?"

"No. He alone was the Dauphin. The last Dauphin of France had no living brothers. He had only a sister."

"You said the Dauphin died."

"In a prison called the Temple, in Paris."

"Was the Temple a prison?"

"Yes."

Madame De Ferrier had said her father and some other person did not believe the Dauphin died in the Temple.

"Suppose he was alive?" I hazarded.

"Suppose who was alive?" said Miss Chantry.

"The Dauphin."

"He is n't."

"Did all the people believe he was dead?"

"They didn't care whether he was dead or not. They went on killing one another until this man Bonaparte put himself at the head of the army and got the upper hand of them. The French are all fire and tow, and the man who can stamp on them is their idol."

"You said you hoped you would live to see the Bourbons restored. Dead people cannot be restored. "

"Oh, the Bourbons are not all dead. The king of France had brothers. The elder one of these would be king now if the Bourbons came back to the throne."

"But he would not be king if the Dauphin lived?"

"No," said Miss Chantry, leaning back indifferently.

My head felt confused, throbbing with the dull ache of healing. I supported it, resting my elbow on the railing.

The music, under cover of which we had talked, made onto of its pauses, Annabel De Chaumont [redacted] looked up at us, allowing the gentleman in the long tailed silk coat to lead her toward the stairs.

V

Miss Chantry exclaimed, and her face stiffened with an expression which I have since learned to know as the fear of dignitaries; experienced even by people who profess to despise the dignitaries. Mademoiselle De Chaumont shook frizzes around her face, and lifted the scant dress from her satin shod feet as she mounted the stairs. Without approaching us she sat down on the top step of the landing with young Bonaparte, and beckoned to me.

I went at her bidding and stood by the rail.

"Prince Jerome Bonaparte wants to see you. I have told him about the bear pen, and Madame Tank, and the mysterious marks on you, and what she said about your rank."

I must have frowned, for the young gentleman made a laughing sign to me that he did not take Annabel seriously. He had an amiable face, and accepted me as one of the oddities of the country.

"What fun," said Annabel," to introduce a prince of the empire to a prince of the woods!"

"What do you think of your brother?" I inquired.

He looked astonished and raised his eyebrows.

"I suppose you mean the emperor."

I told him I did.

"If you want my candid opinion," his eyes twinkled, and he linked his hands around his white satin knees,"I think my brother rules his family with a rod of iron."

"What will you do," I continued," when your family are turned out?"

"My faith!" said Annable ,"this in a house favorable to the empire!"

"A very natural question," said Jerome. "I have often asked myself the same thing."

"The king of France," I argued," and all the Bourbons were turned out. Why shouldn't the Bonapartes be?"

"Why shouldn't they, indeed!"responded Jerome."My mother insists they will be.But I wouldn't be the man who undertakes to ~~pull down~~ turn out the emperor."

"What is he like?"

"Impossible to describe him. "

"Is he no larger than you?"

Annabel gurgled aloud.

"He is not as large."

"Yet he is a great soldier?"

"A very great soldier. And he is adored by the French."

"The French," I quoted," are all fire and tow."

"Thank you!" said Annabel, pulling out her light frizzes.

"You seem interested in the political situation," remarked Prince Jerome.

Dauphin

13

I did not know what he meant by the political situation, but told him I had just heard about the Bonapartes.

"Where have you lived?" he laughed.

I told him it didn't matter where people lived: it all depended on whether they understood or not.

"What a sage! - I think I'm one of the people who will never be able to understand," said Jerome.

I said he did not look as if he had been idiotic, and both he and Mademoiselle De Chaumont laughed.

"Monsieur"--

"Lazarre Williams," supplemented Annabel .

"Monsieur Lazarre Williams, whatever your lot in life, you will have one advantage over me: you will be an American citizen."

"Haven't I that doleful advantage myself?" ~~chattered~~ mourned Annabel. "A Baltimore convent, and English governess--a father that may never go back to France!"

"Mademoiselle, all advantages of nationality, of person, of mind, of heart, are yours!"

So tipping the interview with a compliment he rose up, and Annabel rose also, making him a deep ~~curtsey~~ courtesy, and giving him her hand to be led back to the floor. He kissed her white forefinger, and bowed to me.

"You have suggested some interesting thoughts, monsieur prince of the woods. Perhaps you may yet take your turn on the throne of France. What would you do in that case?"

Dauphin Jail. 13

"I would make the people behave themselves if I had to grind them to powder."

"Now there spoke old Louis XIV!" laughed young Jerome Bonaparte. We both bowed, and he passed down with Annabel into the hall.

I did not know what made Madame De Ferrier watch me from her distant place with widened eyes.

Miss Chantry spoke shrilly to her brother behind me.

"You will never be able to do anything with a lad who thrusts himself forward like that! He has no sense of fitness!--standing there and facing down the brother of a crowned head!--bad as the head is. Of course Mademoiselle Annabel set him on: she loves to make people ridiculous!"

I walked downstairs after Prince Jerome, threaded a way among gazing dancers, and left the hall.

We do strangely expand and contract in vital force and reach of vision. I wanted to put the lake--the world itself--between me and that glittering company. The edge of a ball-room and the society of men in silks and satins, and of bewitching women, were not intended for me.

Homesickness like physical pain came over me for my old haunts. They were newly recognized as beloved. I had raged against them when comparing myself to Croghan. But now I thought of the evening camp fire, and hunting stories, of the very dogs that licked my hand; of St. Regis, and my loft bed, of snowshoes, and the blue northern river, longing for them as the young Mohawks said I should long.

Torn betwixt two natures, the white man's and the Indian's, I flung a boat out into the water and started to go home faster than I had come away. The slowness of a boat's progress, pushed by the silly motion of oars, which have not the nice discrimination of a paddle, impressed me as I put the miles behind.

When the camp light shone through trees it must have been close to midnight, and my people had finished their celebration of the corn dance. An odor of sweet roasted ears dragged out of hot ashes, reached the poor outsider. Even the dogs were too busy to nose me out. I slunk as close as I dared and drew myself up a tree, lying stretched with arms and legs around a limb.

They would have admitted me to the feast, but as a guest. I had no longer a place of my own, either here or there. It was like coming back after death, to realize that you were unmissed. The camp was full of happiness and laughter. Young men chased the young maids, who ran squealing with merriment. My father Thomas Williams and my mother Marianne sat among the elders tranquil and satisfied. They were ignorant Indians; but I had no other parents. Skenedonk could be seen, laughing at the young Mohawks.

If there was an oval faced mother in my past, who had read to me from the missal, I wanted her. If, as Madame Tank said, I outranked De Chaumont's daughter, I wanted my rank. It was necessary for me to have something of my own: to have love from somebody!

Collapsed and dejected I crept down the tree and back to the life that was now forced upon me whether I wished to continue it or not. Belonging nowhere, I remembered my refuge in the new world of books.

Lying stretched in the boat with oars shipped, drifting and turning on the crooked lake, I took exact stock of my position in the world, and marked out my future.

These things were known:--

I was not an Indian.

I had been adopted into the family of Chief Williams.

Money was sent through an agent in New York for my support and education.

There were scars on my wrists, ankles, arm, and eyebrow.

These scars identified me in Madame De Ferrier's mind and [redacted], Madame Tank's mind as a person from the other side of the world.

I had formerly been deadened in mind.

I was now keenly alive.

These things were not known:--

Who I was.

Who sent money for my support and education.

How I became scarred.

What man had placed me among the Indians.

For the future I bound myself with three laws:--

To leave alone the puzzle of my past.

To study with all my might and strength.

When I was grown and educated, to come back to my adopted people, the Iroquois, draw them to some place where they could thrive, and by training and education make them an empire, ~~over which I should be emperor, the chief of [redacted]~~; and myself their leader.

The pale-skin's belittling of the red race had not then entered my imagination. I said in conclusion,—

"Indians have taken care of me: they shall be my brothers."

VI

The zigzag track of the boat represented a rift widening between me and my past. I sat up and took the oars, feeling older and stronger.

It was primitive man, riding between the highlands, uncumbered, free to grasp what was before him.

De Chaumont did not believe in and was indifferent to the waif whom his position of great seignior obliged him to protect. What did I care? I had been hidden among the Indians by kindred or guardians humane enough not to leave me destitute. They should not trouble my thoughts, and neither--I told myself like an Indian--should the imaginings of women.

A boy minds no labor in following his caprices. The long starlit pull I reckoned as nothing; and slipped to my room when daylight was beginning to surprise the dancers.

It was so easy to avoid people in the spaciousness of De Chaumont's manor that I did not again see the young Bonaparte or any of the guests

Dauphin - gul. 14

except Croghan. They slept all the following day, and the third day separated. Croghan found my room before leaving with his party, and we talked as well as we could, and shook hands at parting.

The impressions of that first year stay in my mind as I have heard the impressions of childhood remain. It was perhaps a kind of brief childhood, swift in its changes, and running parallel with the development of youth.

My measure being sent to New York by De Chaumont, I had a complete new outfit in clothes; coat, waistcoat, and small clothes, neck wear, ruffles, and shirts, buckle shoes, stockings of mild yarn for cold weather, and thread stockings. Like most of the things for which we yearn, when I got them I did not like them as well as the Indian garments they obliged me to shed.

Skenedonk came to see me nearly every day, and sat still as long as he could while I toiled at books. I did not tell him how nearly I had disgraced us both by running secretly away to camp. So I was able to go back and pay visits with dignity and be taken seriously, instead of encountering the ridicule that falls upon retreat.

My father was neither pleased nor displeased . He paid my accounts exactly, before the camp broke up for the winter, making Skenedonk his agent. My mother Marianne offered me food as she would have offered it to Count De Chaumont; and I ate it, sitting on a mat as a guest. Our children, particularly the elder ones, looked me over with gravity, and refrained from saying anything about my clothes.

Our Iroquois went north before snow flew, and the cabins stood empty, leaves drifting through fire-holes in the bark thatch.

There have been students greedy of knowledge. I seemed hollow with the fasting of a lifetime. My master at first tried to bind me to times; he had never encountered so boundless an appetite. As soon as I woke in the morning I reached for a book, and as days became darker, for tinder to light a candle. I studied incessantly, dashing out at intervals to lake or woods, and returning after wild activity, with increased zest to the printed world. My mind appeared to resume a faculty it had suspended, and to resume with incredible power. Magnetized by books, I cared for nothing else. That first winter I gained hold on English and Latin, on French reading, mathematics, geography, and history. My master was an Oxford man, and when roused from dawdling, a scholar. He grew foolishly proud and fond of what he called my prodigious advance.

De Chaumont's library was a luscious field, and Dr. Chantry was permitted to turn me loose in it, so that the books were almost like my own. I carried them around hid in my breast; my coat-skirts were weighted with books. There were Plutarch's Lives in the old French of Amyot, over which I labored; a French translation of Homer; Corneille's tragedies; Rochefoucauld; Montaigne's Essays, in ten volumes; Thomson's poems, and Chesterfield's letters, in English; the life of Petrarch; three volumes of Montesquieu's works; and a bible; which I found greatly to my taste. It was a wide and catholic taste.

De Chaumont spent nearly all that autumn and winter in Castorland, where he was building his new manor and founding his settlement called Le Rayville. As soon as I became a member of his household his patriarchal kindness was extended to me, though he regarded me simply as an ambitious half-breed.

The strong place which he had built for his first holding in the wilderness, thus grew into a cloistered school for me; and though it has vanished from the spot where it stood, yet I shall forever see it between lake and forest.

Annabel De Chaumont openly hated the isolation of the place, and was happy only when she could fill it with guests. But Madame De Ferrier evidently loved it , remaining there with Paul and Ernestine. Sometimes I did not see her for days together. But Mademoiselle De Chaumont, before her departure to her Baltimore convent for the winter, amused herself with my education. She brought me an old book of

etiquette in which young gentlemen were admonished not to lick their fingers or crack bones with their teeth at table. Nobody else being at hand she befooled with Dr. Chantry and me, and I saw for the first time , with surprise, an old man's infatuation with a poppet.

It was this foolishness of her brother's which Miss Chantry could not forgive De Chaumont's daughter .She was incessant in her condemnation, yet unmistakably fond in her English way of the creature she condemned. Annabel loved to drag my poor master in flowery chains before his relative. She would make wreaths of crimson leaves for his bald head, and exhibit him grinning like a weak eyed Bacchus. Once he sat doting beside her at twilight on a bench of the wide gallery, while his sister , near by, kept guard over their talk. I passed them, coming back from my tramp,with a glowing branch in my hand. For having set my teeth in the scarlet tart udder of a sumach, all frosted with delicate fretwork, I could not resist bringing away some of its color.

"Did you get that for me?" called Annabel. I mounted the steps to give it to her, and she said, "Thank you, Lazarre Williams. Every day you learn some pretty new trick. Dr. Chantry has not brought me anything from the woods in a long while."

Dr. Chantry stirred his gouty feet and looked hopelessly out at the landscape.

"Sit here by your dearest Annabel," said Mademoiselle De Chaumont.

Her governess breathed the usual sigh of disgust.

I sat by my dearest Annabel, anxious to light my candle and open my books. She shook the frizzes around her cheeks and buried her

hands
Under the scarlet branch in her lap.

"Do you know, Lazarre Williams, I have to leave you?"

I said I was sorry to hear it.

"Yes, I have to go back to my convent, and drag poor Miss Chantry with me, though she is a heretic and hates the forms of our religion. But she has to submit [redacted], and so do I, because my father will have nobody but an English governess."

"Mademoiselle," spoke Miss Chantry, "I would suggest that you sit on a chair by yourself."

"What, on one of those little crowded chairs?" said Annabel.

She reached out her sly [redacted] hand for mine and drew it under cover of the sumach branch.

"I have been thinking about your rank a great deal, Lazarre Williams, and wondering what it is."

"I If you thought more about your own it would be better ," said Miss Chantry.

"We are Americans here," said Annabel. "All are equal, and some are free. I am only equal. Must your dearest Annabel obey you about the chair, Miss Chantry?"

"I said I would suggest that you sit on a chair by yourself."

"I will, dear. You know I always follow your suggestions."

I felt the hand that held mine tighten its grip in a despairing squeeze. Annabel suddenly raised the branch high above her head with both arms, and displayed Dr. Chantry's hand and mine clasped tenderly in her lap. She laughed until even Miss Chantry was infected, and the doctor tittered and wiped his eyes.

Dauphin - gac. 15

"Watch your brother, Miss Chantry--don't watch me! You thought he was squeezing my hand--and he thought so too! Lazarre Williams is just out of the woods and doesn't know any better. But Dr. Chantry--he is older than my father!"

"We wished to oblige you, mademoiselle," I said. But the poor English gentleman tittered on in helpless admiration. He told me privately--"I never saw another girl like her. So full of spirits, and so frank!"

Dr. Chantry did not wear his disfiguring horn spectacles when Annabel was near. He wrote a great deal of poetry while the blow of parting from her was hanging over him, and read it to me of mornings, deprecating my voiceless contempt. I would hear him quarreling with a servant in the hall; for the slightest variation in his comfort engendered rages in him that were laughable. Then he would enter, red nosed, red eyed, and bloodlessly shivering, with a piece of paper covered by innumerable small characters.

"Good morning, my lad," he would say.

"Good morning, Dr. Chantry," I answered.

"Here are a few little stanzas which I have just set down. If you have no objection I will read them."

I must have listened like a trapped bear, sitting up and longing to get at him, for he usually finished humbly, folding his paper and putting it away in his breast. There was reason to believe that he spent valuable hours copying all these verses for Annabel De Chaumont. But there is no evidence that she carried them with her when she and her govern-

ess departed in a great coach all gilt and padding, called a carrosse. Servants and a wagon load of baggage and supplies accompanied De Chaumont's daughter on the long journey to her Baltimore convent.

Shaking in every nerve and pale as a sheet, my poor master watched her out of sight. He said he should not see his sister again until spring; and added that he was a fool, but when a creature of light came across his path he could not choose but worship. His affections had been blighted by a disappointment in youth, but he had thought he might at least bask in passing sunshine: though fated to unhappiness. I was ashamed to look at him, or to give any sign of overhearing his weakness; and exulted mightily in my youth, despising the enchantments of a woman. Madame De Ferrier watched the departure from another side of the gallery, and did not witness my poor master's breakdown. She came and talked to him, and took more notice of him than I had ever seen her take before.

In a day or two he was quite himself, plodding at the lessons, suddenly furious at the servants, and giving me fretful histories of his wrongs when brandy and water were not put by his bedside at night, or a warming-pan was not passed between his sheets.

About this time I began to know without being taught and without expressing it in words, that there is a natural law of environment which makes us grow like the company we keep. During the first six months of my stay in De Chaumont's house Dr. Chantry was my sole companion. I looked anxiously into the glass on my dressing-table, dreading to see a reflection of his pettiness. I saw a face with large

features, eager in expression. The eyes were hazel, and bluish around the iris rims, the nose aquiline, the chin full, the head high, and round templed. The hair was sunny and wavy, not dark and tight fitting like that of my Indian father and mother. There would be always a scar across my eyebrow. I noticed that the lobe of my ear was not deeply divided from my head but fashioned close to it in triangular snugness, though I could not have said so. Regular life and abundant food , and the drive of purpose, were developing all my parts. I took childish pleasure in watching my Indian boyhood go, and vital force mounting every hour.

Time passed without marking until January. The New England Thanksgiving we had not then heard of; and Christmas was a holy day of the church. On a January afternoon Madame De Ferrier sent Ernestine to say that she wished to see Dr. Chantry and me.

My master was asleep by the fire in an armchair. I looked at his disabled feet, and told Ernestine I would go with her alone. She led me to a wing of the house.

Even an Indian boy could see through Annabel De Chaumont. But who might fathom Madame De Ferrier? Every time I saw her, and that was seldom, some change made her another Madame De Ferrier, as if she were a thousand women in one. I saw her first a white clad spirit, who stood by my head when I awoke; next, a lady who rose up and bowed to me; then a beauty among dancers; afterwards, a little girl running across the turf, or a kind woman speaking to my master. Often she was a distant figure, coming and going with Paul and Ernestine in De Chaumont's woods. If we encountered, she always said,"Good day, monsieur," and I answered "Good day, madame."

Blois

I had my meals alone with Dr. Chantry, and never questioned this custom, from the day I entered the house. De Chaumont's chief, who was over the other servants, and had come with him from his chateau near Blois, a place called [redacted], waited upon me, while Dr. Chantry was served by another man named Jean. My master fretted at Jean. The older servant paid no attention to that.

Madame De Ferrier and I had lived six months under the same roof as strangers. Consciousness plowed such a direct furrow in front of me that I saw little on either side of it. She was a name, that I found written in the front of the missal, and copied over and over down foolscap paper in my practice of script:—

"Eagle Madeleine Marie De Ferrier."

"Eagle Madeleine Marie De Ferrier."

She stood in her sitting room, which looked upon the lake, and before a word passed between us I saw she was unlike any of her former selves. Her features were sharpened and whitened. She looked beyond me with gray colored eyes, and held her lips apart.

"I have news. The Indian brought me this letter from Albany."

I could not help glancing curiously at the sheet in her hand, spotted on the back with broken red wafers. It was the first letter I had ever seen. Dr. Chantry told me he received but one during the winter from his sister, and paid two Spanish reals in postage for it, besides a fee and some food and whiskey to the Indian who made the journey to deliver such parcels. It was a trying and important experience to receive a letter. I was surprised that Madame

Tank had recommended my sending one into the Wisconsin country.

"Count De Chaumont is gone: and I must have advice."

"Madame," I said, "Dr. Chantry was asleep, but I will wake him and bring him here."

"No. I will tell you. Monsieur, my Cousin Philippe is dead."

It might have shocked me more if I had known she had a Cousin Philippe. I said stupidly,

"Is he?"

"Cousin Philippe was my husband, you understand."

"Madame, are you married?"

"Of course!" she exclaimed. And I confessed to myself that [redacted] in no other way could Paul be accounted for.

"But you are here alone?"

Two large tears ran down her face.

"You should understand the De Ferriers are poor, monsieur, unless something can be saved from our estates that the Bonapartes have given away. Cousin Philippe went to see if we could recover any part of them. Count De Chaumont thought it a favorable time. But he was too old for such a journey; and the disappointments at the end of it."

"Old! Was he old, madame?"

"Almost as old as my father."

"But you are very young."

"I was only thirteen when my father on his deathbed married me to Cousin Philippe. We were [redacted] the last of our family. Now Cousin Philippe is dead and Paul and I are orphans!"

Dauphine - pol 19

She felt her loss as Paul might have felt his. He was gurgling at Ernestine's knee in the next room.

"I want advice," she said: and I stood ready to give it, as a man always is; the more positively because I knew nothing of the world.

"Cousin Philippe said I must go to France, for Paul's sake, and appeal myself to the empress, who has great influence over the emperor. His command was to go at once."

"Madame, you cannot go in midwinter."

"Must I go at all?" she cried out passionately. "Why don't you tell me a De Ferrier shall not crawl the earth before a Bonaparte! You--of all men! We are poor and exiles because we were royalists--are royalists--we always shall be royalists! I would rather make a wood-chopper of Paul than a serf to this Napoleon!"

She checked herself, and motioned to a chair.

"Sit down, monsieur. Pardon me that I have kept you standing."

I placed the chair for her, but she declined it, and we continued to face each other.

"Madame," I said, "you seem to blame me for something. What have I done?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"I will now ask your advice. What do you want me to do that I have not done?"

"Monsieur, you are doing exactly what I want you to do."

"Then you are not displeased with me?"

"I am more pleased with you every time I see you. Your advice

is good.I cannot go in midwinter. "

"Are you sure your cousin wanted you to make this journey?"

"The notary says so in this letter.Philippe died in the farm-house of one of our peasants, and the new masters could not refuse him burial in the church where De Ferriers have lain for hundreds of years. He was more fortunate than my father."

This interview with Madame De Ferrier in which I made so poor a figure, singularly influenced me.It made me restless, as if something had entered my blood. In January the real spring begins, for then sap starts, and the lichens seem to quicken. I felt I was young, and rose up against lessons all day long and part of the night. I rushed in haste to the woods or the frozen lake, and wanted to do mighty deeds without knowing what to undertake. More than anything else I wanted friends of my own age. To see Dr. Chantry dozing and hear him grumbling, no longer remained endurable: for he reminded me that my glad days were due and I was not receiving them.Worse than that , instead of proving grateful for all his services, I became intolerant of his opinion.

"De Chaumont will marry her," he said when he heard of Madame De Ferrier's widowhood. "She will never be obliged to sue to the Bonapartes. The Count is as fond of her as she is of his daughter."

"Must a woman marry a succession of fathers?"--I wanted to know.

My master pointed out that the count was a very well favored and youthful looking man.His marriage to Madame De Ferrier became even more distasteful. She and her poppet were complete by themselves. Wedding her to anyone was casting indignity upon her.

Annabel De Chaumont was a countess and Madame De Ferrier was a marquise. These names, I understood, meant that they were ladies to be served and protected. De Chaumont's daughter was served and protected, and as far as he was allowed to do so , he served and protected the daughter of his fellow countryman.

"But the pride of emigrés,"Dr. Chantry said," was an old story in the De Chaumont household. There were some Saint-Michels who lived in a cabin, strictly on their own means, refusing the count's help,yet they had followed him to Le Rayville in Casterland.Madame De Ferrier lived where her husband had placed her, in a wing of De Chaumont's house, refusing to be waited on by anybody but Ernestine,paying what her keeping cost; when she was a welcome guest. "

My master hobbled to see her. And I began to think about her day and night, as I had thought about my books: an isolated little girl in her early teens,mother and widow, facing a future like a dead wall,with daily narrowing fortunes. The seclusion in which she lived made her sacred like a religious person. I did not know what love was, and I never intended to dote, like my poor master. Before the end of January, however, such a change worked in me that I was as fierce for the vital world as I had been for the world of books.

VII

A trick of the eyes, a sweet turning of the mouth corners, the very color of the hair--some irresistible physical trait, may compel a preference in us that we cannot control; especially when we first notice these traits in a woman. My crying need grew to be the presence of Madame De Ferrier. It was youth calling to youth in that gorgeous winter desert.

Her windows were furred [redacted] hoar-frost without and curtained within. Though I knew where they were I got nothing by tramping past and glancing up. I used to saunter through the corridor that led to her rooms, startled yet pleased if Ernestine came out on an errand. Then I would [redacted] my book and nod, and she would courtsey.

"Oh, by the way," I would turn to remark, "I was passing, and thought I would knock and ask how Madame De Ferrier is today. But you can tell me."

When assured of Madame De Ferrier's health I would continue,

"And Paul--how is Paul?"

Paul carried himself marvellously. He was learning to walk. Ernest-

ihe believed the lie about knocking, and I felt bolder every time I told it.

The Indian part of me thought of going hunting and laying slaughtered game at their door. But it was a doubtful way of pleasing, and the bears hibernated, and the deer were perhaps a day's journey in the white wastes.

I used to sing in the clear sharp air when I took to the frozen lake and saw those heights around me, I look back at upon that winter across what befel me afterwards, as a time of perfect peace: before virgin snows melted, when the world was a white expanse of innocence.

Our weather -besieged manor was the center of it. Vaguely I knew there was life on the other side of great seas, and that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans were cities in which men moved and had their being. My country, the United States, had bought from Napoleon Bonaparte a large western tract called Louisiana, which [redacted] belonged to France. A new state named Ohio was the last added to the roll of commonwealths. Newspapers, which the Indian runner once or twice brought us from Albany, chronicled the doings of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, who had recently drawn much condemnation on himself by a brutal [redacted] duel.

"Aaron Burr was here once," said my master.

"What is he like?" I inquired.

"A lady-killer."

"But he is next in dignity to the President."

Dr. Chantry sniffed.

"What is even the President of a federation like this, certain to

fall to pieces some fine day!"

I felt offended; for my instinct was to weld people together and hold them so welded.

"If I were a president or a king," I told him," and men conspired to break the state, instead of parleying I would hang them up like dogs."

"Would you? "

Despising the country in which he found himself, my master took no trouble to learn its politics. But since history had rubbed against us in the person of Jerome Bonaparte , I wanted to know what the world was doing.

"Colonel Burr had a pleasant gentleman with him at the manor," Dr. Chantry added. "His name was Harmon Blennerhassett; a man of good English stock, though having a wild Irish strain, which is deplorable."

The best days of that swift winter were Sundays, when my master left off snapping, and stood up reverently in our dining-room to read his church service. Madame De Ferrier and Paul and Ernestine came from their apartment to join in the Protestant ritual; and I sat beside them so constantly that the Catholic priest who arrived at Easter to dress up the souls of the household, found me in a state of heresy.

I have always thought a woman needs a dark capping of hair, whatever her complexion, to emphasize her beauty. For light locks seem to fray out to nothing, and waste to air instead of fitly binding a lovely countenance. Madame De Ferrier's hair was of exactly the right color. Her eyebrows were distinct dark lines, and the lashes were so dense that you noticed the curling rim they made around her gray eyes.

Whether the gift of looking to your core is beauty or not, I can only say she had it. And I could not be sworn what her features were: such life and expression played over and changed them every moment.

As to her figure, it was just in its roundness and suppleness, and had a lightness of carriage that I have never seen equaled. There was charm in looking at without approaching her that might have satisfied me indefinitely, if De Chaumont had not come home.

Ernestine herself made the first breach in that sacred reserve. The old woman met me in the hall, ~~curtsied~~ courtesied, and passed as usual. I turned behind the broad ribbons which hung down her back from cap to heels, and said,

"Oh, by the way, Ernestine, how is Madame De Ferrier? I was going to knock"---

And Ernestine ~~curtsied~~ courtesied again, and opened the door, standing aside for me to enter.

Madame De Ferrier sat on a bearskin before the hearth with Paul, who climbed over her and gave her juicy kisses. There was a deep wood fire, upheld by very tall andirons having cups in their tops, which afterwards I learned were called posset cups. She was laughing so that her white teeth showed, and she made me welcome like a playmate: remaining on the rug, and bidding Ernestine set a chair for me near the fire.

"It is very kind of you to spare me some time, monsieur," said Madame De Ferrier. She admonished Paul—"Don't choke your little mother."

I told her boldly that nothing but the dread of disturbing her kept me from knocking every day. We had always walked into the lodges without knocking, and I dwelt on this as one of my new accomplishments.

"I am not studying night and day," she answered. "Sophie Saint-

Michel and her mother were my teachers, and they are gone now, one to heaven and the other to Castorland."

Remembering what Annabel De Chaumont had said about holy Sophie I inquired df she had been religious.

"The Saint-Michels were better than religious: both mother and daughter were eternally patient with the poor ~~old~~ count, whose troubles unsettled his reason. They had no dear old Ernestine, and were reduced to the hardest labor. I was a little child when we came to America, yet even then the spirit of the Saint-Michels seemed to me divine. "

"I wish I could remember when I was a little child."

"Can you not recall anything?"

"I have a dim knowledge of objects."

"What objects?"

"St. Regis church, and my taking first communion; and the hunting, the woods and water, boats, snowshoes, the kind of food I liked; Skenedonk and all my friends--but I scarcely knew them as persons until I awoke."

"What is your first distinct recollection?"

"Your face."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours, madame. I saw it above me when you came into the room at night."

She looked past me and said,

" You have fortunately missed some of the most terrible events that ever happened in the world, monsieur . My mother and father , my two brothers, Cousin Philippe and I , were in prison together. My mother

and brotherz were taken, and we were left."

I understood that she spoke of the Terror about which I was eager to know every then unwritten detail. Dr. Chantry had told me many things. It fascinated me far more than ancient history which my master was inclined to press upon me.

"How can you go back to France, madame?"

"That's what I ask myself every day. That life was like a strange nightmare. Yet there was our chateau, Mont-Louis, two days' journey from Paris. The park was so beautiful. I think of [redacted], and of Paul. "

"And what about this country, madame? Is there nothing beautiful here?"

"The fact has been impressed on me, monsieur, that it does not belong to me. I am an emigré. In city or country my father and Cousin Philippe kept me with them. I have seen nothing of young people, except at balls. We had no intimate friends. We were always going back. I am still waiting to go back, monsieur--and refusing to go if I must."

It was plain that her life had been restricted as mine [redacted], though the bonds were different. She [redacted] herded with old people, made a wife and mother while yet a child, nursed in shadow instead of in the hot sunshine which produced Annabel De Chaumont.

After that we met each other as comrades meet, and both of us changed like the face of nature, when the snow went and warm winds came.

This looking at her without really approaching was [redacted] going on, when one day Count De Chaumont rode up to the manor, his horse and his attendant servants and horses covered with mud, filling the place with a rush of life.

He always carried himself as if he felt extremely welcome in this world. And though a man ought to be welcome in his own house, especially when he has made it a comfortable refuge for outsiders, I met him with the secret resentment we bear an interloper.

He looked me over from head to foot with more interest than he had ever before shown.

"We are getting on, we are getting on! Is it Dr. Chantry, or the the little madame, or the winter housing? Our white blood is very much in evidence. When Chiff Williams comes back to the summer hunting he will not know his boy."

"The savage is inside yet, monsieur," I told him."Scratch me and see."

"Not I," he laughed.

"It is late for thanks, but I will now thank you for taking me into your house."

"He has learned gratitude for little favors? That is Madame De Ferrier's work."

"I hope I may be able to do something that will square our accounts.

"That's Dr. Chantry's work. He is full of benevolent intentions--- and never empties himself. When you have learned all your master knows, what are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to teach our Indians."

"Good. You have a full day's work before you. Founding an estate in the wilderness is nothing compared to that. You have more courage than De Chaumont."

Whether the spring or the return of De Chaumont drove me out, I could no longer stay indoors, but rowed all day long on the lake or trod the quickening woods. Before old Pierre could get audience with his house accounts, De Chaumont was in Madame De Ferrier's rooms, inspecting the wafer blotched letter. He did not appear as depressed as he should have been by the death of his old friend.

"These French have no hearts," I told Dr. Chantry.

He took off his horn spectacles and wiped his eyes, responding,

"But they find the way to our [redacted]!"

Slipping between islands in water paths that wound as a meadow stream winds through land, I tried to lose myself from the uneasy pain which followed me everywhere.

There may be people who look over the scheme of their lives with entire complacence . Mine has been the outcome of such strange misfortunes as to furnish evidence that there is another fate than the fate we make ourselves. In that early day I felt the unseen lines tighten around me. I was nothing but a young student of unknown family, able to read and write, to talk a little English, with some knowledge of history , geography, mathematics, and Latin. Strenght and scope came by atoms. I did not know then as I know now that I am a slow grower, even when making gigantic effort. An oak does not accumulate rings with more deliberation than I change and build myself.

My master told me a few days later that the count decreed Madame De Ferrier must go back to France. He intended to go with her and push her claim, and his daughter and his daughter's governess would bear

them company. Dr. Chantry and I contemplated each other , glaring in mutual solemnity. His eyes were red and watery, and the his nose sharpened its cone.

"When are they going?" I inquired.

"As soon as arrangements for comfortable sailing can be made. I wish I were going back to England. I shall have to save twenty-five years before I can go, but the fund is started."

If I saved a hundred and twenty-five years I could not go anywhere; for I had nothing to save. The worthlessness of civilization rushed over me. When I was an Indian the boundless world was mine. I could build a shelter , and take food and clothes by my strength and skill. My boat or my strong legs took me to all boundaries.

I did not know what ailed me, but carrying these thoughts to the lake, I determined not to go back again to De Chaumont's house. I was sick, and my mother woods opened her arms. As if to show me what I had thrown away to haunt the cages of men, one of those strange sights which is sometimes seen in that region, appeared upon the mountain. No one can tell who lights the torch. A thread of fire ran up like an opening seam,broadened, and threw out pink ravelings. Then flame wavered, paled by daylight, but shielding itself with strong smoke, and leaped from ledge to ledge. I saw mighty pines , standing one moment green, and the next, columns of fire. So the mass diverged, or ran together until a mountain of fire stood against the sky, and stretched its reflection, a glowing furnace, across the water.

Flecks of ash sifted on me in the boat. I felt myself a part of it, as I felt myself a part of the many sunsets which had burned out on that lake. Before night I penetrated to the heart of an island so densely overgrown, even in spring when trees had no curtains, that you were lost as in a thousand mile forest. I camped there in a dry ravine, with hemlock boughs under and over me, and next day rolled broken logs, and cut poles and [redacted] evergreens with my knife, to make a lodge.

It was boyish, unmannerly conduct; but the world had broken to chaos around me; and I set up the rough refuge with some skill. Some books, my fish line and knife, were always in the boat with me, as well as a box of tinder. I could go to the shore, get a breakfast out of the water, and cook it myself. Yet all that day I kept my fast, having no appetite.

Perhaps in the bottom of my heart I expected somebody to be sent after me, bearing [redacted] large inducements [redacted] to return. We never can believe we are not valuable to our fellows. Pierre or Jean, or some other servant in the house, might perforce nose me out. I resolved to hide if such an envoy approached and to have speech with nobody. We are more or less ashamed of our secret wounds, and I was not going to have Pierre or Jean report that I sat sulking in the woods on an island.

It was very probable that De Chaumont's household gave itself no trouble about my disappearance. I sat on my hemlock floor until the gray of twilight and studied Latin, keeping my mind on the text; save when a squirrel ventured out and glided bushy trained and sinuous before me, or the marble birches with ebony limbs, drew me to gloat on them. The white birch is a woman and a goddess. I have associated her forever with that afternoon.

Dauphin - Jan 19

Her poor cousin the poplar, often so like her as to deceive you until ashen bough and rounded leaf instruct the eye, always grows near her like a protecting servant. The poor cousin rustles and fusses. But my calm lady stands in perfect beauty, among pines straight as candles, never tremulous , never trivial. All alabaster and ebony, she glows from a distance; as, thinking of her, I saw another figure glow through the loop-holes of the woods.

It was Madame De Ferrier.

VIII

A leap of the heart and dizziness shot through me and blurred my sight. The reality of Madame De Ferrier's coming to seek me surpassed all imaginings.

She walked with quick accustomed step , parting the second growth in her way, having tracked me from the boat. Seeing my lodge in the ravine she paused, her face changing as the lake changes; and caught her breath. I stood exultant and ashamed down to the ground.

"Monsieur, what are you doing here?" Madame De Ferrier cried out.

"Living, madame," I responded.

"Living? Do you mean you have returned to your old habits?"

"I have returned to the woods, madame."

"You do not intend to stay here?"

"Perhaps."

"You must not do it!"

"What must I do?"

"Come back to the house. You have given us much anxiety."

I liked the word "us" until I remembered it included Count De Chaumont.

"Why did you come out here and hide yourself?"

My conduct appeared contemptible. I looked mutely at her.

"What offended you?"

"Nothing, madame."

"Did you want Dr. Chantry to lame himself hobbling around in search of you, and the count to send people out in every direction?"

"No, madame."

"What explanation will you make to the count?"

"None, madame." I raised my head." I may go out in the woods without asking leave of Count De Chaumont."

"He says you have left your books and gone back to be an Indian."

I showed her the Latin book in my hand. She glanced slightly at it, and continued to make her gray eyes pass through my marrow.

Shifting like a culprit I inquired,

"How did you know I was here?"

"Oh, it was not hard to find you after I saw the boat. This island is not large."

"But who rowed you across the lake, madame?"

"I came by myself, and nobody except Ernestine knows it. I can row a boat. I slipped through the underground tunnel, and ventured."

"Madame, I am a great fool. I am not worth your venturing."

"You are worth any danger I might encounter. But you should at least go back for me."

"I will do anything for you, madame. But why should I go back? When

you will not long be there."

"What does that matter? The important thing is that you should not lapse again into the Indian."

"Is any life but the life of an Indian open to me, madame?"

She struck her hands together with a scream.

"Louis! Sire!"

Startled, I dropped the book and it sprawled at her feet like the open missal. She had returned so unexpectedly to the spirit of our first meeting.

"O if you knew what you are! During my whole life your name has been cherished by my family. We believed you would sometime come to your own. Believe in yourself!"

I seemed almost to remember and perceive what I was--as you see in mirage one inverted boat poised on another, and are not quite sure, and the strange thing is gone.

Perhaps I was less sure of the past because I was so sure of the present. A wisp of brown mist settling among the trees spread cloud behind her. What I wanted was this woman, to hide in the woods for my own. I could feed and clothe her, deck her with necklaces of garnets from the rocks, and wreaths of the delicate Sand-wort flower. She said she would rather make Paul a woodchopper, than a suppliant, taking the constitutional oath. I could make him a hunter and fisherman. Game, bass, trout, pickerel, grew for us in abundance. I saw this vision with a single eye; it looked so possible! All the crude imaginings of youth colored the spring woods with vivid beauty. My face betrayed me, and she spoke to me coldly.

"Is that your house, monsieur?"

I said it was.

"And you slept there last night?"

"I can build a much better one."

"What did you have for dinner?"

"Nothing."

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"Nothing."

Evidently the life I proposed to myself to offer her would not suit my lady!

She took a lacquered box from the cover of her wrappings, and and moved down the slope a few steps.

"Come here to your mother and get your supper."

I felt tears rush to my eyes. She sat down, spread a square of clean fringed linen upon the ground, and laid out crusty rounds of buttered bread that were fragrant in the springing fragrance of the woods, firm slices of cold meat, and a cunning pastry which instantly maddened me. I was ashamed to be such a wolf.

We sat with our forest table between us and ate together.

"I am hungry myself," she said.

A glorified veil descended on the world [redacted]. If evening had paused while that meal was in progress it would not have surprised me. There are half hours that dilate to the importance of centuries. But when she had encouraged me to eat everything to the last crumb, she shook the fringed napkin, gathered up the lacquered box, and said she must be gone.

"Monsieur, ~~neither of us [illegible] the world. But I~~ know I have ~~overstepped~~ oversteppped the bounds of behaviour in coming after you. The case was too urgent for consideration of myself. I must hurry back, for the count's people could not understand my secret errand through the tunnel. Will you show yourself at the house as soon as possible?"

I told her humbly that I would.

"But let me put you in the boat, madame."

She shook her head. "You may follow, after I am out of sight. If you fail to follow"---she turned in the act of departing and looked me through.

I told her I would not fail.

When Madame De Ferrier disappeared beyond the bushes I sat down and waited with my head between my hands, still seeing upon closed eyelids her figure, the scant frock drawn around it, her cap of dark hair under a hood, her face moving from change to change. And whether I sat a year or a minute, clouds had descended when I looked, as they often did in that lake gorge [illegible]. So I waited no longer, but followed her.

The fog was brown, and capped the evening like a solid dome, pressing down to the earth, and twisting smoke fashion around my feet. It [illegible] as a thing endowed with life and capable of moulding itself threw sinuous arms in front of me; and when I reached my boat and pushed off on the water, a vast mass received and enveloped me.

More penetrating than its clamminess was the thought that Madame De Ferrier was out in it alone.

I tried one of the long calls we sometimes used in hunting. She might hear , and understand that I was near to help her. But it was shouting against many walls. No effort pierced the muffling substance

which rolled thickly against the lungs. Remembering it was possible to override smaller craft, I pulled with caution, and so bumped lightly against the boat that by lucky chance hovered in my track.

"Is it you, madame?" I asked.

She hesitated.

"It is you , monsieur?"

"Yes."

"I think I am lost. There is no shore. The fog close around me so soon.. I was waiting for it to lift a little."

"It may not lift until morning, madame. Let me tie your boat to mine."

"Do you know the way?"

"There is no way. We shall have to feel for the shore. But Lake George is narrow, and I know it well."

"I want to keep near you."

"Come into my boat , and let me tie the other one astern."

She hesitated again, but decided,"That would be best."

I drew the frail shells together--they seemed very frail above such depths--and helped her cross the edges. We were probably the only people on Lake George. Tinder lighted in one boat would scarcely have shown us the other, though in the sky an oval moon began to make itself seen amidst rags of fog. The dense eclipse around us and the changing light overhead were very weird.

Madame De Ferrier's hands chilled mine, and she shook in her thin cape and hood. Our garments were saturated. I felt moisture

trickling down my hair and dropping on my shoulders.

She was full of vital courage, resisting the deadly chill. This was not a summer fog, lightly to be traversed. It went dank through the bones. When I had helped her to a bench, remembering there was nothing dry to wrap around her, I slipped off my coat and forcibly added its thickness to her shoulders.

"Do you think I will let you do that, monsieur?"

My teeth chattered and shocked together so it was impossible to keep from laughing, as I told her I always preferred to be coatless when I rowed a boat.

We could see each other by the high light that sometimes gilded the face, and sometimes was tarnished almost to eclipse. Madame De Ferrier crept forward, and before I knew her intention, cast my garment again around me. I helped the boat shift its balance so she would have to grasp at me for support;the chilled round shape of her arm in my hand sent waves of fire through me. With brazen cunning, moreover, that surprised myself,instead of pleading, I dictated.

"Sit beside me on the rower's bench, madame, and the coat will stretch around both of us."

Like a child she obeyed. We were indeed reduced to saving the warmth of our bodies. I shipped my oars and took one for a paddle, bidding Madame De Ferrier to hold the covering in place while I felt for the shore. She did so, her arm crossing my breast, her soft body touching mine. She was cold and still as the cloud in which we moved; but I was a god , riding triumphantly high above the world, satisfied to float

through celestial regions forever, bearing in my breast an unquenchable coal of fire.

The moon played tricks, for now she was astern, and now straight ahead, in that confusing wilderness of vapor.

"Madame," I said to my companion, "why have you been persuaded to go back to France?"

She drew a deep breath.

"I have not been persuaded. I have been forced by circumstances. Paul's future is everything. Myself, I am nothing."

"You said you would rather make him a woodchopper than a suppliant to the Bonapartes."

"I would. But his rights are to be considered first. He has some small chance of regaining his inheritance through the influence of Count De Chaumont now. Hereafter there may be no chance. You know the fortunes and lands of all emigrés were forfeited to the state. Ours have finally reached the hands of one of Napoleon's officers. I do not know what will be done. I only know that Paul must never have cause to reproach me."

I knew I was obliged to do my duty in my place as she was doing her duty in hers; but I wished the boat would sink, and so end all journeys to France. It touched shore, on the contrary, and I grasped a rock which jutted toward us. It might be the point of an island, it might be the eastern land, as I was inclined to believe, for the moon was over our right shoulders.

Probing along with the oar I found a cove and a shallow bottom,

and there I beached our craft with a great shove.

"How good the earth feels underfoot!" said Madame De Ferrier. We were both stiff, I drew the boats where they could not be floated away, and we turned our faces to the unknown. I took her unresisting arm to guide her, and she depended upon me.

This day I look back at those young figures groping through cloud as at disembodied and blessed spirits. The man's intensest tenderness, restrained by his virginhood and his awe of the supple delicate shape at his side, was put forth only in her service. They walked against bushes. He broke a stick , and with it probed every yard of the ascent which they were obliged to make. Helping his companion from bush to log, from seam to seam of the riven slope, from ledge to ledge, he brought her to a level of high forest where the fog was thinner, and branches interlaced across their faces.

The climb made Madame De Ferrier draw her breath quickly. She laughed when we ended it. Though I knew the shores so well as a hunter, it was impossible to recognize any landmark . The trees, the moss, and forest sponge under our feet, the very rocks , were changed by that weird medium. And when the fog opened and we walked as through an endless tunnel of gray revolving stone, it was into a world that never existed before and would never exist again.

There was no path. Creeping under and climbing over obstacles, sometimes inclosed by the whiteness of steam, sometimes walking briskly across lighted spaces, we reached a gorge smoking as the lake smoked in the chill of early mornings. Vapor played all its freaks on that brink.

The edge had been sharply defined. But the fog around us shut, like a curtain, and we dared not stir.

Below, a medallion shaped rift widened out, and showed us a scene as I have since beheld such things appear upon the stage. Within the round changing frame of wispy vapor, two men sat by a fire of logs and branches. We could smell wood smoke, and hear the branches crackle, convincing us the vision was real. Behind them stood a cabin almost as rude as my shelter on the island.

One man was a grand fellow, not at all of the common order, though he was more plainly clothed than De Chaumont. His face was so familiar that I almost grasped recognition--and missed it. The whole cast was full and aquiline, and the lobe of his ear, as I noticed when light fell on his profile, sat close to his head like mine.

The other man worked his feet upon the treadle of a small wheel, which revolved like a circular table in front of him, and on this he deftly touched something which appeared to be an earthenware vessel. His thin fingers moved with spider swiftness, and shaped it with a kind of magic. He was a mad looking person, with an air of being tremendously driven by inner force. He wore mustaches the like of which I had never seen, carried back over his ears [redacted] and these hairy devices seemed to split his countenance in two crosswise.

Some broken pottery lay on the ground, and a few vessels, colored and lustrous so they shone in the firelight, stood on a stump near him.

The hollow was not a deep one, but if the men had been talking, their voices did not reach us until the curtain parted.

"You are a great fool or a great rascal, or both, Bellenger," the superior man said.

"Most people are, your highness," responded the one at the wheel. He kept it going, as if his earthenware was of more importance than the talk.

"You are living a miserable life, roving about."

"Many other Frenchmen are no better off than I am, my prince."

"True enough. I've roved about myself."

"Did you turn schoolmaster in Switzerland, prince?"

"I did. My family are in Switzerland now."

"Some of the nobles were pillaged by their peasants as well as by the government. But your house should not have lost everything."

"You are mistaken about our losses. The Orleans Bourbons have little or no revenue left. Monsieur and Artois were the Bourbons able to maintain a court about them in exile. So you have to turn ~~idiot~~ potter, to help maintain the idiot and yourself?"

"Is your highness interested in art?"

"What have I to do with art?"

"But your highness can understand how an idea will haunt a man. It is true I live a wretched life, but I amuse myself trying to produce a perfect vase. I have broken thousands. If a shape answers my expectations, that very shape is certain to crack in

the burning or run in the glaze."

"Then you don't make things to sell?"

"Oh, yes. I make noggins and crockery to sell in the towns. There is a kind of clay in these hills that suits me."

"The wonderful vase," said the other yawning, " might perhaps

interest me more if some facts were not pressing for discussion. I am a man of benevolent disposition, Bellenger."

"Your [redacted] royal highness"—

"Stop! I have been a revolutionist, like my poor father, whose memory you were about to touch--and I forbid it. But I am a man whose will it is to do good. It is impossible I should search you out in America to harm my royal cousin. Now I want to know the truth about him. "

Madame De Ferrier had forgotten her breath. We both stood fastened on that scene in another world, guiltless of eavesdropping.

The potter shifted his eyes from side to side, seeming to follow the burr of his vessel upon the wheel.

"I find you with a creature I cannot recognize as my royal cousin. If this is he, sunk far lower that when he left France in your charge, why are two thirds of his pension sent out from New York to another person, while you receive for his maintenance only one third?"

The potter bounded from his wheel, letting the vessel spin off to destruction, and danced, stretching his long mustaches abroad in both hands as the ancients must have rent their clothes. He cried that he had been cheated, stripped, starved.

"I thought they were straitened in Monsieur's court," he raged, "and they have been maintaining a false dauphin!" [redacted] his superior

"As I said, Bellenger," remarked [redacted], "you are either a fool or the greatest rascal I ever saw."

He looked at Bellenger attentively.

"Yet why should you want to mix clues--and be rewarded with evi-

dent misery? And how could you lose him out of your hand and remain unconscious of it? He was sent to the ends of the earth for safety--poor shattered child!--and if he is safe elsewhere, why should you be pensioned to maintain another child? They say now that a Bourbon never learns anything; but I protest that a Bourbon knows well want he does know. I feel sure my uncle intends no harm to the disabled heir. Who is guilty of this double dealing? I confess I don't understand it."

Now whether by our long and silent stare we drew his regard, or chance cast his eye upward, the potter that instant saw us standing in the cloud above him. He dropped by his motionless [redacted] wheel, all turned to clay himself. The eyeballs stuck from his face. He opened his mouth and screeched as if he had been started and could not leave off---

"The king!--the king!--the king!--the king!"

Dan'l Kin

IX

The fool's outcry startled me less than Madame De Ferrier. She fell against me and sunk downward, so that I was obliged to hold her up in my arms. I had never seen a woman swoon. I thought she was dying, and shouted to them below to come and help me.

The potter sat sprawling on the ground, and did not bestir himself to do anything. As soon as my hands and mind were free I took him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him behind with a good will. My rage at him for disregarding her state was the savage rage of an Iroquois. The other man laughed until the woods rang. [redacted], [redacted] Madame De Ferrier sat up in what seemed to me a miraculous manner. We [redacted] bathed her temples with brandy, and put her on a cushion of leaves raked up and dried to make a seat by the fire. The other man, who helped me carry her into the ravine, stood with his hat off, as was [redacted] her due. She thanked him and thanked me, half shrouding her face with her hood, abashed at finding herself lost among strangers in the night; which was my fault. I told him I had been a bad guide for a lady who had missed her way; and he said we were

Dauphine - pal 22

fortunate to reach a camp instead of stumbling into some danger.

He was much older than I was, at least fourteen years, I learned afterwards, but it was like meeting Skenedonk again, or some friend from whom I had only been parted.

The heartening warmth of the fire made steam go up from our clothes; and seeing Madame De Ferrier alive once more, and the potter the other side of his wheel taking stock of his stuff, I felt happy.

We could hear in the cabin behind us a whining like that uttered by a fretful babe.

My rage at the potter ending in good-nature, I moved to make some amends for my haste; but he backed off.

"You startled us," said the other man," standing up in the clouds like ghosts. And your resemblance to one who has been dead many years, is very striking, monsieur."

I said I was sorry if I had kicked the potter without warrant, but it seemed to me a base act to hesitate when help was asked for a woman.

"Yet I know little of what is right among men, monsieur," I owned. "I have been learning with a master in Count De Ferrier's Chaumont manor house less than a year. Before that my life was spent in the woods with the Indians, and they found me so dull that I was considered witless until my mind awoke. "

"You are a fine fellow," the man said, laying his hands on my shoulders. "My heart goes out to you. You may call me Louis Philippe. And what may I call you?"

"Lazarre."

He had a smiling good face, square, but well curved and firm. Now that I saw him fronting me I could trace his clear eyebrows, high ~~brows~~ forehead, and the laughter lines down his cheeks. He was long between the eyes and mouth, and he had a full and resolute chin.

"You are not fat, Lazarre," said Louis Philippe, "your forehead is wide rather than receding, and you have not a double chin. Otherwise you are the image of one ~~to whom I owed all loyalty~~. Who are you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know who you are?"

"No. We heard all that you and the potter were saying down here, and I wondered how many boys there are in America that are provided for through an agent in New York, without knowing their parents. Now that is my case."

"Do you say you have lived among the Indians?"

"Yes: among the Iroquois."

"Who placed you there?"

"No one could tell me except my Indian father; and he would not tell."

"Do you remember nothing of your childhood?"

"Nothing."

"Did you ever see Bellenger before?"

"I never saw him before tonight."

"But I saw him," said Madame De Ferrier, "in London, when I was about seven years old. It made a stronger impression on me than any-

She stopped. "Except

thing else that ever happened in my life, except the taking off of my mother and brothers to the guillotine."

The man who told me to call him Louis Philippe turned toward her, with attention as careful as his avoidance when she wished to be unobserved. She rose, and came around the fire, making a deep courtesy.

royal highness the Duke

"My family may not be unknown to his of Orleans. We are De Ferriers of Mont-Louis; emigrés now, like many others."

"Madame, I knew your family well. They were loyal to their king."

"My father died here in America. Before we sailed we saw this man in London."

"And with him"--

"A boy."

"Do you remember the boy well?"

"I remember him perfectly."

The wailing in the cabin became louder and turned to insistent animal howls. Instead of a babe the imprisoned creature was evidently a dog. I wondered that the potter did not let him out to warm his hide at the fire.

"Did you ever see the boy again?"

"I did not see him again until he was brought to Count De Chaumont's house last summer."

"Why to De Chaumont? Le Ray De Chaumont is not one of us. He is of the new nobility. His chateau near Blois was bought by his grandfather, and he takes his name from the estate. I have heard he is in favor with Bonaparte."

"Even we Prince of the old nobility, , may be reduced to seek

favor of Bonaparte."

"Heaven forbid, madame. I say nothing against him; though [redacted]."

"Of Count De Chaumont. Count De Chaumont befriends all emigrés."

"I have nothing to say against Count De Chaumont. He is not of our party: he is of the new. Fools! If we princes had stood by each other as the friends of the empire stand by their emperor, we could have killed the Terror."

The animal in the cabin by this time was making such doleful cries I said to the potter,

"Let him out. It is dreadful to be shut in by walls."

The potter, stooping half over and rolling stiffly from foot to foot in his walk, filled me with compunction at having kicked so pitiful a creature, and I hurried to open the door for him. The animal clawed vigorously inside, and the instant I pushed back some ill-fitted slabs, it strained through and rushed on all fours to the fire. Madame De Ferrier fled backward, for what I liberated could hardly be seen without dread.

It was a human being. Its features were a boy's, and the tousled hair had a natural wave. While it crouched for warmth I felt [redacted] grinning back at me, fishy eyed and black mouthed.

"There!" Bellenger said, straightening up in his place like a

Dauphine

bear rising from all fours. "That is the boy your De Ferrier saw in London."

I remembered the boy Madame Tank had told about. Whether myself or this less fortunate creature was the boy, my heart went very pitiful toward him. Madame De Ferrier stooped and examined him; he made a juicy noise of delight with his mouth.

"This is not the boy you had in London, monsieur," she said to Bellenger.

The potter waved his hands and shrugged.

"You believe, madame, that Lazarre is the boy you saw in London? said Louis Philippe.

"I am certain of it."

""hat proofs have you?"

"The evidence of my eyes."

"Tell that to Monsieur!" exclaimed the potter.

"Who is Monsieur ?" I asked.

"The eldest brother of the king of France is called Monsieur. The Count de Provence will be called Monsieur until he succeeds Louis XVII and is crowned Louis XVIII — if that time ever comes. He cannot be Louis XVII" — the man who told me to call him Louis Philippe took my arm, and I found myself walking back and forth with him as in a dream while he carefully formed sentence after sentence.

Dauphin-jail 23

Because

the dauphin who died in the Temple prison was Louis XVII. But there are a few who say he did not die: that a dying child was substituted for him: that he was smuggled out and carried to America. Bellenger was the agent employed. The dauphin's sister is married to her cousin, the nephew of Monsieur. She herself believes these things; and it is certain a sum of money is sent out to America every year for his maintainance. He was reduced to imbecility when removed from the Temple. It is not known whether he will ever be fit to reign if the kingdom returns to him. No communication has been held with him. He was nine years old when removed from the Temple: he would now be in his nineteenth year. When I last saw him he was a smiling little prince with waving hair and hazel eyes, holding to his mother's hand"-----

"Stop!"

The frenzy of half recollection came on me, and that which I had put away from my mind and sworn to let alone, seized and convulsed me. Dreams, and sensations, and instincts massed and fell upon me in an avalanche of conviction.

I was that uncrowned outcast, the king of France!

106½

Book II

Wandering

I

A primrose dawn of spring touched the mountains as Madame De Ferrier and I stepped into the tunnel's mouth. The wind that goes like a besom before sunrise swept off the fog to corners of the sky, except a few spirals which still unwound from the lake. The underground path to De Chaumont's manor descended by terraces of steps and entered blackness.

A rank odor of the earth filled it; and I never passed that way without hearkening for the insect like song of the rattlesnake. The ground was slippery, and that thick darkness seemed to press the soul out of the body. Yet I liked it; for when we reached the staircase of rock that entered the house, she would vanish.

And so it was.

She did say--"Goodnight--and good-morning."

And I answered, "Good-morning and goodnight."

We were both physically exhausted. My head swarmed as with sparkles, and a thousand emotions tore me, for I was at the age when we risk all on chances. I sat alone on the steps, unmindful of that penetrating

rather than decreases, the longer you sit upon it
chill of stone which increases, and thought of all that had been
said by my new friend at the camp-fire, while the moon went lower
and lower, the potter turned his wheel, and the idiot slept.

The mixed and oblique motives of human nature--the boy's will--
worked like gigantic passions.

She had said very little to me in the boat, and I had said very
little to her; not realizing that the camp talk, in which she
took no part, separated us in a new way.

Sitting alone on the steps I held this imaginary conversation
with her.

"I am going to France!"

"You, monsieur?"

"Yes, I!"

"How are you going?"

"I don't know; but I am going!"

"The Duke of Orleans did not mention such a thing."

"Bother the Duke of Orleans!"

"When are you going?"

"Now!"

"But it may not be best to go at his time."

"It is always best to go where you are!"

"Monsieur, do not throw away your future on an unconsidered move."

"Madame, I will throw away my eternity!"

Then I went back through the tunnel to the beach, stripped, and
took a plunge to clear my head and warm my blood, rubbing off with
my shirt.

On reaching my room the first thing I did was to make a bundle of everything I considered necessary and desirable. There was no reason for doing this before lying down; but with an easier mind I closed my eyes; and opened them to find sunset shining through the windows, and Dr. Chantry keeping guard in an armchair at my side.

"Nature has taken her revenge on you, my lad," said he. "And now I am going to take mine."

"I have slept all day!"

"Renegades who roam the woods all night must expect to sleep all day."

"How do you know I have been in the woods all night?"

"I heard you slipping up the tunnel stairs without any shoes on at daylight. I have not been able to sleep two nights on account of you."

"Then why don't you go to bed yourself, my dear master?"

"Because I am not going to let you give me the slip at critical time. I am responsible for you: and you will have me on your back when you go prowling abroad again."

"Again?" I questioned innocently.

"Yes, again, young Sir! I have been through your luggage, and find that you have packed changes of clothing and all things necessary and unnecessary to a journey, --even books."

"I hope you put them neatly together "---

"Nothing of the kind. I scattered them."

"Do you want me to go bare into the world?" I laughed.

Dauphine

"Lazarre," said my master," you were a good lad, studious and zealous beyond anything I ever saw."

"And now I am bad and lazy."

"You have dropped your books and taken to wild ways."

"There is one thing , dear master, I haven't done: I haven't written poetry."

He blinked and smiled , and felt in his breast pocket, but thought better of it, and forebore to draw the paper out. There was no escaping his tenacious grip. He sat by and exercised me in Latin declensions while I dressed. We had our supper together. I saw no other member of the household except the men, Pierre and Jean. Dr. Chantry ordered a mattress put in my room and returned there with me.

We talked long on the approaching departure of the count and Madame De Ferrier. He told me the latest details of preparation, and tremulously explained how he must feel the loss of his sister.

"I have nothing left but you, Lazarre."

"My dear master," I said, patting one of his shriveled hands between mine,"I am going to be open with you."

I sat on the side of my bed facing his armchair, and the dressing-glass reflected his bald head and my young head drawn near together.

"Did you ever feel as if you were a prince?"

Dr. Chantry wagged a pathetic negative.

"Haven't you ever been ready to dare anything and everything, because something in you said---I must?"

Again Dr. Chantry wagged a negative.

Dauphin-gal 84

"Now I have to break bounds--I have to leave the manor and try my fortune! I can't wait for times and seasons--to be certain of this--to be certain of that!--I am going to leave the house tonight--and I am going to France!"

"My God!" cried Dr. Chantry springing up. "He is going to France! --Rouse the servants!--Call De Chaumont!" He struck his gouty foot against the chair and sat down nursing it in both hands. I restrained him and added my sympathy to his groans.

"Have you as much as a Spanish real of your own, my lad?" he catechised me, when the foot was easy.

I acknowledged that I had not.

"It costs dear to travel about the world. It is not like coming down the trail from St. Regis to Lake George. How are you to travel without money?"

I laughed at the very uncertainty, and answered that money would be found.

"Found! It isn't found, I tell you! It is inherited by the idle, or gathered by the unscrupulous, or sweated and toiled for! It costs days and years, and comes in drops. You might as well expect to find a kingdom, lad!"

"Maybe I shall find a kingdom, master!"

"Oh, what a thing it is to be young!" sighed Dr. Chantry.

I felt it myself, and hugged my youth.

"Do you know how to reach the sea-port?" he continued.

I said anybody could follow the Hudson to New York.

"You're bitten, my poor lad! It's plain what ails you. You might as well try to swim the Atlantic. De Chaumont intends her for himself. And in the unjust distribution of this world, your rival has the power and you have the feelings. Stay where you are. You'll never forget it, but it will hurt less as years go by."

"Master, " I said to him,"good sense is on your side. But if I knew I should perish, I would have to go!"

And I added from fulness of conviction--

"I would rather undertake to do something, and perish, than live a thousand years as I am."

Dr. Chantry struck the chair arm with his clenched fist.

"My lad, so would I---so would I! --I wish I had been dowered with your spirit!--I'm going with you!"

As soon as he had made this embarrassing resolution my master blew his nose and set his British jaws firmly together. I felt my own jaw drop.

"Have you as much as a Spanish real of your own?" I quoted.

"That I have, young sir, and some American notes, such as they are, and good English pounds , beside."

""And do you know how to reach the sea-port?"

"Since I came that way I can return that way. You have youth, my lad, but I have brains and experience."

"It's plain what ails you, Dr. Chantry. And you might as well try to swim the Atlantic."

My poor master dropped his head on his breast, and I was ashamed of baiting him and began to argue tenderly. I told him he could

not bear hardships: he was used to the soft life in De Chaumont's house; while my flesh had been made iron in the wilderness. I intended to take a boat from those hidden at our summer camp, to reach the head of Lake George. But from that point to the Hudson river--where the town of Luzerne now stands--it was necessary to follow a trail. I could carry the light canoe over the trail, but he could not even walk it.

The more I reasoned with him the more obstinate he became. There was a wonderful spring called Saratoga, which he had visited with De Chaumont a few years before as they came into the wilderness; he was convinced that the water would set him on foot for the rest of the journey.

"It is twenty-nine miles above Albany. We could soon reach it," he urged.

"I have heard of it," I answered. "Skenedonk has been there. But he says you leave the river and go into the woods."

"I know the way," he testily insisted. "And there used to be near the river a man who kept horses and carried visitors to the spring."

The spirit of reckless adventure, breaking through years of extreme prudence, outran youth.

"What will you do in France?" I put to him. He knew no more than I what I should do.

And there was Count De Chaumont to be considered. How would he regard such a leave-taking?

Dr. Chantry was as insensible to De Chaumont as I myself. Still he agreed to write a note to his protector while I prepared my quill to write one to Madame De Ferrier. With the spirit of the true parasite

he laid all the blame on me, and said he was constrained by duty to follow and watch over me since it was impossible to curb a nature like mine. And he left a loop hole open for a future return to De Chaumont's easy service , when the hardships which he willingly faced brought him his reward.

This paper he brazenly showed me while I was struggling to beg Madame De Ferrier's pardon, and to let her know that I aimed at something definite whether I ever reached port or not.

I reflected with satisfaction that he would probably turn back at Saratoga. We descended together to his room and brought away the things he needed. In bulk they were twice as large as the load I had made for myself. He also wrote out strict orders to Pierre to seal up his room until his return. The inability of an old man to tear himself from his accustomed environment cheered my heart.

We then went back to bed, and like the two bad boys we were, slept prepared for flight.

II

"This is fine!" said Dr. Chantry, when we descended from the rough stage which had brought us across a corduroy trail, and found ourselves at the entrance of a spacious wooden tavern. "When I passed Saratoga before there were only three log houses, and the inn had two rooms below and one above. It was lighted by pine torches stuck in the chinks of the wall--and see how candles shine through these windows!"

The tavern stood in a cleared place with miles of forest around it, and a marsh stretching near by. Dusk could not prevent our seeing a few log habitations, one of them decorated with a merchant's sign. We entered among swarming crowds, a little world dropped into the backwoods. This was more surprising because we had just left behind us a sense of wild things gathering to their night haunts, and low savage cries, and visions of moose and deer through far off arches.

A man who appeared to be the host met us, his sprightly interest in our welfare being tempered by the consciousness of having many guests; and told us the house was full, but he would do what

Dauphine. Jan 25

he could for us.

"Why is the house full?" fretted Dr. Chantry. "What right have you, my dear sir, to crowd your house and so insure our discomfort?"

"None at all, sir," answered the host goodnaturedly. "If you think you can do better, try for lodgings at the store-keeper's."

"The store-keeper's!" Dr. Chantry's hysterical cry turned some attention on us. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I demand the best you have, sir."

"The best I can give you," amended our host. "You see we are very full of politicians from Washington. They crowd to the spring."

My master turned his nose like the inflamed horn of a unicorn against the politicians from Washington, and trotted to the fireplace where blazing knots cheered a great [taproom] set with many tables and benches.

And there [nestled] Skenedonk in silent gravity, toasting his moccasins. The Iroquois had long made Saratoga a gathering place, but I thought of [this Oneida] as abiding in St. Regis village; for our people did not come to the summer hunting in May.

Forgetting that I was a runaway I met him heartily, and the fawn eyes in his bald head beamed their accustomed luster upon me. I asked him where my father and mother and the rest of the tribe were, and he said they had not yet left St. Regis.

"And why are you so early?" I inquired.

He had been at Montreal, and had undertaken to guide a Frenchman as far as Saratoga. It is not easy to surprise an Indian, But I wondered that Skenedonk accepted my presence without a question, quite

as if he had himself made the appointment.

However, the sights to be seen put him out of my head. Besides the taproom crowded with men there was a Parlor in which women of fashion walked about, contrasting with the place. They had all been to a spring to drink water; for only one spring was greatly used then; and they talked about the medicinal effects. Some men left the stronger waters which could be had at a glittering bar opposite the fireplace in the Taproom, to chat with these short-waisted beauties. I saw one stately creature in a white silk ball costume, his stockings splashed to the knees with mud from the corduroy road.

But the person who distinguished himself from everybody else by some nameless attraction, was a man perhaps forty years old, who sat in a high backed settle at a table near the fire. He was erect and thin as a lath, long faced, square browed and pale. His sandy hair stood up like the bristles of a brush. Carefully dressed, with a sword at his side--as many of the other men had--he filled my idea of a soldier; and I was not surprised to hear his friends sitting opposite call him General Jackson.

An inkstand, a quill and some paper were placed before him, but he pushed them aside with his glass of toddy to lift one long forefinger and emphasize his talk. He had a resonant, impressive voice, with a manner gentle and persuasive, like a woman's; and he was speaking of Aaron Burr, the man whose duel had made such a noise in the newspapers.

"I disagree with you, Mr. Campbell. You are prejudiced against

Mr. Burr on account of his late unfortunate affair. Even in that case I maintain that every man has a right to honor and satisfaction. But he loves the Spanish on our southwestern borders no better than I do,--and you know how I love the Spanish!"

The other man laughed, lounging against the table.

"You can't believe anything ill of Aaron Burr, General."

I might have given attention to what they were saying, since here were men from Washington, the very fountain of government, if Dr. Chantry had not made me uneasy. He chose the table at which they were sitting and placed himself in the seat nearest the fire, with the utmost nicety about his own comfort. He wiped his horn spectacles , and produced his own ink and quill and memorandum from a breast pocket. I had begged the doctor to keep strict account between us,that I might pay back from my pension whatever he spent on me, and with fine spider like characters he was proceeding to debit me with the stage fare, when another quill barred his entrance to his ink-horn.

He took off his spectacles and glared pink-eyed at the genial gentleman with sandy upright hair.

"Sir!"he cried,"that is my ink!"

General Jackson, absorbed in talk, did not notice Dr. Chantry, who half arose and shouted directly at his ear,

"Sir, that is my ink!"

He knocked the interloping quill in the direction of its owner.

The genial sandy gentleman changed countenance in a way to astonish beholders.

"Have I disputed it, sir?"

"No, sir, but you have dipped into it without asking leave."

"By God, sir, what is a fip'ny-bit's worth of ink?"

"But it's mine, sir!"

"I see, sir; you're a Yankee, sir!"

"I'm not, sir; I'm English--the finest race in the world!"

General Jackson looked him up and down as they rose fronting each other, and filled the air with dazzling words.

"I should judge so, sir, by the specimen I see before me!"

Dr. Chantry was like a fighting-cock, and it was plainly his age which kept the other from striking him. He was beginning our journey well, but I felt bound to intercept whatever fell upon him, and stood between them. The other men at the table rose with General Jackson.

"Gentlemen," I pleaded with the best words I could command in the language," do not forget your dignity, and disturb the peace of this house for a bottle of ink!"

The quarrel was ridiculous, and the southerners laughed. General Jackson himself again changed ccuntenance, and gave me, I do not know why, a smile that must have been reflected from the face of a woman he adored. But my poor master showed the bull-dog; and taking him by the arm and the collar I toddled him away from that table to a dark entry, where I held him without any admonition save a sustained grip. He became like a child, weeping and trembling, and declaring that everybody was in league against him. Argument is wasted on people having such infirmity of temper. When he was well cooled I put him in an armchair by a fire in the ladies' parlor, and he was soon very meek and tractable, watching the creatures he so admired.

"You must go to bed as soon as you have your supper," I said to him. "The journey to Saratoga has been a hard one for you. But Skenedonk is here fortunately, and he can take you home again."

My master looked at me with the shrewishness of an elephant. I had not at that time seen an elephant. When I did see one, however, the shifting of its eyes brought back the memory of Dr. Chantry when I had him at bay by the fire.

"You are not going to get away from me," he responded. "If you are tired of it, so am I. Otherwise, we proceed."

"If you pick quarrels with soldiers and duelists at every step, what are we to do?"

"I picked no quarrel. It is my luck. Everyone is against me!" He hung his head in such a dejected manner that I felt ashamed of bringing his temperament to account: and told him I was certain no harm would come of it.

"I am not genial," Dr. Chantry owned; "I wish I were. Now you are genial, Lazarre. People take to you. You attract them. But whatever I am, you are obliged to have my company: you cannot get along without me. You have no experience, and no money. I have experience, --and a few pounds:--not enough to retire into the country upon, in England; but enough to buy a little food for the present."

I thought I could get along better without the experience and even the few pounds, than with him as an encumbrance; though I could not bring myself to the cruelty of telling him so. For there is in me a fatal softness which no man can have and overbear others in this world. It constrains me to make the other man's cause my own, though he be at

war with my own interests.

Therefore I was at the mercy of Skenedonk, also. The Indian appeared in the doorway and watched me. I knew he thought there was to be trouble with the gentlemen from Washington, and went to him to ease his mind.

Skenedonk had nothing to say, however, and made me a sign to follow him. As we passed through the hall, General Jackson gave me another pleasant look. He had resumed his conversation and his own ink-bottle as if he had never been interrupted.

The Indian led me upstairs to one of the chambers, and [redacted] opened the door.

In the room was Louis Philippe, and when we were shut alone together, he embraced me and kissed me as I did not know men embraced and kissed.

"Do you know Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

"If you mean the Indian who brought you at my order, he was my guide from Montreal."

"But he was not with you at the potter's camp."

"Yes, he was in the hut, wrapped in his blanket, and after you drove the door in he heard all that was said. Cousin"--Louis Philippe took my face in his hands," make a clean breast of it."

We sat down, and I told him without being questioned what I was going to do. He [redacted] gravely considered.

"I saw you enter the house, and had a suspicion of your undertaking. It is the worst venture you could possibly make at this time. We will begin with [redacted] family. [redacted] belief in you is no guaranty of Monsieur's

belief. You understand," said Louis Philippe," that Monsieur stands next to the throne if there is no dauphin, or an idiot dauphin?"

I said I understood.

"Monsieur is not a bad man. But Bellenger, who took charge of the dauphin, has in some manner and for some reason, provided himself with a substitute, and he utterly denies you. Further: supposing that you are the heir of France, restored to your family and proclaimed--of what use is it to present yourself before the French people now? They are besotted with this Napoleon. The Empire seems to them a far greater thing than any legitimate monarchy. Of what use, do I say? It would be a positive danger for you to appear in France at this time! Napoleon has proscribed every Bourbon. Any prince caught alive in France will be put to death. Do you know what he did last year to your cousin, the Duke d'Enghien? He sent into Germany for the duke, who had never harmed him, never conspired against him---had done nothing, in fact, except live an innocent life away from the seat of Napoleon's power. The duke was brought to Paris under guard and put in the dungeons of Vincennes. He demanded to see Bonaparte. Bonaparte would not see him. He was tried by night, his grave being already dug in the castle ditch. That lovely young fellow--he was scarcely above thirty--was taken out to the ditch and shot like a dog!"

I stood up with my hands clenched.

"Sit down," said Louis Philippe."There is no room in the world at this time for anybody but that jealous monster. "

"He shall not tie me here," I said.

"You intend to go?"

"I intend to go."

"[redacted]," said Louis Philippe," [redacted] has his troubles. His brother Jerome has married an American in Baltimore. A fine explosion that will make when it reaches Imperial ears . Where are you going to land, Lazarre?"

I said that must depend on the ship I took.

"And what are you going to do when you land?"

I said I would think that out later.

Then the spirit being upon me, I burst bounds and told him impetuously that I was going to learn what the world held for me. Without means, without friends, or power or prospects, or certainty of any good results---impudent---reckless---utterly rash---"I am going," I cried,"because I must go!"

"There is something about you which inspires love, my boy," said Louis Philippe; and I heard him with astonishment."Perhaps it comes from the mother: she was a witcher of all mankind."

"I cannot understand why anyone should love so ignorant a creature, but God grant there be others that love me too; for I have lived a

life stinted of all affection. And indeed I did not know I wanted it until this last year. When we talked late the other night, and you told me the history of all my family, the cruelest part of my lot seemed the separation from those that belonged to me. Separation from what is our own ought not to be imposed upon us even by God Himself!"

"What!" said Louis Philippe, "Is he following a woman!"

My face burned, and probably went white, for I felt the blood go back on my heart. He took my hand and stroked it.

"[redacted] Don't chain yourself behind that chariot. Wait a little while for your good star to rise. I wish I had money. I wish I could be of use to you in France. I wish I stood nearer to Monsieur, for your sake. [redacted] must love this bold pure face. [redacted] is a good girl, not many years your senior. Much dominated by her uncles, but a royal duchess. It is the fashion now to laugh at chivalry. You are the most foolish example of it I ever saw! It is like seeing a knight without horse, armor, or purse, set out to win an equipment before he pursues his quest!Yet I love you for it, my boy!"

"It would be well for me if I had more friends like you."

"Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my influence there? I must wander around in foreign parts, a private gentleman eking out my living by some kind of industry.What are you going to do with the fretful old fellow you have with you?"

I groaned and laughed.

"Carry him on my back. There is no getting rid of him. He is following me to France. He is my lesson-master."

Dauphine - pal 17

"How will you support him?"

"He is supporting me at present. But I would rather take my chances alone."

"You have another follower," said Louis Philippe. "Your Indian has been in France, and after hearing our talk at the camp, he forsaw you might be moved to this folly, and told me he intended to guide you or wherever you go there!"

"And Skenedonk, too!"

I shook with laughter. It was so like Skenedonk to draw his conclusions and determine on the next step.

"What will I do with them?"

"The old master can be your secretary, and as for the Indian, you can take him for your servant."

"A secretary and a servant, for an outcast without a penny to his pouch!"

"You see the powers that order us are beginning well with you. Starting with a secretary and a servant, you may end with a full household and a court! I ought to add my [redacted] poor item of tribute, and this I can do. There is a ship-master taking cargo this month in New York bay, who is a devoted royalist; a Breton sailor. For a letter from me he [redacted] will carry you and your suite to the other side of the world; but you will have to land in his port."

"And what will the charges be?"

"Nothing, except gratitude, if I put the case as strongly to him as I intend to do. God knows I may be casting a foul lot for you. His ship is staunch, rigged like the Italian salt ships. But it is

dirty work crossing the sea; and there is always danger of falling into the hands of pirates. Are you determined?"

"I looked him in the eyes, and said I was; thanking him for all his goodness to one who had so little expectation of requiting him. The sweet heartiness of an older man so far beyond myself in princely attainments and world knowledge, who could stoop to such a raw savage, took me by storm.

I asked him if he had any idea who the idiot was that we had seen in Bellenger's camp. He shook his head, replying that idiots were plentiful, and the people who had them were sometimes glad to get rid of them.

"The dauphin clue has been cleverly managed by — Bellenger, let us say," Louis Philippe remarked. "If you had not appeared, I should not now believe there is a dauphin."

I wanted to tell him all the thoughts tossing in my mind; but silence is sometimes better than open speech. Facing adventure, I remembered that I had never known the want of food for any length of time during my concious life. And I had a suspicion the soft life at De Chaumont's had unstrung me for what was before me. But it lasted scarce a year, and I was built for hardship.

He turned to his table to write the ship-master's letter. Behold, there lay a book I knew so well that I exclaimed --

"Where did you get my missal?"

"Your missal, Lazare? This is mine."

I turned the leaves, and looked at the back. It was a continuation of the prayers of the church. There were blank leaves for the inscribing of prayers, and one was written out in a good bold hand.

"His majesty Louis XVI composed and wrote that prayer himself," said Louis Philippe. "The comfor-tory priests had a fashion of dividing the missal into three or four parts, that a volume might not be so heavy to carry about in their pockets. This is the second volume. It was picked up in the Tuileries after that palace was sacked."

I told him mine must be the preceding volume, because I did not know there was any continuation. The prayers of the church had not been my study.

"Where did you get yours, Lazare?"

"Madame De Ferrier gave it to me. When I saw it I remembered, as if my head were split open to show the picture, that my mother had read from that very book to me. I cannot explain it, but so it was."

"I am not surprised she believes, against Bellenger's evidence, that you are Louis of France."

"I will bring my book and show it to you."

We compared the volumes after supper, and one was the mate of the other.

The inn dining-room had one long table stretched down its entire length, heaped with wild meats, and honey and pastries and fish in abundance. General Jackson sat at one end, and [illegible] at the other sat the landlord, explaining to all his guests what each dish was,

and urging good appetite. I sat by Louis Philippe, whose quality was known only to myself, with Dr. Chantry on the other side fretting for the attendance to which Jean had used him.

My master was so tired that I put him early to bed; and then sat talking nearly all night with the gracious gentleman to whom I felt bound by oath and by blood.

III

Dieppe, high and glaring white above the water, will always symbolize to me the gate of France. The nobility of that view remained in my thoughts when half the distance to Paris was traversed.

I could shut my eyes and see it as I lay on the straw in a post house stable. A square hole in the front of the grenier gave upon the landscape. Even respectable houses in that part of the country were then built with few or no windows; but delicious masses of grayness they were, roofed with thick and overhanging thatch.

"The stables of France are nothing but covered dunghills," Dr. Chantry grumbled; so when I crept with the Indian to lodgings over the cattle, one of the beds in the house was hired for the gouty master. Even at inns there were two or three beds in a room where they set us to dine.

"An English inn-keeper would throw their furniture into the fire! he cried in a language fortunately not understood.

"But we have two good rooms on the ground floor, and another for Skenedonk," I sometimes remonstrated with him, "at three shillings and

sixpence per day, in your money."

"You would not see any man, let his rank be what it may," Dr. Chantry retorted, "dining in his bedroom, in England. And look at these walls!--papered with two or three kinds of paper, the bare spots hung with tapestry moth-eaten and filled with spiders! And what have we for table?--a board laid on cross-bars! And the oaken chairs are rush-bottomed, and so straight the backs are a persecution! The door hinges creak in these inns, the wind blows through"---

So his complaints went on, for there never was a man who got so much out of small miseries. Skenedonk and I must have failed to see all much in our travels that he put before us. For we were full of enjoyment and wonder: at the country people, wooden shod, the women's caps and long cloaks; at the quiet fair roads which multiplied themselves until we often paused enchanted in a fairy world of sameness; at market-towns, where fountains in the squares were often older than America the country out of which we arrived.

Skenedonk heard without shifting a muscle all Dr. Chantry's grievances; and I told him we ought to cherish them, for they were views of life we could not take ourselves. Few people, even of royal blood, are made so delicately that they lose color and rail at the sight of raw tripe brought in by a proud hostess to show her resources for dinner; or at a chicken coming upon the table with its head tucked beneath its wing.

"We are fed with poulet, poulet, nothing but poulet," said Dr. Chantry," until the poulets themselves are ashamed to look us in the face!"

Dr. Pohlman Jacobs

We fared well, indeed, and the wine was good, and my master said he must sustain himself on it though it proved his death. He could not march as Skenedonk and I regularly marched. We hired a cart to lift him and our knapsacks from village to village, with a driver who knew the road to Paris. When the distances were long we sometimes mounted beside him. I noticed that the soil of this country had not the chalk look of other lands which I afterwards saw to the east and north; but Napoleon was already making good the ancient thoroughfares.

When my master was on shipboard he enjoyed the sea even less than the free air of these broad stretches; for while he could cast an eye about and approve of something under the sky--perhaps a church steeple, or the color of a thatch which filled me with joy--he could not approve of anything aboard a ship. Indeed it was pity to have no delight in cleaving the water, and the far off spouting of whales, to say nothing of a living world that rides in undulations. For my part, I loved even the creaking of a ship, and the uncertainty of ever coming to port, and the anxiety lest a black flag should show above every sail we passed. The slow progress of man from point to point in his experience, while it sometimes enrages, on the whole interests me; and the monotony of a voyage has a sweetness like the monotony of daily bread.

I looked out of the grenier window upon the highroad, and upon the June sun in the act of setting; for we had supped and gone early to rest after a hard day. Post horses were stamping underneath, all ready for some noble count who intended to make another stage of his jour-

ney before nightfall."

Small obtrusive cares, such as the desire that my shoes should last well into Paris, mingled with joy in the smell of the earth at sunset, which flowed to us above the stable reek; and the looking forward to seeing Madame De Ferrier again. I wrapped myself every night in the conviction that I should see her, and more freely than I had ever seen her in America.

There was a noise of horses galloping, and the expected noble count arrived; being no other than De Chaumont with his post coaches. He stepped out of the first, and Ernestine stepped out of the second, carrying Paul. She took him to his mother. The door flew open, and the woman I adored received her child and walked back and forth with him. Annabel leaned out while the horses were changed. I saw Miss Chantry, and my heart misgave me, remembering her brother's prolonged lament at separation from her.

He was, I trusted, already shut into one of those public beds which are like cupboards; for the day had begun for us at three of the morning. But if he chose to show himself, and fall upon De Chaumont for luxurious conveyance to Paris, I was determined that Skenedonk and I should not appear. I wronged my poor master, who told me afterwards he watched through a crack of the cupboard bed with his heart in his mouth.

The pause was a very short one, for horses are soon changed. Madame De Ferrier threw a searching eye over the landscape. It was a mercy she did not see the hole in the grenier, through which I [redacted] devoured her, daring for the first time to call her Eagle--the name

Secretly-

that De Chaumont used with common freedom! Now how strange is this--that one woman should be to a man the sum of all things! And what was her charm I could not tell, for I began to understand there were many beautiful women in the world, of all favors, and shapely perhaps as the one of my love. Only her I found drawing the soul out of my body; and none of the others did more than please the eye like pictures.

The carriages were gone with the sun, and it was no wonder all fell gray over the world.

De Chaumont had sailed behind us, and he would be in Paris long before us.

I had first felt some uneasiness, and dread of being arrested on our journey; though our Breton captain--who was a man of gold that I would travel far to see this day, if I could, even beneath the Atlantic, where he and his ship now float--obtained for us at Dieppe, on his own pledge, a kind of substitute for passports. We were a marked party, by reason of the doctor's lameness and Skenedonk's appearance. The Oneida , during his former sojourn in France, had been encouraged to preserve the novelty of his Indian dress. As I had nothing to give him in its place it did not become me to find fault. And he would have been more conspicuous with a cocked hat on his bare red scalp, and knee breeches instead of buckskins. Peasants ran out to look at him, and in return we looked at them with a good will.

We reached the very barriers of Paris, however, without falling into trouble. And in the streets were so many men of so many nations that Skenedonk's attire seemed no more bizarre than the turbans of the east or the white burnous of the Arab.

It was here that Skenedonk took his role as guide, and stalked through narrow crooked streets, which by comparison made New York, my first experience of a city, appear a plain and open village.

I do not pretend to know anything about Paris. Some spots in the mystic labyrinth stand out to memory, such as that open space where the guillotine had done its work, the site of the Bastille, and a long [redacted] street [redacted] leading from the place of the Bastille, parallel with the river; and this I have good reason to remember. It is called Rue St. Antoine. I learned well also, a certain prison, and a part of the ancient city called Faubourg St. Germain. One who can strike obscure trails in the wilderness of nature, may blunt his fine instincts on the wilderness of man.

This did not befall the Indian. He took a bee line upon his old tracks, and when the place was sighted we threaded what seemed to be a rivulet between cliffs, for a moist depressed street-center kept us straddling something like a gutter, while with outstretched hands we could brace the opposite walls.

We entered a small court where a gruff man, called a concierge, having a dirty kerchief around his head, received us doubtfully. He was not the concierge of Skenedonk's day. We showed him coin; and Dr. Chantry sat down in his chair and looked at him with such contempt that his respect increased.

The house was clean, and all the stairs we climbed to the roof were well scoured. From the mansard there was a beautiful view of Paris, with forest growth drawing close to the heart of the city. For

Dauphin pac 29

on that side of the world men dare not murder trees, but are obliged to respect and cherish them.

My poor master stretched himself on a bed by the stooping wall, and in disgust of life and great pain of feet, begged us to order a pan of charcoal and let him die the true Parisian death when that is not met on the scaffold. Skenedonk said to me in Iroquois that Dr. Chantry was a sick old woman who ought to be hidden some place to die, and it was his opinion that the blessing of the church would absolve us. We could then make use of the pouch of coin to carry on my plans.

My plans were more ridiculous than Skenedonk's. His at least took sober shape, while mine were still the wild emoticns of a young man's mind. Many an hour I had spent on the ship, watching the foam speed past her side, trying to foresee my course like hers in a trackless world. But it seemed I must wait alertly for what destiny was making mine.

We paid for our lodging, three commodious rooms, though in the mansard; my secretary dragging himself to sit erect with groans and record the increasing debt of myself and my servant.

"Come, Skenedonk," I then said. "Let us go down to the earth and buy something that Dr. Chantry can eat."

That bebevolent Indian was quite as ready to go to market as to abate human nuisances. And Dr. Chantry said he could almost see English beef and ale across the channel; but translated into French they would of course be nothing but poulet and sour wine. I pillowed his feet with a bag of down which he had kicked off his bed, and Skenedonk and

I lingered along the paving as we had many a time lingered through the woods. There were book stalls a few feet square where a man seemed smothered in his own volumes; and victual shops where you could almost feed yourself for two or three sous; and people sitting outdoors drinking wine, as if at a general festival. I thought there was comfort and prosperity with hereditary kings overthrown and an upstart in their place. Yet the streets were dirty, with a smell of ancientness that sickened me.

We got a loaf of bread as long as a staff, a pat of butter in a leaf, and a bottle of wine. My servant, though unused to squaw labor, took on himself the porterage of our goods, and I pushed from street to street, keenly pleased with the novelty, which held somewhere in its volatile ether the person of Madame De Ferrier.

Skenedonk blazed our track with his observant eye, and we told ourselves we were searching for Dr. Chantry's beef. Being the unburdened hunter I undertook to scan cross places, and so came unexpectedly upon the Rue St. Antoine, as a man told me it was called, and a great hurrahing that filled the mouths of a crowd blocking the thoroughfare.

"Long live the emperor!" they shouted.

The man who told me the name of the street, a baker all in white, with his tray upon his head, objected contemptuously.

"The emperor is not in Paris: he is in Boulogne."

"You never know where he is--he is here--there---everywhere!" declared another workman, in a long dark garment like a hunting-shirt

on the outside of his small clothes.

"Long live the emperor!-- long live the emperor!""

I pushed forward as two or three heavy coaches checked their headlong speed, and officers parted the crowd.

"There he is!" admitted the baker behind me. Something struck me in the side, and there was Bellenger the potter, a man I thought beyond seas in America. His head as I saw it that moment put the emperor's head out of my mind. He had a knife, and though he had used the handle, I foolishly caught it and took it from him. With all his strength he then pushed me so that I staggered against the wheel of a coach.

"Assassin!" he screamed; and then Paris fell around my ears. If anybody had seen his act nobody refrained from joining in the cry.

"Assassin! Assassin! To the lamp post with him!"

I stood stupefied and astonished as an owl blinking in the sunshine, and two guards held my collar. The coaches lashed away, carrying the man of destiny--as I have since been told he called himself--as rapidly as possible, leaving the victim of destiny to be bayed at by that many headed dog, the mongrel populace of Paris.

IV

The idiot boy somewhere upon the hills of Lake George, always in a world of fog which could not be discovered again, had often come to my mind during my journeys, like a self that I had shed and left behind. But Bellenger was a cipher. I forgot him even at the camp fire. Now here was this poor crazy potter on my track with vindictive intelligence, the day I set foot in Paris. Time was not granted even to set the lodging in order. He must have crossed the ocean with as good speed as Dr. Chantry and Skenedonk and I [redacted]. He may have spied upon us from the port, through the barriers, and even to our mansard. At any rate he had found me in a crowd, and made use of me to my downfall: and I could have knocked my stupid head on the curb as I was haled away.

One glimpse of Skenedonk I caught while we marched along Rue St. Antoine, the [redacted] gendarmes protecting me from the crowd. He thought I was going to the scaffold, where many a strapping fellow had gone in the Paris of his youth, and fought to reach me, laying about him with

Dauphin

his loaf of bread . Skenedonk would certainly trail me, and find a way to be of use, unless he broke into trouble as readily as I had done.

My guards crossed the river in the neighborhood of palaces, and came by many windings to a huge [redacted] pile rearing its back near a [redacted] garden place, and there I was turned over to jailers and darkness. The entrance was unwholesome. A man at a table opened a tome which might have contained all the names in Paris. He dipped his quill and wrote by candlelight.

"Political prisoner or common criminal?" he inquired.

"Political prisoner," the officer answered.

"What is he charged with?"

"Trying to assassinate the emperor in his post-chaise."

"La,la,la!" the recorder grunted."Another attempt!And gunpowder put in the street to blow the emperor up only last week.Good luck attends him;- [redacted] only a few windows broken and some common people killed. Taken in the act, was this fellow [redacted]?"

"With the knife in his hand."

"What name?" the recorder inquired.

I had thought on the answer, and told him merely that my name was Williams.

"Eh, bien, Monsieur Veeleeum.Take him to the east side among the political offenders," said the master-jailer to an assistant or turnkey.

"But it's full," responed the turnkey.

"Shove him in some place."

They searched me, and the turnkey lighted another candle [redacted] the meagerness of my output was beneath remark. When he had led me up a flight of stone steps he paused and inquired,

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"So much the worse for you."

"What is the name of this prison?" I asked.

"Ste. Pélagie," he answered. "If you have no money, and expect to eat here, you better give me some trinket to sell for you."

"I have no trinkets to give you."

He laughed.

"Your shirt or breeches will do."

"Are men shut up here to starve?"

The jailer shrugged.

"The bread is very bad, and the beans too hard to eat. We do not furnish the rations; it is not our fault. The rule here is nothing buys nothing. But sleep in your breeches while you can. You will soon be ready enough to eat them."

I was ready enough to eat them then, but forbore to let him know it. The whole place was damp and foul. We passed along a corridor less than four feet wide, and he unlocked a cell from which a revolting odor came. There was no light except what strained through a loophole under the ceiling. He turned the key upon me, and I held my nose. Oh, for a deep draught of the wilderness!

There seemed to be an iron bed at once side, with a heap of rags on top. I resolved to stand up all night before trusting myself to

that couch. The cell was soon explored. Two strides in each direction measured it. The stone walls were marked or cut with names I could dimly see.

I braced my back against the door and watched the loophole where a gray hint of daylight told that the sun must still be shining. This faded to a blotch in the thick stone, and became obliterated.

Tired by the day's march, and with a taste of clean outdoor air still in my lungs, I chose one of the two corners not occupied by the ill odored bed, sat down, and fell asleep, dropping my cares. A grating of the lock disturbed me. The jailer pushed a jug of water into the room, and replaced his bolts.

Afterwards I do not remember anything except that the stone was not warm, and my stomach craved, until a groan in my ear stabbed sleep. I sat up awake in every nerve. There was nobody in the cell with me. Perhaps the groan had come from a neighboring prisoner.

Then a faint stir of covering could be heard upon the bed.

I rose and pressed as far as I could into my corner. No beast of the wilderness ever had such terror for me as the unknown thing that had been my cell-mate half a night without my knowledge.

Was a vampire--a demon--a witch---a ghost--locked in there with me?

It moaned again, so faintly , that compassion instantly got the better of superstition.

"Who is there?" I demanded; as if the knowledge of a name would cure terror of the suffering thing [redacted] naming it.

I got no answer, and taking my resolutin in hand, moved toward

the bed, determined to know what housed with me. The jug of water stood in the way, and I lifted it with instinctive answer to the groan.

The creature heard the splash, and I knew by its mutter what it wanted. Groping darkly, to poise the jug for an unseen mouth, I realized that something helpless to the verge of extinction lay on the bed, and I would have to find the mouth myself or risk drowning it. I held the water on the bed-rail with my right hand, groped with the other, and found a clammy, death-cold forehead, a nose and cavernous cheeks, an open and fever roughened mouth. I poured water on my handkerchief and bathed the face. That would have been my first desire in extreme moments. The poor wretch gave a reviving moan, so I felt emboldened to steady the jug and let drop by drop gurgle down its throat.

Forgetting the horror of the bed I sat there, repeating at intervals this poor ministration until the porthole again dawned, and blackness became the twilight of day.

My [redacted] cell-mate could not see me. I doubt of he ever knew that a hand gave him water. His eyes were meaningless, and he was so gaunt that his body scarcely made a ridge on the bed.

Some beans and mouldy bread were put in for my [redacted] rations. The turnkey asked me how I intended to wash myself without basin or ewer or towels, and inquired further if he could be of service in disposing of my shirt or breeches.

"What ails this man?"

He shrugged, and said the prisoner had been wasting with fever.

"You get fever in St. Pélagie," he added," especially when you

eat the prison food. This man ought to be sent to the infirmary, but the infirmary is overflowing now."

"Who is he?"

"A journalist, or poet, or some miserable canaille of that sort. He will soon be out of your way."Our guard craned over to look at him."Oui--da! He is a dying man! A priest must be sent to him soon. I remember he [redacted] demanded one severals days ago."

But that day and another dragged through before the priest appeared. I sent out my waistcoat, and got a wretched meal, and a few spoonfuls of wine that I used to moisten the dying man's lips. His [redacted] life may or may not have been prolonged; but out of collapse he opened his mouth repeatedly and took the drops. He was more my blessing than I was his.

For I had [redacted] an experience which has ever since given me to know the souls of prisoners.

The first day, in spite of the cell's foulness, I laughed secretly at jailers and felt at peace, holding the world at bay. I did not then know that St. Pélagie was the tomb of the accused, where more than one prisoner dragged out years without learning why he was put there. I was not brought to any trial or examination.

But gradually an uneasiness which cannot be imagined by one who has not felt it, grew upon me. I wanted light. The absence of it was torture! Light--to vivify the stifling air, which died as this man was dying--as I should die--in blinding mirk!

Moisture broke out all over my body, and cold dew stood on my

forehead. How could human lungs breathe the midnight of blackening walls? The place was hot with the hell of confinement. I said over and over---"O God, Thou art Light!--in Thee is no darkness at all!"

This anguish seemed a repetition of something I had endured once before. The body and spirit remembered, though the mind had no register. I clawed at the walls. If I slept, it was to wake gasping, fighting upward with both hands.

The most singular phase was that I reproached myself for not soaking up more sun in the past. Oh, how much light was going to waste over wide fields and sparkling seas! The green woods, the green grass--they had their fill of sun, while we two perished!—

I remembered creeping out of glare under the shadow of rocks, and wondered how I could have done it! If I ever came to the sun again I would stretch myself and roll from side to side, to let it burn me well! How blessed was the tan we got in summer [redacted] from steeping in light!

Looking at my cell-mate I could have rent the walls.

"We are robbed," I told his deaf ears. "The day, poured freely all over the city, and that belongs to you and me as much as to anybody--would save you! I wish I could pick you up and carry you out where the sun would shine through your bones! But let us be glad, you and I, that there is a woman who is not buried like a whitening sprout under this weight of stone! She is free, to walk around and take the light in her gray eyes and the wind in her brown hair. I swear to God if I ever come out of this I will never pass so much as a little plant

Dayb. Inn - Jan 31

prostrate in darkness, without helping it to the light."

It was night by the loophole when our turnkey threw the door open. I heard the priest and his sacristan joking in the corridor before they entered carrying their sacred parcels [redacted]. The priest was a doddering old fellow, almost deaf, for the turnkey shouted at his ear, and dim of sight, for he stooped close to look at the dying man, who was beyond confession.

"Bring us something for a temporary altar," he commanded the turnkey, who stood candle in hand.

The turnkey gave his light to the sacristan, and taking care to lock us in, hurried to obey.

I measured the lank, ill-strung assistant, more an overgrown boy than a man of brawn, but expanded around his upper part by the fullness of a short white surplice. He had a face cheerful to silliness.

The turnkey brought a board supported by cross-pieces; and withdrew, taking his own candle, as soon as the church's tapers were lighted.

The sacristan placed the temporary altar beside the foot of the bed, arrayed it, and recited the Confiteor.

Then the priest mumbled the Misereatur and Indulgentiam.

I had seen extreme unction administered as I had seen many another office of the church in my dim days, with scarcely any attention. Now the words were terribly living. I knew every one before it rolled off the celebrant's lips. Yet under that vivid surface knowledge I carried on as vivid a sequence of thought.

The priest elevated the ciborium, repeating,

"Ecce Agnus Dei."

Then three times--" Dominus non sum dignus."

I heard and saw with exquisite keenness, yet I was thinking,

"If I do not get out of here he will have to say those words over me."

He put the host in the parted mouth of the dying, and spoke--

"Corpus Dominus nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vetam æternam."

I thought how easy it would be to strip the loose surplice over the sacristan's head. There was a swift clip of the arm around your opponent's neck which I had learned in wrestling, that cut the breath off and dropped him as limp as a cloth. It was an Indian trick. I said to myself it would be impossible to use that trick on the sacristan if he left the cell behind the deaf old priest. I did not want to hurt him. Still, he would have a better chance to live after I had squeezed his neck, than I should have if I did not squeeze it.

The priest took out of a silver case a vessel of oil, and a branch. He sprinkled holy water with the branch, upon the bed, the walls, the sacristan and me, repeating,

"Asperges me Domini hyssopo et mundabor lavabis me et super nivem dealabor."

While I bent my head to the drops, I knew it was impossible to choke down the sacristan, strip off his surplice, invest myself with it and get out of the [redacted] cell before priest or turnkey looked back. The sacrilege of such an attack would take all the strength out of me.

The priest said the Exaudi nos, exhorted the insensible figure, then recited the Credo and the Litany, the sacristan responding.

Silence followed.

I knew the end was approaching. My hands were as cold as the nerveless one which would soon receive the candle. I told myself I should be a fool to attempt it. There was not one chance in a hundred. I should not squeeze hard enough. The man would yell. If I were swift as lightning and silent as force, they would take me in the act. It was impossible. But people who cannot do impossible things have to perish.

The priest dipped his thumb in oil, and with it crossed the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and hands, of him who was leaving the use of these five senses and instruments of evil.

Then he placed a lighted candle in the stiffened fingers, and ended with--

"Accipe lampadem ardentem custodi functionem tuam."

I said to myself--"I cannot do it! Nobody could! It is impossible!"

The sacristan now began to strip the altar and pack all the sacred implements into their cases: preparing his load in the center of the room.

The man was dead.

The sacristan's last office was to fix the two lighted altar candles on the head and foot railing of the bed. They showed the corpse

Dan Fisher

in its appalling stillness, and stood like two angels, with the pit between them.

The sacristan rapped upon the door to let the turnkey know it was time to unlock.

I drew the thick air to my lung depths. The man who would breathe no more was not as rigid as I stood. But there was no use in attempting such a thing!

The turnkey opened a gap of doorway through which he could see the candles and the bed. He opened no wider than the breadth of the priest, who stepped out as the sacristan bent for the portables.

There was lightning in my arm as it took the sacristan around the neck and let him limp upon the stones. The tail of the priest's cassock was scarcely through the door.

"Eh bien! Sacristan," called the turnkey." Make haste with your load. I have this death to report. He is not so pretty that you must stand gazing at him all night!"

I had the surplice over the sacristan's head and over mine, and backed out with my load, facing the room.

If my jailer had thrust his candle at me, if the priest had turned to speak, if the man in the cell had got his breath before the bolt was turned, if my white surplice had not appeared the principal part of me in that black place---

It was impossible!-- but I had done it.

V

The turnkey's candle made a star-point in the corridor. He walked ahead of the priest and I walked behind. We descended to the entrance where the man with the big book sat taking stock of another wretch between officers. I saw as I shaded my face with the lead, that his inattentive eye dwelt only on my surplice, which would have passed me anywhere in France.

"Goodnight, monsieur the curé," said the turnkey, letting us through the outer door.

"Goodnight, goodnight;" the priest responded.

"And to you, sacristan."

"Goodnight," I muttered, and he came a step after me. The candle was yet in his hand, showing him my bulk, and perhaps the smallclothes he had longed to vend. I expected hue and cry, but walked on the priest, and heard the heavy doors jar, and breathed again. Hearkening behind and in front, on the right and the left, I fol-

lowed him in the direction of what I have since learned to call the Jardin des Plantes. It is near St. Pélagie.

The priest, wearied by his long office, spoke only once about the darkness; for it was a cloudy night; and did not attend to my muttered response. I do not know what sympathy the excellent old man might have shown to an escaped prisoner who had choked his sacristan, and I had no mind to test it. He turned a corner, and with the wall angle between us, I eased down the sacred furniture, drew off the surplice and laid that upon it, and took to my heels up the left hand street; for the [redacted] had brought me across the river to St. Pélagie.

I had no hat, and the cut of my coat showed that I had lost a waistcoat. Avoiding the little circles of yellowness made by lamp posts, I reached without mishap of falling into the hands of any patrol, a bridge crossing to an island point, and from the other side of the point to the opposite shore. At intervals along the parapet dim lights were placed.

Compared to Lake George, which wound like a river, and the mighty St. Lawrence as I remembered it, the Seine was a narrow stream. Some boats made constellations on the surface. The mass of island splitting it into two branches was almost the heart of Paris. There were other foot passengers on the bridge, and a gay carriage rolled by. I did not see any [redacted], and only one foot passenger troubled me.

I was on the bridge above the left arm of the river when an ear

trained in the woods caught his footstep, pausing as mine paused, and hurrying as mine hurried. If the sacristan had been found in St. Pelagie a pursuer would not track me so delicately, and neither would Skenedonk hold back on the trail. I stopped in the shade when we two were alone on the second [redacted] span, and wheeled, certain of catching my man under the flare of a cresset. I caught him, and knew that it was Bellenger following me.

My mind was made up in an instant. I walked back to settle matters with him, through slaughter was far from my thoughts. I had done him no harm; but he was my enemy, and should be forced to let me alone.

The fellow who had appeared so feeble at his cabin that I opened the door for him, and so [redacted] that his [redacted] intellect claimed pity, stood up as firm as a bear at my approach, and met my eyes with perfect understanding.

Not another thing do I remember. The facts are simply these: I faced Bellenger; no blows passed; my mind [redacted] blank with the partial return of that old eclipse which [redacted] upon me after strong excitement, in more than one critical moment. The hiatus seems brief when I awake, though it may have lasted hours. I know the eclipse has been upon me, like the wing-shadow of eternity; but I have let go of time.

I could not prove that Bellenger dragged me to the parapet and threw me into the river. If I had known it I should have laughed at his doing so, for I could swim like a fish, through or under water, and sit on the lake bottom holding my breath until Skenedonk had been known to dive for me.

When next I sensed anything at all it was a feeling of cold.

I thought I was lying in one of the shallow runlets that come into Lake George, and the pebbles were an uneasy bed, chilling my shoulders. I was too stiff to move, or even turn my head to lift out of water the ear on which it rested. But I could unclose my eyelids, and this is what I saw:--a man naked to his waist, half reclining against a leaning slab of marble, down which a layer of water constantly moved. His legs were clothed, and his other garments lay across them. His face had sagged in my direction. There was a deep slash across his forehead, and he showed his teeth and his glassy eyes at the joke.

Beyond this silent figure was a woman as silent. The ridge of his body could not hide the long hair spread upon her breast. I considered the company and the moisture into which I had fallen, with unspeakable amazement. We were in a low and wide stone chamber with a groined ceiling, supported by stone pillars. A row of lamps was arranged above us, so that no trait or feature might escape a beholder.

That we were put there for show entered my mind slowly and brought indignation. To be so helpless and so exposed was an outrage against which I struggled in nightmare impotence; for I was bare to my hips also, and I knew not what other marks I carried beside those which had scarred me all my conscious life.

Now in the distance, and echoing, feet descended stairs.

I knew that people were coming to look at us, and I could not move a muscle in resentment.

I heard their voices, fringed with echoes, before either speaker came within my vision.

"This is the mortuary chapel of the Hôtel Dieu?"

"Yes, monsieur the marquis, this is the mortuary chapel."

"Um! Cheerful place!"

"Much more cheerful than the bottom of the river, monsieur the marquis."

"No doubt. Never empty, eh?"

"I have been a servant of the Hôtel Dieu fourteen years, mansieur the marquis, and have not yet seen all the marble slabs vacant."

"You receive the bodies of the drowned?"

"And place them where they may be seen and claimed."

"How long do you keep them?"

"That depends. Sometimes their friends seek them at once. We have kept a body three months in the winter season, though he turned very green."

"Are all in your present collection gathering verdure?"

"No, monsieur. We have a very fresh one, just brought in; a big stalwart fellow, with the look of the country about him."

"Small clothes?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Buckle shoes?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Hair light and long?"

"The very man, monsieur the marquis."

Dauphin-jal 83

"I suppose I shall have to look at him. If he had to make himself unpleasant he should have stayed at the chateau where his mother could identify him. He is one of my peasants, come to Paris to see life! I must hold my nose and do it."

"It is not necessary to hold the nose, monsieur."

"After fourteen years, perhaps not. "

I heard the snap of a snuff-box lid as the marquis fortified himself.

My agony for the woman who was to be looked at turned so sharp that I uttered a click in my throat. But they passed her, and merely glanced at my next neighbor.

The old marquis encountered my fixed stare. Visibly it shocked through him. He was all gray, and curled and powdered, instead of being clipped close and smoothed in the style of the Empire: an exquisite, thin-featured man, high of nose and eyebrows, not large, but completely turned out as ample man and bright spirit. The slightest fragrance of scent was in his presence, and a shade of snuff on his upper lip appeared fine supercilious hairs.

I did not look at the servant of the Hôtel Dieu. The old noble and I held each other with unflinching gaze.

"Do you recognize him, monsieur?"

"I do,"the old noble deliberately answered."I should know this face anywhere. Have him taken to my carriage directly."

"Your carriage, monsieur! He can be sent"---

"I said take him to my carriage."

"It shall be done. His eyes have opened since he came in. But they

sometimes look as if they would speak! Their faces change constantly. This other man who is grinning tonight may be quite serious tomorrow."

"And by the end of the month sorry enough, eh?"

The servant of the Hotel Dieu tittered amiably, and I knew he was going for help to lift me off the slab, when he uttered a cry of surprise. The old marquis wheeled sharply, and said--

"Eh, bien! Is this another of them, promenading himself?"

I felt the Oneida coming before his silent moccasins strode near me. He did not wait an instant, but dragged me from the wet and death cold marble to the stone floor, where he knelt upon one knee and supported me. O Skenedonk! how delicious was the warmth of your healthy body--how comforting the grip of your hunter arms! I could have given thanks before the altar at the side of the crypt, which my fixed eyes encountered as he held me. The marble dripped into its gutter as if complaining of my escape.

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried the servant.

Skenedonk answered nothing at all.

"Who is this gentleman," the marquis inquired," that seems to have the skin of a red German sausage drawn tight over his head?"

"This is an American Indian, monsieur the marquis."

"An Indian. "

"Yes, monsieur; but he understands French."

"Thank you for the hint. It may save me from having a German sausage drawn tight over my head. I have heard that American Indians practice giving their friends that appearance. How do you know he understands French?"

"I think it is the man who used to come to the Hôtel Dieu years ago, when I was new in its service. He was instructed in religion by churchmen in Paris, and learned the language. Oh, my dear monsieur- I think it is Iroquois that he is called--I am aware the Americans have different manners, but here we do not go into the mortuary chapel of the Hôtel Dieu and disarrange the bodies without permission!"

Skenedonk's eyes probably had less of the fawn in them than usual. I felt the guttural sound under his breast.

"I have found him, and now I will take him."

"But that is the marquis' servant!"

"The marquis is his servant!"

"Oh, my dear monsieur the Indian! You speak of a noble of France, the Marquis Du Plessy! Be satisfied," pleaded the servitor of the Hôtel Dieu," with this other body, whom nobody is likely to claim! I may be permitted to offer you that, if you are determined--though it may cost me my place!--and after fourteen years' service! If you would appease him, monsieur the marquis--though I do not know whether they ever take money."

"I will appease him," said the old noble."Go about your errand and be quick."

The servant fled up the stairs .

"This man is not dead, my friend," said the Marquis Du Plessy.

Skenedonk knew it.

"But he will not live long in this cursed crypt," the noble added. "You will get into my carriage with him, we will take him and put him in hot sheets, and see what we can do for him."

I could feel Skenedonk's antagonism giving way in the relaxing of his muscles.

But maintaining his position the Oneida asserted,

"He is not yours!"

"He belongs to France."

"France belongs to him!" the Indian reversed.

"Eh, eh! Who is this young man?"

"The king."

"We have no king now, my friend. But assuming there is a man who should be king, how do you know this is the one?"

If Skenedonk made answer in words it was lost to me. The spirit sunk to submergence in the body. I remember combating motion like a drugged person.

Torpor and prostration followed the recurring eclipse as that followed excitement and shock. I was not ill; and gathered knowledge of the environment, which was different from anything I had before experienced. De Chaumont's manor was a wilderness fortress compared to this private hotel of an ancient family in the heart of Paris.

I lay in a bed curtained with damask, and looked through open glass doors at a garden. Gravelled walks, bosky trees and masses of flowers, plats of grass where arbored seats were placed, stretched their vista to a wall clothed in ivy, which proved to be the end of a chapel. For high over the curtain of thick green shone a rose window. The afternoon sun laid bare its fine staining, but only in the darkness when the church was illuminated and organ music rolled from it, did the soul of that window appear struck through with light.

Strange servants and Dr. Chantry by glimpses, and the old noble and the Oneida almost constantly, were about me. Dr. Chantry looked complacently through the curtains and wished me goodmorning. I smiled to see that he was lodged as he desired, and that his clothes had been renewed in fine cloth, with lawn to his neck and silk stockings for his shrunk calves. My master was an elderly beau; and I gave myself no care that he had spent his money-- the money of the expedition--on foppery.

Skenedonk also had new toggery in scarfs and trinkets which I did not recognize, and his fine buckskins were cleaned. The lackeys appeared subservient to him, and his native dignity was never more impressive than in that great house. I watched my host and my servant holding interviews, which Skenedonk may have considered councils, on the benches in the garden, and from which my secretary, the sick old woman, seemed excluded. But the small interest of seeing birds arrive on branches, and depart again, sufficed me; until an hour when life rose strongly.

I sat up in bed, and finding myself alone, took advantage of an adjoining room where a marble bath was set in the floor. Returning freshened from the plunge, with my sheet drawn around me, I found one of those skilled and gentle valets who seem less men than he-maids.

"I am to dress monsieur when monsieur is ready," said this person.

"I am ready now," I answered, and he led me into a suite of rooms and showed me an array which took my breath: dove colored satin knee

Dauphin fol 34

breeches, and a long embroidered coat of like color, a vest sprigged with rosebuds, cravat and lace ruffles, long silk stockings and shoes to match in extravagance, a shirt of fine lawn, and a hat for a nobleman.

"Tell your master," I said to the lackey, "that he intends me great kindness, but I prefer my own clothes."

"These are monsieur's own clothes, made to his order and measure."

"But I gave no order, and I was not measured."

The man raised his shoulders and elbows with gentlest dissent.

"These are only a few articles of monsieur's outfit. Here is the key. If monsieur selects another costume he will find each one complete."

By magic as it seemed, there was a wardrobe full of finery provided for my use. The man displayed them: in close trousers and coats with short fronts, or knee breeches and long tails: costumes, he said, for the street, for driving, riding, travelling, for evening, and for morning; and one white satin court dress. At the marquis' order he had laid out one for a ball. Of my old clothes not a piece was to be seen.

The miracle was that what he put upon me fitted me. I became transformed like my servant and my secretary, and stood astonished at the result.

VI

"Enter the prince of a fairy tale," said the Marquis Du Plessy when the lackey ushered me into the garden.

It was a nest of amber at that time of sunset, and he waited for me at a table laid for supper, under a flat canopy of trees which had their tops trained and woven into a mat.

I took his hand to kiss, but he rose up and magnificently placed me in a chair opposite himself.

"Your benefits are heavy, monsieur," I said. "How shall I acknowledge them?"

"You owe me nothing at all," he answered:" as you will see when I have told you a true story. It would sound like a lie if anything were incredible in these fabulous times."

"But you do not know anything about me."

"I am well instructed in your history, by that charming attendant in fringed leather breeches, who has been acquainted with you much longer than you have been acquainted with yourself."

"Yet I am not sure of deserving the marquis' interest."

"Has the marquis admitted that he feels any interest in you?--Though this I will own:--few experiences have affected me like your living eyes staring out of the face of my dead king!"

We met each other again with a steady gaze like that in the mortuary chapel.

"Do you believe I am [redacted]?"

"Do I believe you are [redacted]? Who said there was [redacted] such a person in existence?"

"Louis Philippe."

"The Duke of Orleans? Eh, bien! What does he know of the royal family? He is of the cadette branch."

"But he told me the princess , the dauphin's sister, said that the dauphin was taken alive from the Temple and sent to America."

"My dear Lazarre, I do not say the Duke of Orleans would lie,--far be it from me--though these are times in which we courageously attack our betters. But he would not object to seeing the present pretender ousted. Why, since his father voted for the death of Louis XVI, he and his are almost outlawed by the older branch! Madame Royal, the Duchess of Angoulême , cannot endure him. I do not think she would speak to him!"

"He is my friend," I said stoutly.

"Remember you are another pretender, and he has espoused your cause. I think him decent myself--though there used to be some pretty stories told about him and the fair sentimentalist who educated him--

Madame De Genlis. But I am an old man: I forget gossip."

My host gave lively and delicate attention to his food as it was brought, and permitted nothing to be overheard by his lackeys.

The evening was warm, and fresh with the breath of June: and the garden, by a contrivance of lamps around its walls, turned into a dream world after sunset faded.

It was as impossible to come to close terms with this noble of the old régime as with a butterfly. He alighted on a subject; he waved his wings, and rose. I felt a clumsy giant while he fluttered around my head, smiling, mocking, thrusting his pathos to the quick.

"My dear boy, I do not say that I believe in you: I do not observe etiquette with you. But I am going to tell you a little story about the Tuileries. You have never seen the palace of the Tuileries?"

I said I had not.

"It has been restored for the use of these Bonapartes. When I say these Bonapartes, Lazarre, I am not speaking against the Empire. The Empire gave me back my estates. I was not one of the stringent emigrés. My estates are mine, whoever rules in France. You may consider me a betwixt-and-betweener. Do so. My dear boy, I am. My heart is with my dead king. My carcass is very comfortable, both in Paris, and on my ancestral lands. Napoleon likes me as an ornament to his bourgeois court. I keep my opinion of him to myself. Do you like garlic, my boy?"

I told him I was not addicted to the use of it.

"Garlic is divine. God gave it to man. A hint of it in the appro-

priate dish makes life endurable. I carry a piece in a gold box at the bottom of my vest pocket, that I may occasionally take it out and experience a sense of gratitude for divine benefits."

He took out his pet lump, rubbed it on the outside of his wine bottle, poured out a glassful and drank it, smiling adorably at me in ecstacy!

"We were speaking of the Tuileries. You should have seen the place when it was sacked after the flight of the royal family.--No, you should not have seem it!--I am glad you were gone. Mirrors were shattered, and lusters, vases, china, gold candlesticks, rolled about and were trampled on the floor. The paintings were stabbed with pikes! tables, screems, gilt stools, chairs, crushed, and carpets cut to pieces; garments of all kinds strewn and torn; all that was not carried off by pillagers being thus destroyed. It was yet a horrible sight days after the mob had done their work, and slaughtered bodies of guards had been carried away, and commissioners with their clerks and assistants began to restore order. "

"Did you see the Tuileries at that time, monsieur?"

"I did. I put on the clothes of one of my peasants, slumped in Jacquot's wooden shoes, and kept my mouth open as wide as I could for the dust. The fantastic was yet in my blood. Exile takes that out of everybody except your royal uncle of Provence.But I knew in my heart what I would help do with that mob, if our turn ever came again!"

His dark eyes rested on the red wine as on a pool of blood.

"Sick of the ruin,I leaned out to look in the garden, from a window in the queen's own apartment. I stepped on a shelf, which

Dan Stone - Jan 35 -

appeared fixed under the window; but it moved, and I found that it could be pushed on grooves into the wall. There was a cavity made to hold it. It had concealed two armchairs placed opposite each other, so cunningly that their paneled sides yet looked a part of the thick wall. I sat down in one of them, and though the cushion was stiff, I felt something hard under it. "

Monsieur Du Plessy glanced around in every direction to to satisfy himself that no ears lurked within hearing.

"Eh, bien! Under the cushion I found the queen's jewel-case! Diamonds--bags of gold coin--a half circlet of gems!--since the great necklace was lost such an array had not seen the light in France! The value must be far above a million francs."

The marquis fixed his eyes on me and said--

"What should I have done with it, Lazarre?"

"It belonged to the royal family," I answered.

"But everything which belonged to the royal family had been confiscated to the state. I had just seen the belongings of the royal family trampled as by cattle. First one tyrant and then another , rose up to tell us what we should do, to batten himself off the wretched commonwealth, and then go to the guillotine before his successor. As a good citizen I should have turned these jewels and stones and coins over to the state. But I was acting the part of Jacquot, and as an honest peasant I whipped them under my blouse and carried them away. In my straits of exile I never decreased them. And you may take inventory of your property and claim it when we rise from the table."

My heart came up in my throat. I reached across and caught his

hands.

"You believe in me--you believe in me!"

"Do I observe any etiquette with you, Lazarre? This is the second time I have brought the fact to your notice. I particularly wish you to note that I do not observe any etiquette with you."

"What does a boy who has been brought up among Indians know about etiquette!But you accept me, or you could not put the property you have loyally and at such risk saved for my family, into my hands."

"I don't accept even your uncle of Provence. The king of Spain and I prefer to call him by that modest title. Since you died or were removed from the Temple, he has taken the name of Louis XVIII, and maintained a court at the expense of the Czar of Russia and the king of Spain. He is a fine Latinist; quotes Latin verse; and keeps the mass bells everlastingly ringing;--the Russians laugh at his royal masses! But in my opinion the sacred [redacted] gentleman is either moral slush or a very deep quicksand.--It astonishes me," said the Marquis Du Plessy,"to find how many people I do disapprove of! I really require very little of the people I am obliged to meet."

He smoothed my hands which were yet holding his, and exploded--

"The Count of Provence is an old turtle!-- Not exactly a reptile, for there is food in him. But of a devilish flat head and cruel snap of the jaws!"

"How can that be?" I argued,"when his niece loves him so! And [redacted] even I, in the American woods, with mind eclipsed, was not forgotten. He sent me of the money that he was obliged to receive in charity!"

"It is easy to dole out charity money: you are squeezing other people's purses, not your own. What I most object to in the Count of Provence, is that assumption of kingly airs, providing the story is true which leaked secretly among the emigrés. The story which I heard was that the dauphin had not died, but was an idiot in America. An idiot cannot reign. But the throne of France is not clamoring so loud for a Bourbon at present, that the idiot's substitute must be proclaimed, and hold a beggar's court. There are mad loyalists who swear by this eighteenth Louis. I am not one of them. In fact, Lazarre, I was rather out of tune with your house!"

"Not you!" I said.

"I do not fit in these times. I ought to have gone with my king and my friends under the knife. Often I am ashamed of myself for slipping away. That I should live to see disgusting fools in the streets of Paris, after the Terror was over!--young men affecting the Greek and Roman manner--greeting one another by wagging of the head!--They wore gray coats with black collars, gray or green cravats, carried cudgels, and decreed that all men should have the hair plaited, powdered, and fastened up with a comb, like themselves! The wearer of a queue was likely to be knocked on the head. These creatures used to congregate at the old Feydeau theater, or meet around the entrance of the Louvre, to talk classical jargon, and wag!"

The Marquis Du Plessy drew himself together with a strong shudder. I had the desire to stand between him and the shocks of an alien world. Yet there was about him a tenacious masculine strength, an adroitness of self protection which needed no champion.

"Did the Indian tell you about a man named Bellenger?" I inquired.

"Bellenger is part of the old story about the dauphin's removal. I heard of him first at Coblenz. And I understand now that he is following you with another dauphin, and objecting to you in various delicate ways. Napoleon Bonaparte is master of France, and in the way to be master of Europe, because he has a nice sense of the values of men , and the best head for detail that was ever formed in human shape.

"There is something almost supernatural in his grasp of affairs. He lets nothing escape him. The only mistake he ever made was butchering the young Duke d'Enghien--the courage and clearness of the man wavered that one instant;--and by the way , he borrowed my name for the duke's incognito during the journey under arrest! - England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, are combining against Napoleon. He will beat them. For while other men sleep, or amuse themselves, or let circumstance drive them, he is planning success and providing for all possible contingencies. Take a leaf out of the general's book, my boy. No enemy is contemptible. If you want to force the hand of fortune--scheme!--scheme!--all the time!--out-scheme the other fellow!"

The marquis rose from the table.

"I am longer winded," he said ," than a man named De Chaumont, who has been importuning Bonaparte in season and out of season, to reinstate an American Émigré, a Madame De Ferrier."

"Will Bonaparte restore her lands?" I asked, feeling my voice like a rope in my throat.

"Do you khow her family?"

"I knew Madame De Ferrier in America."

Dlla p. bue - pa 34

"Their estate lies next to mine. And what is the little De Ferrier like since she is grown?"

"A beautiful woman."

"Ah--ah! Bonaparte's plan will then be easy of execution. You may see her this evening here in the Faubourg St. Germain. I believe she is to appear at Madame De Permon's, where Bonaparte may look in."

My host bolted the doors of his private cabinet, and took from the secret part of a wall cupboard the queen's jewel-case. We opened it between us. The first thing I noticed was a gold snuffbox, set with portraits of the king, the queen, and their two children.

How I knew them I cannot tell. Their pictured faces had never been put before my conscious eyes until that moment. Other portraits might have been there. I had no doubt, no hesitation.

I was on my knees before the face I had seen in spasms of remembrance--with oval cheeks, and fair hair rolled high--and open neck--royal my mother!

Next I looked at the king, heavier of feature, honest and straight gazing, his chin held upward; at the little sister, a smaller miniature of the queen; at the softly molded curves of the child that was myself!

The marquis turned his back.

Before I could speak I rose and put my arms around him. He wheeled, took my hand, stood at a little distance, and kissed it.

We said not one word about the portraits, but sat down with the jewel case again between us.

"These stones and coins are also my sister's, monsieur the marquis?"

He lifted his eyebrows.

"I had ample opportunity, my dear boy, to turn them into the exchequer of the Count of Provence. Before his quarrel with the late Czar of Russia he maintained a dozen gentlemen-in-waiting, and perhaps as many ladies, to say nothing of priests, servants, and attendants of attendants, and guards. This treasure might last him two years. If the king of Spain and his majesty of Russia got wind of it, and shut off their pensions, it would not last so long. I am too thrifty a Frenchman to dissipate the hoards of the state in foreign parts! Yet , if you question my taste--I will not say my honesty, Lazarre"---

"I question nothing, monsieur! I ask advice."

"Eh, bien! Then do not be quite as punctilious as the gentleman who got turned out of the debtor side of St. Pélagie into an alley. 'This will not do,' says he. So around he posts to the entrance, and asks for admittance again!"

"Catch me knocking at Ste. Pélagie for admittance again!"

"Then my advice is to pay your tailor, if he has done his work acceptably."

"He has done it marvellously, especially in the fitting."

"A Parisian workman finds it no miracle to fit a man from his old clothes. I took the liberty of sending your orders. Having heard my little story, you understand that you owe me nothing but your

society: and a careful inventory of this trust."

We were a long time examining the contents of the case. There were six bags of coin, all gold louis; many unset gems; rings for the hand; and clusters of various sorts which I knew not how to name, that blazed with a kind of white fire very dazzling. The half-way crown was crusted thick with colored stones the like of which I could not have imagined in my dreams. Their names the marquis told me, were sapphires, emeralds, rubies; and large clear diamonds, like beads of rain. When everything was carefully returned to place, he asked,

"Shall I still act as your banker?"

I begged him to hide the jewel box again, and he concealed it in the wall.

"We go to the Rue Ste. Croix, Lazarre; which is an impossible place for your friend Bellenger at this time. Do you dance a gavotte?"

I told him I could dance the Indian corn dance, and he advised me to reserve this accomplishment.

"Bonaparte's police are keen on any scent, especially the scent of a prince. His practical mind would reject the Temple story , if he ever heard it; and there are enough live Bourbons for him to watch."

"But there is the Count De Chaumont,"I suggested.

"He is not a man that would put faith in the Temple story, either, and I understand he is kindly disposed towards you."

"I lived in his house nearly a year."

"He is not a bad fellow for the new sort. I feel certain of him. He is coaxing my friendship because of ancient amity between the houses of Du Plessy and De Ferrier."

"Did you say, monsieur, that Bonaparte intends to restore Madame De Ferrier's lands?"

"They have been given to one of his rising officers."

"Then he will not restore them?"

"Oh, yes, with interest! His plan is to give her the officer for a husband."

Dauphine

VII

Even in those days of falling upon adventure and taking hold of life with the arrogance of young manhood, I knew the value of money; though it has always been my fault to give it little consideration. Experience taught me that poverty goes afoot and sleeps with strange bed-fellows. But I never minded going afoot or sharing the straw with cattle. However, my secretary more than once took a high hand with me because he bare the bag; and I did mind debt chasing my heels like a rising tide.

Our Iroquois had their cottages in St. Regis and their hunting cabins on Lake George. They went to church, when not drunk and quarrelsome, paid the priest his dues, labored easily, and cared nothing for hoarding. But every step of my new life called for coin.

As I look back on that hour the dominating thought rises clearly. To see men admitting that you are what you believe yourself to be, is one of the triumphs of existence. The jewel-case stamped identification upon me. I felt like one who had communicated with the

Dauphine - page 87

past and received a benediction. There was special provision in the way it came to me; for man loves to believe that God watches over and mothers him.

Forgetting--if I had ever heard--how the ancients dreaded the powers above when they had been too fortunate, I went with the marquis in high spirits to the Rue Ste. Croix. There were pots of incense sending little wavers of smoke through the rooms, and the people might have peopled a dream. The men were indeed all smooth and trim; but the women had given rein to their fancies.

Our hostess was a fair and gracious woman, of Greek ancestry as Bonaparte himself was, the marquis told me, and her daughter had been married to his favorite general. I notice only the unusual in clothing; the scantness of ladies' apparel that clung like the skin, and lay upon the oak floor in ridges, among which a man must shove his way, was unusual to me.

I saw , in space kept cleared around her chair, one beauty with nothing but sandals on her feet, though these were white as milk, silky skinned like a hand, and ringed with jewels around the toes.

Bonaparte's youngest sister stood receiving court. She was attired like a Bacchante, with bands of fur in her hair, topped by bunches of gold grapes. Her robe and tunic of muslin fine as air, woven in India, had bands of gold , clapsed with cameos, under the bosom and on the arms. Each woman seemed to have planned outdoing the others in conceits which marked her own fairness.

I looked anxiously down the spacious room without seeing Madame

De Ferrier. The simplicity which made for beauty of houses in France, struck me in the white and gold paneling, and the chimney, which lifted its mass of design to the ceiling. I must have been staring at this and thinking of Madame De Ferrier, when my name was called in a lilting and excited fashion--

"Lazarre!"

There was Mademoiselle De Chaumont in the midst of gallants, and better prepared to dance a gavotte than any other charmer in the room. For her gauze dress, fastened on the shoulders so that it fell not quite off her bosom, reached only to the middle of the calf. This may have been for the protection of rosebuds with which ribbons drawn lengthwise through the skirt, were fringed; but it also showed her child-like feet and ankles, and made her appear tiptoe like a fairy, and more remarkable than any other figure except the barefooted dame. She held a crook massed with ribbons and rosebuds in her hand, rallying the men to her standard by lively chatter which they like better than wisdom.

Mademoiselle Annabel gave me her hand to kiss, and made room for the Marquis Du Plessy and me in her circle. I felt abashed by the looks these courtiers gave me, but the marquis put them readily in the background, and [illegible] delighted in the poppet, taking her quite to himself.

"We hear such wonderful stories about you, Lazarre! Besides, Dr. Chantry came to see us and told us all he knew. Remember Lazarre belonged to us before you discovered him, monsieur the Marquis Du

Plessy! He and I are Americans!"

Some women near us commented, as [redacted] seemed to be the fashion in that society [redacted], with a frankness which Indians would have restrained--

"See that girl! The emperor may now imagine what his brother Jerome has done! Her father has brought her over from America to marry her, and it will need all his money to accomplish that!"

Annabel shook the rain of misty hair at the sides of her rose pink face, and laughed a joyful retort.

"No wonder poor Prince Jerome had to go to America for a wife! Did you ever see such hairy faced frights as these Parisians of the Empire! Lazarre [redacted] fell ill looking at them. He pretends he doesn't see women, monsieur, and goes about with his coat skirts loaded with books. I used to be almost as much afraid of him as I am of you!"

"Ah, mademoiselle, I dread to enter paradise."

"Why, monsieur?"

"The angels are afraid of me!"

"Not when you smile."

"Teach me that adorable smile of yours!"

"Oh, how improving you will be to Lazarre, monsieur! He never paid me a compliment in his life. He never said anything but the truth!"

""The lucky dog! What pretty things he had to say!"

Annabel laughed and shook her mist in great enjoyment. I liked to watch her, yet I wondered where Madame De Ferrier was, and could not bring myself to inquire.

"These horrible incense pots choke me," said Annabel.

"I like them," said the marquis.

"Do you?--So do I," she instantly agreed with him.

"Though we get enough incense in church."

"I should think so! --Do you like mass?"

"I was brought up on my knees. But I never acquired the real devotee's back."

"Sit on your heels," imparted Annabel in strict confidence. "Try it."

"I will. Ah, mademoiselle, anyone who could bring such comfort into religion might make even wedlock endurable!"

Madame De Ferrier appeared between the curtains of a deep window. She was talking with Count De Chaumont and an officer in uniform. Her face was pulsed a rosiness like that quiver in winter skies which we call northern lights. The clothes she wore, being always subdued by her head and shoulders, were not noticeable like other women's clothes. But as soon as her eyes rested on me I knew she found me changed.

De Chaumont came a step to meet me, and I felt miraculously equal to him, with some power which was not in me before.

"You scoundrel, you have fallen into luck!" he said heartily. "One of our proverbs is: 'A blind pig will find an acorn once in awhile'."

"There isn't a better acorn in the woods, or one harder to shake down. How did you do it?"

I gave him a wise smile and held my tongue; knowing well that if

I had remained in Ste. Pélagie and the fact ever came to De Chaumont's ears, like other human beings he would have reprehended my plunging into the world.

"We are getting on tremendously, Lazarre! When your inheritance falls in, come back with me to Castorland. We will found a wilderness empire!"

I did not inquire what he meant by my inheritance falling in. The marquis pressed behind me, and when I had spoken to Madame De Ferrier I knew it was his right to take the hand of the woman who had been his little neighbor.

"You don't remember me, madame?"

"Oh, yes, I do, Monsieur Du Plessy:--and your wall fruit, too!"

"The rogue! Permit me to tell you those pears are hastening to be ready for you once more."

"And Bichette, monsieur--is dear old Bichette alive?"

"She is alive, and draws the chair as well as ever. I hear you have a little son. He may love the old pony and chair as you used to love them."

"Seeing you, monsieur, is like coming again to my home!"

"I trust you may come soon."

They spoke of fruit and cattle. Neither dared mention the name of any human companion associated with the past.

I took opportunity to ask Count De Chaumont if her lands were recovered . A baffled look troubled his face.

"The emperor will see her tonight," he answered. "It is impossible to say what can be done until the emperor sees her."

"Is there any truth in the story that he will marry her to the officer who holds her estate?"

The count frowned.

"No--no! That's impossible."

"Will the officer sell his rights if Madame De Ferrier's are not acknowledged?"

"I have thought of that . And I want to consult the marquis."

When he had a chance to draw the marquis aside, I could speak to Madame De Ferrier without being overheard; though my time might be short. She stood between the curtains, and the man in uniform had left his place to me.

"Well, I am here," I said.

"And I am glad," she answered.

"I am here because I love you."

She held a fold of the curtain in her hand and looked down at it; then up at me."

"You must not say that again."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"I do not."

"Remember who you are."

"I am your lover."

She looked quickly around the buzzing drawing-room, and leaned cautiously nearer.

"You are my sovereign."

"I believe that, Eagle. But it does not follow that I shall ever reign."

"Are you safe here? Napoleon Bonaparte has spies. "

"But he has regard also for old aristocrats like the Marquis Du Plessy."

"Yet remember what he did to the Duke d'Enghien. A Bourbon prince is not allowed in France."

"How many people consider me a Bourbon prince?I told you why I am here. Fortune has wonderfully helped me since I came to France. Lazarre, the dauphin from the Indian camps, brazenly asks you to marry him, Eagle!"

Her face blanched white, but she laughed.

"No De Ferrier ever took a base advantage of royal favor. --Don't you think this is a strange conversation in a drawing-room of the Empire? I hated myself for being here--until you came in."

"Eagle, have you forgotten our supper on the island?"

"Yes, sire." She scarcely breathed the word.

"My unanointed title is Lazarre. And I suppose you have forgotten the fog and the mountain, too?"

"Yes."

"Lazarre!"

"Yes, Lazarre."

"You love me! You shall love me!"

"As a De Ferrier should: no farther!"

Her lifted chin expressed a strength I could not combat. The [redacted] slight, dark haired girl , younger than myself, [redacted] mastered and

drew me as if my spirit was a stream, and she the ocean into which it must flow. Darkness like that of Ste. Pélagie dropped over the brilliant room. I was nothing after all but a palpitating boy, venturing because he must venture. Light seemed to strike through her blood, however, endowing her with a splendid pallor.

"I am going," I determined that moment, "to Mittau."

The adorable curve of her eyelids, unlike any other eyelids I ever saw, was lost to me, for her eyes flew wide open.

"To"---

She looked around and hesitated to pronounce the name of the Count of Provence.

"Yes. I am going to find someone who belongs to me."

"You have the marquis for a friend."

"And I have also Skenedonk, and our tribe for my friends. But there is no one who understands that a man must have some love."

"Consult the Marquis Du Plessy about going to Mittau. It may not be wise. And there is going to be war is threatened on the frontier."

"I will consult him, of course. But I am going."

"Lazarre, there were ladies on the ship who cursed and swore, and men who were drunk the greater part of the voyage. I was brought up in the old fashioned way by the Saint-Michels, so I know nothing of present customs. But it seems to me our times are rude and wicked. And you, just awake to the world, have yet the innocence of that little boy who sunk into the strange and long stupor. If you changed I think I could not bear it!"

"I will not change."

A stir which must have been widening through the house as a ripple widens on a lake, struck us, and turned our faces with all others to a man who stood in front of the chimney. He was not large in person, but as an individual his presence was massive--was penetrating. I could have topped him by head and shoulders: yet without mastery. He took snuff as he slightly bowed in every direction, shut the lid with a snap, and fidgeted as if impatient to be gone. He had a mouth of wonderful beauty and expression, and his eyes were more alive than the eyes of any other man in the assembly. I felt his gigantic force as his head dipped forward and he glanced about under his brows.

"There is the emperor," De Chaumont told Eagle; and I thought he made indecent haste to return and hale her away before Napoleon.

The greatest soldier in Europe passed from one person to another with the air of doing his duty and getting rid of it. Presently he raised his voice, speaking to Madame De Ferrier so that all in the room might hear.

"Madame, I am pleased to see that you wear leno. I do not like those English muslins, sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half as well as beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, or silk, ladies, and then my manufactures will flourish."

I wondered if he would remember the face of the man pushed against his wheel and called an assassin, when the Marquis Du Plessy named me to him as the citizen Lazarre.

"You are a lucky man, Citizan Lazarre, to gain the marquis for your friend. I have been trying a number of years to make him mine."

Dauphin - jan 59

"All Frenchmen are the friends of Napoleon," the marquis said to me.

I spoke directly to the sovereign, thereby violating etiquette, my friend told me afterwards, laughing; and Bonaparte was a stickler for precedent.

"But all Frenchmen," I could not help reminding the man in power, "are not faithful friends."

He gave me a sharp look as he passed on, and repeated what I afterward learned was one of his favorite maxims---

"A faithful friend is the true image."

VIII

"Must you go to Mittau?" the Marquis Du Plessy said when I told him what I intended to do. "It is a long expensive post journey; and part of the way you may not be able to post. Riga, on the gulf beyond Mittau, is a fine old town, with pointed gables and high stone houses. But when I was in Mittau I found it a mere winter camp of Russian nobles. The houses are low, one story structures. There is but one castle, and in that his royal highness the Count of Provence holds mimic court."

We were riding to Versailles, and our horses almost touched sides as my friend put his hand on my shoulder.

"Don't go, Lazarre. You will not be welcome there."

"I must go, whether I am welcome or not."

"But I may not last until you come back."

"You will last two months. Can't I post to Mittau and back in two months?"

"God knows. "

I looked at him drooping forward in the saddle, and said,

"If you need me I will stay, and think no more about seeing those of my own blood."

"I do need you; but you shall not stay. You shall go to Mittau in my own post-carriage. It will bring you back sooner."

But his post-carriage I could not accept. The venture to Mittau, its wear and tear and waste, were my own; and I promised to return with all speed. I could have undertaken the road afoot, driven by the necessity I felt.

"The Duchess of Angoulême is a good girl," said the marquis, following the line of my thoughts. "She has devoted herself to her uncle and her husband. When the late Czar withdrew his pension, and turned the whole mimic court out of Mittau, she went with her uncle, and even waded the snow with him when they fell into straits. Diamonds given to her by her grandmother, the empress Maria Theresa, she sold for his support. But the new czar reinstated them; and though they live less pretentiously at Mittau in these days, they still have their priest and almoner, the Duke of Guiche, and other courtiers hanging upon them. My boy, can you make a court bow and walk backwards? You must practive before going into Russia."

"Wouldn't it be better," I said, "for those who know how, to practice the accomplishment before me?"

"Imagine the Count of Provence stepping down from playing royalty, to do that!" my friend laughed.

"I don't know why he shouldn't, since he knows I am alive. He has

sent money every year for my support."

"An established custom, Lazarre, gains strength every day it is continued. You see how hard it is to overturn an existing system, because men have to undo the work they have been doing perhaps for a thousand years. Time gives enormous stability. Monsieur the Count of Provence has been practicing royalty since word went out that his nephew had died in the Temple. It will be no easy matter to convince him you are fit to play king in his stead."

This did not disturb me , however. I thought more of my sister. And I thought of vast stretches across the center of Europe. The Indian stirred in me, as it always did stir, when the woman I wanted was withdrawn from me.

I could not tell my friend, or any man , about Madame De Ferrier. This story of my life is not to be printed until I am gone from the world. Otherwise the things set down so freely would remain buried in myself.

Some beggars started from hovels, running like dogs, holding diseased and crooked-eyed children up for alms, and pleading for God's sake that we would have pity on them. When they disappeared with their coin I asked the marquis if there had always been wretchedness in France.

"There is always wretchedness everywhere," he answered." Napoleon can turn the world upside down, but he cannot cure the disease of hereditary poverty .I never rode to Versailles without encountering these people."

When we entered the Place d'Armes fronting the palace, desolation worse than that of the beggars faced us. That vast noble pile, untenanted and sacked, symbolized the vanished monarchy of France. Doors stood wide. The court was strewn with litter and filth: and grass started rank betwixt the stones where the proudest courtiers in the world had trod. I tried to enter the queen's rooms, but sat on the steps leading to them, holding my head in my hands, It was as impossible as it had been to enter the Temple.

The fountains which once made a concert of mist around their lake basin, satisfying like music, the marquis said, were dried, and the figures broken. Millions had been spent upon this domain of kings, and nothing but the summer's natural verdure was left to unmown stretches. The foot shrank from sending echoes through empty palace apartments, and from treading the weedy margins of canal and lake.

"I should not have brought you here, Lazarre," said my friend.

"I had to come, monsieur."

We walked through meadow and park to the little palaces called Grand and Petit Trianon, where the intimate life of the last royal family had been lived. I looked well at their outer guise, but could not explore them.

The groom held our horses in the street that leads up to the Place d'Armes, and as we sauntered back, I kicked old leaves which had fallen autumn after autumn and banked the path.

It rushed over me again! Red 40

I felt my arms go above my head as they did when I sunk into the depths of recollection.

"Lazarre! Are you in a fit!" The Marquis Du Plessy seized me.

"I remember! I remember! I was kicking the leaves - I was walking

Dauphin - parcs

with my father and mother--somewhere--somewhere--and something threatened us!"

"It was in the garden of the Tuileries," said the Marquis Du Plessy sternly. "The mob threatened you, and you were going before the National Assembly! I walked behind. I was there to help defend the king."

We stood still until the paroxysmal rending in my head ceased. Then I sat on the grassy roadside trying to smile at the marquis, and shrugging an apology for my weakness. The beauty of the arched trees disappeared, and when next I recognized the world we were moving slowly toward Paris in a heavy carriage, and I was smitten with the conviction that my friend had not eaten the dinner he ordered in Versailles.

I felt ashamed of the weakness which came like an eclipse, and withdrew leaving me in my strength. It ceased to visit me within that year, and has never troubled me at all in later days. Yet, inconsistently, I look back as to the glamour of youth; and though it worked me hurt and shame, I half regret that it is gone!

The more I saw of the Marquis Du Plessy the more my slow tenacious heart took hold on him. We went about everywhere together. I think it was his hope to wed me to his company and to Paris, and shove the Mittau venture into an indefinite future: yet he spared no pains in obtaining for me my passports to Courland.

At this time, with cautious, half reluctant hand, he raised the veil from a phase of life which astonished and revolted me. I loved

a woman. The painted semblances of women who inhabited a world of sensation, had no effect upon me.

"You are wonderfully fresh, Lazarre," the marquis said." If you were not so big and male I would call you mademoiselle! Did they never sin in the American backwoods!"

Then he took me in his arms like a mother, and kissed me, saying, "Dear son and sire, I am worse than your great-grand-father!"

Yet my zest for the gaiety of the old city grew as much as he desired. The golden dome of the Invalides became my bubble of Paris, floating under a sunny sky.

Whenever I went to the hotel which De Chaumont had hired near the Tuileries, Madame De Ferrier received me kindly; having always with her Mademoiselle De Chaumont or Miss Chantry, so that we never had a word in private. I thought she might have shown a little feeling in her rebuff, and pondered on her point of view regarding my secret rank. De Chaumont, on the other hand, was beneath her in everything but wealth. How might she regard stooping to him?

Miss Chantry was divided between enforced deference and a Saxon necessity to tell me I would not last. I saw she considered me one of the upstarts of the Empire, singularly favored above her brother, but under my finery the same French savage she had known in America.

Eagle brought Paul to me, and he toddled across the floor, looked at me wisely, and then climbed my knee.

Dr. Chantry had been living in Paris a life above his dreams of

luxury. When occasionally I met my secretary he was about to drive out; or he was returning from De Chaumont's hotel. And there I caught my poor master reciting poems to Annabel, who laughed and yawned, and made faces behind her fan. I am afraid he drew on the marquis' oldest wines, finding indulgence in the house; and he sent extravagant bills to me for gloves and lawn cravats. It was fortunate that [redacted] De Chaumont took him during my absence. He moved his belongings with positive rapture. The marquis and I both thought it prudent not to publish my journey.

Dr. Chantry went simpering, and abasing himself before the French noble with the complete subservience of a Saxon when a Saxon does become subservient.

"The fool is laughable," said the Marquis Du Plessy. "Get rid of him, Lazarre. He is fit for nothing but hanging upon someone who will feed him."

"He is my master," I answered. "I am a fool myself."

"You will come back from Mittau convinced of that, my boy. The wise course is to join yourself to events, and let them draw your chariot. My dislikers say I have temporized with fate. It is true I am not so righteous as to smell to heaven. But two or three facts have been deeply impressed on me. There is nothing more aggressive than the virtue of an ugly, untempted woman; or the determination of a young man to set every wrong thing in the world right. He cannot wait, and take mellow interest in what goes on around him, but must leap into the ring. You could live here with me indefinitely, while

the nation has Bonaparte like the measles. When the disease has run its course--we may be able to bring evidence which will make it unnecessary for the Count of Provence to hasten here that France may have a king."

"I want to see my sister, monsieur."

"And lose her and your own cause forever."

But he helped me to hire a strong traveling chaise, and stock it with such comforts as it would bear. He also turned my property over to me, recommending that I should not take it into Russia. Half the jewels, at least, I considered teh property of the princess in Mittau; but this precaution influenced me to leave three bags of coin in Dr. Chantry's care; for he was the soul of thrift with his own; and to send Skenedonk with the jewel case to the marquis' bank. The cauticus Oneida took counsel of himself and hid it in the chaise. He told me when we were three days out.

It is as true that you are driven to do some things as that you can never entirely free yourself from any life you have lived. That sunny existence in the Faubourg St. Germain, the morning and evening talks with a man who bound me to him as no other man has since bound me,were too dear to leave even briefly without wrenching pain. I dreamed rightly of robbers and disaster, of being ignominiously thrust out of Mittau, of seeing a woman whose face was a blur and who moved backward from me when I called her my sister;of troops marching across and trampling me into the earth as straw . I groaned in spirit. Yet to Mittau I was spurred by the kind of force that seems to press from

unseen distances, and is as fatal as temperament.

When I paid my last visit at De Chaumont's hotel, and said I was going into the country, Eagle looked concerned, as a De Ferrier should; but she did not turn her head to follow my departure. The game of man and woman was in its most blindfold state between us.

There was one, however, who watched me out of sight. The marquis was more agitated than I liked to see him. He took snuff with a constant click of the lid.

The hills of Champaign, green with vines, and white as with an underlay of chalk, rose behind us. We crossed the frontier, and German hills took their places, with a castle topping each. I was at the time of life when interest stretches eagerly toward every object; and though this journey cannot be set down in a story long as mine, the novelty--even the risks, mischances and wearinesses of continual post travel, come back like an invigorating breath of salt water.

The usual route carried us eastward to Cracow the old capitol of Poland, scattered in ruined grandeur within its brick walls. Beyond it I remember a stronghold of the Middle Ages called the fortress of Landskron.

The peasants of this country, men in shirts and drawers of coarse linen, and women with braided hair hanging down under linen veils, stopped their carts as soon as a post carriage rushed into sight, and bent almost to the earth. At post houses the servants abased themselves to take me by the heel. In no other country was the spirit of man so broken. Poles of high birth are called the Frenchmen of the north, and

we saw fair men and women in sumptuous polonaises and long robes who appeared luxurious in their traveling carriages. But stillness and solitude brooded on the land. From Cracow to Warsaw wide reaches of forest darkened the level. Any open circle was belted around the horizon with woods; pines, firs, beech, birch, and small oaks. Few cattle fed on the pastures, and stunted crops of grain ripened in the melancholy light.

From Cracow to Warsaw is a distance of one hundred and thirty leagues, if the postilion lied not. And on that road we met but two carriages and not more than a dozen carts. Scattering wooden villages, each a line of hovels, appeared at long intervals.

Post houses were kept by Jews, who fed us in the rooms where their families lived. Milk and eggs they had none to offer us; and their beds were piles of straw on the ground, seldom clean, never untenanted by fleas.

Beggars ran beside us on the wretched roads as neglected as [redacted] themselves. Where our horses did not labor through sand, the marshy ground was paved with sticks and boughs, or the surface was built up with trunks of trees laid crosswise.

In spacious, ill paved Warsaw, through which the great Vistula flows, we rested two days. [redacted] in the Gothic cathedral [redacted], I knelt [redacted] with confused thoughts, trying to pray. We walked into the old town [redacted], of high houses and narrow streets, like a part of Paris.

In Lithuania the roads were paths winding through forest, full of stumps and roots. The carriage hardly squeezed along, and eight little horses attached to it in the Polish way, had much ado to draw us. The postillions were young boys in coarse linen [redacted], hardy as cattle; who rode bare-back league upon league.

Old bridges cracked and sagged when we crossed them. Wretches whose matted hair was clubbed with some horrible humor, haunted us, like lepers. And here the forests rose scorched and black in spots, because the peasants, bound to pay their lords turpentine, fired pines and caught the heated ooze.

Within the proper boundary of Russia our way was no better. There we saw [redacted] queer projections of boards around trees to keep bears from climbing after the hunters.

The Lithuanian peasants had few wants. Their carts were put together without nails. Their bridles and traces were made of bark. They had no tools but hatchets. A sheepskin coat and round felt cap kept a man warm in cold weather. His shoes were made of bark, and his home [redacted] of logs with penthouse roof.

In houses where travelers slept [redacted], the candles were laths of deal, about five feet long, stuck into crevices of the wall or hung over tables, and [redacted] fat with turpentine. Our hosts [redacted] carried them about, dropping unheeded sparks upon the straw beds.

In Grodno, a town of [redacted] falling houses and ruined palaces, we rested again before turning directly north.

There my heart began to sink. We had spent [redacted] four weeks on

a comfortless road, working always toward the goal. It was nearly won. A speech of my friend the marquis struck itself out sharply in the northern light.

"You are not the only pretender, my dear boy. Don't go to Mittau expecting to be hailed as a novelty. At least two peasants have started up claiming to be the prince who did not die in the Temple, and have been cast down again, complaining of the treatment of their dear sister.! The Count d'Artois says he would rather saw wood for a living than be king after the English fashion. I would rather be the worthless old fellow I am, than be king after the Mittau fashion; --especially when his majesty Louis XVIII sees you coming!"

IX

Purposely we entered Mittau after dusk, coming through wheat lands to where a network of streams forms the river Aa. In this broad lap of the province of Courland sat Mittau. Yelgava it was called by the people among whom we last posted, and they pronounced the word something as great as as if naming Paris.

It was already July, St. John's day being two weeks gone:yet the echoes of its markets and feastings lingered. The word "Johanni" smote even an ear deaf to the language. It was like a dissolving fair.

"You are too late for Johanni," said the German who kept the house for travelers, speaking the kind of French we heard in Poland."Perhaps it is just as well for you. This Johanni has nearly ruined me!"

Yet he showed a disposition to hire my singualr servant from me at a good wage, walking around and around Skenedonk, who bore the scrutiny like a pine tree.

The Oneida enjoyed his travels. It was easy for him to conform

to the thoughts and habits of Europe. We had not talked about the venture into Russia. He simply followed me where I went without asking questions, proving himself faithful friend and liberal minded gentleman.

We supped privately, and I dressed with care. Horses were put in for our last short post of a few streets. We had suffered such wretched quarters on the way that the [redacted] German guest-house spread itself commodiously. Yet its walls were the flimsiest slabs. I heard some animal scratching and whining [redacted] in the next chamber. On the post road, however, we had not always a wall betwixt ourselves and the dogs.

The palace in Mittau stood conspicuous upon an island in the river. As we approached, it looked not unlike a [redacted] copy of Versailles. The pile was by no means brilliant with lights, as the court of a king might glitter, [redacted] find reflection upon the stream. We drove with a clatter upon the paving, and a sentinel challenged us.

I had thought of how I should obtain access to this secluded royal family, and Skenedonk was ready with the queen's jewel-case in his hands. Not on any account was he to let it go out of them until I took it and applied the key; but gaining audience with Madame d'Angoulême, he was to tell her that the bearer of that casket had traveled far to see her, and waited outside.

Under guard the Oneida had the great doors shut behind him. The wisdom of my plan looked less conspicuous as time went by. The pal-

Diphtheria - pal w 2

ace loomed silent, without any cheer of courtiers. The horses shook their straps, and the postilion hung lazily by one leg, his figure blurred against the low dark horizon. Some Littau noises came across the Aa, the rumble of wheels, and a barking of dogs.

When apprehension began to pinch my heart of losing my servant and my whole fortune in the abode of honest royal people, and I felt myself but a poor outcast come to seek a princess for my sister, a guard stood by the carriage, touching his cap, and asked me to follow him.

We ascended the broad steps. He gave the password to a sentinel there, and held wide one leaf of the door. He took a candle; and otherwise dark corridors and ante-chambers, somber with heavy Russian furnishings, rugs hung against the walls, barbaric brazen vessels and curious vases, passed like a half seen vision.

Then the guard delivered me to a gentleman in a blue coat with a red collar, who belonged to the period of the Marquis Du Plessy staring at me strangely without being adorned by his whiteness and lace. The gentleman, polite and full of suspicion, conducted me into a well lighted room where Skenedonk waited by the farther door, holding the jewel-case as tenaciously as a scalp.

I entered the farther door. It ~~The door~~ closed behind me.

A girl stood in the center of this inner room, looking at me. I remember none of its fittings, except that there was abundant light, showing her clear blue eyes and fair hair, the transparency of her skin, and her high expression. She was all in black, except a float-

ing muslin cape ot fichu, making a beholder despise the finery of the empire.

We must have examined each other even sternly, though I felt a sudded giving way and heaving in my breast. She was so high, so sincere!If I had been unfit to meet the eyes of that princess I must have shriveled before her.

From side to side her figure swayed, and another young girl, the only attendant in the room, stretched out both arms to catch her.

We put her on a couch,and she sat gasping, supported by the lady in waiting. Then the tears ran down her face, and I kissed the transparent hands, my own flesh and blood, as I believed that hour and believe to this.

"O Louis--Louis!"

The wonder of her knowledge and acceptance of me, without a claim being put forward, was around me like a cloud.

"You were so like my father as you stood there--I could see him again as he parted from us!What miracle has restored you? How did you find your way here? You are surely Louis?"

I sat down beside her, keeping one hand between mine.

"Madame, I believe as you believe, that I am Louis Charles, the dauphin of France. And I have come to you first, as my own flesh and blood, who must have more knowledge and recollection of things past than I myself can have. I have not long been waked out of the tranced life I formerly lived."

"I have wept more tears for the little brother--broken in intel-

lect and exiled farther than we-- than for my father and mother. They were at peace. But you, poor child, what hope was there for you? Was the person who had you in his charge kind to you? He must have been. You have grown to be such a man as I would have you!"

"Everybody has been kind to me, my sister."

"Could they look in that face and be unkind? All the thousand questions I have to ask must be deferred until the king sees you. I cannot wait for him to see you! Mademoiselle de Choisy, send a message at once to the king!"

The lady in waiting withdrew to the door, and the royal duchess quivered with eager anticipation.

"We have had pretended dauphins, to add insult to exile. You may not take the king unaware as you took me! He will have proofs as plain as his Latin verse. But you will find his majesty all that a father could be to us, Louis! I think there never was a man so unselfish!-- except, indeed, my husband, whom you cannot see until he returns. "

Again I kissed my sister's hand. We gazed at each other, our different breeding still making strangeness between us, across which I yearned and she examined me [illegible].

Many a time since I have reproached myself for not improving those moments with the most candid and right minded princess in Europe, by forestalling my enemies. I should have told her of my weakness instead of sunning my strength in the love of her. I should have made her see my actual position, and the natural antagonism of

the king, who would not so readily see a strong personal resemblance when that was not emphasized by some mental stress, as she and three very different men had seen it.

Instead of making cause with her, however, I said over and over --"Marie-Therese! Marie-Therese!"-- like a homesick boy come again to some familiar presence. "You are the only one of my family I have seen since waking; except Louis Philippe."

"Don't speak of that man, Louis! I detest the house of Orleans as a Christian should detest only sin! His father doomed ours to death!"

"But he is not to blame for what his father did."

"What do you mean by waking?"

"Coming to my senses."

"All that we shall hear about when the king sees you. "

"When I see the picture on the snuffbox I know your!"

"What snuffbox?"

"The one in the queen's jewel-case."

"Where did you find that jewel-case?"

"Do you remember the Marquis Du Plessy?"

"Yes. A lukewarm loyalist, if loyalist at all in these times."

"My best friend."

"I will say for him that he was not among the first emigrés. If the first emigrés had stayed at home and helped their king, they might have prevented the Terror."

"The Marquis Du Plessy stayed after the Tuilries was sacked.

He found the queen's jewel-case, and saved it from confiscation to the state."

"Where did he find it?"

"Did you recognize it?"

"Oh, instantly!"

The door opened, deferring any story, for that noble usher who had brought me to the presence of Marie-Therese, stood there, ready to conduct us to the king.

My sister rose and I led her by the hand, she going confidently to return the dauphin to his family, and the dauphin going like a fool. Seeing Skenedonk standing by the door, I must stop and fit the key to the lock of the queen's casket, and throw the lid back to show her proofs given me by one who believed in me spite of himself. The snuffbox and one bag of coin were gone, I saw with consternation, but the princess recognized so many things that she missed nothing, controling herself as her touch moved from trinket to trinket that her mother had worn.

"Bring this before the king," she said. And we took it with us, the noble in blue coat and red collar carrying it.

"His majesty," Marie-Therese told me as we passed along a corridor, "tries to preserve the etiquette of a court in our exile. But we are paupers, Louis. And mocking our poverty, Bonaparte makes overtures to him to sell the right of the Bourbons to the throne of France!"

She had not yet adjusted her mind to the fact that Louis XVIII

Dauphin - jul 43

was no longer the one to be treated with by Bonaparte or any other potentate) and the pretender leading her smiled like the boy of twenty that he was.

"Napoleon can have no peace while a Bourbon in the line of succession lives."

"Oh, remember the Duke d'Enghien!" she whispered.

Then the door of a lofty but narrow cabinet, lighted with many candles , was opened, and I saw at the farther end a portly gentleman seated in an armchair.

A few gentlemen and two ladies in waiting besides Mademoiselle de Choisy, attended.

Louis XVIII rose from his seat as my sister made a deep obeisance to him, and took her hand and kissed it. At once, moved by some singular maternal impulse, perhaps, for she was half a dozen years my senior, as a mother would whimsically decorate her child, Marie-Therese took the half circlet of gems from the casket, reached up, and set it on my head.

For an instant I was crowned in Mittau, with my mother's tiara.

I saw the king's features turn to granite, and a dark red stain show on his jaws like coloring on stone. The most benevolent men, and by all his traits he was one of the most benevolent, have their pitiless moments. He must have been prepared to combat a pretender before I entered the room. But outraged majesty would now take its full vengeance on me for the unconsidered act of the child he loved.

"First two peasants, Hervagault and Bruneau, neither of whom had

the audacity to steal into the confidence of the tenderest princess in Europe with [redacted] She must recognize tokens, or to penetrate into the presence," spoke the king: "and now an escaped convict from Ste. Pélagie [redacted] a dandy from the empire!"

I was only twenty, and he stung me.

"Your royal highness," I said, speaking as I believed within my rights, "my sister tries to put a good front on my intrusion into Mittau."

I took the coronet from my head and gave it again to the hand which had crowned me. Marie-Therese let it fall, and it rocked near the feet of the king.

"Your sister, monsieur! What right have you to call Madame d'Amgoulême your sister!"

"The same right, monsieur, that you have to call her your niece."

The features of the princess became pinched and sharpened under the softnes of her fair hair.

"Sire, if this is not my brother, who is he?"

Louis XVIII may have been tender to her every other moment of his life, but he was hard [redacted] Then, and looked beyond her toward the door, making a sign with his hand.

That strange sympathy which works in me for my opponent, put his outraged dignity before me rather than my own wrong. Deeper, more sickening than death, the first faintness of self-distrust came over me. What if my half-memories were unfounded hallucinations? What if my friend Louis Philippe had made a tool of me, to

annoy this older Bourbon branch that detested him? What if Bellenger's recognition, and the Marquis Du Plessy's, and Marie-Therese's, went for nothing? What if some other, and not this angry man, had sent the money to America---

The door opened again. We turned our heads, and I grew hot at the cruelty which put that idiot before my sister's eyes. He ran on all fours, his scarred wrists exposed, until Bellenger, advancing behind, took him by the arm and made him stand erect. It was this poor creature I had heard scratching on the other side of the inn wall.

How long Bellenger had been beforehand with me in Mittau [redacted] I could not guess. But when I saw the scoundrel who had laid me in Ste. Pélagie, and doubtless dropped me in the Seine, ready to do me more mischief, smug and [redacted] smooth shaven, and fine in the red collared blue coat which seemed to be prescribed [redacted] uniform of the that court, all my confidence returned. I was Louis of France. I could laugh at anything he had to say.

Behind him entered a priest, who advanced up the room, and made obeisance to the king, as Bellenger did.

Madame d'Angoulême looked once at the idiot, and hid her eyes: the king protecting her. I said to myself,

"It will soon be against my breast, not yours, that she hides her face, my excellent uncle of Provence!"

Yet he was as sincere a man as ever said to witnesses,

"We shall now hear the truth."

The few courtiers, enduring with hardiness a sight which they perhaps had seen before though Madame d'Angoulême had not, made a rustle among themselves as if echoing,

"Yes, now we shall hear the truth!"

The king again kissed my sister's hand, and placed her in a seat beside his armchair, which he resumed.

"Monsieur the abbé," he said," having stood on the scaffold with our martyred sovereign, as priest and comforter, is eminently the one to conduct an examination like this, which touches matters of conscience. We leave it in his hands."

Abbé Edgeworth, fine and sweet of presence, stood by the king, facing Bellenger and the idiot. That poor creature, astonished by his environment, gazed at the high room corners, or smiled experimentally at the courtiers, stretching his cracked lips over darkened fangs.

"You are admitted here, Bellenger," said the priest," to answer his majesty's questions in the presence of witnesses."

"I thank his majesty," said Bellenger.

The abbé began as if the idiot attracted his notice for the first time.

"Who is the unfortunate child you hold with your right hand?"

"The dauphin of France, monsieur the abbé," spoke out Bellenger, his left hand on his hip.

"What! Take care what you say!How do you know that the dauphin of France is yet among the living? "

Bellenger's countenance changed, and he took his hand off his hip and let it hang down.

Dauphine for 47

"I received the prince, monsieur, from those who took him out of the Temple prison."

"And you never exchanged him for another person, or allowed him to be separated from you?"

Bellenger swore with ghastly lips--"Never, on my hopes of salvation, monsieur the abbé!"

"Admitting that somebody gave you this child to keep--by the way, how old is he?"

"About twenty years, monsieur."

"What right had you to assume he was the dauphin?"

"I have received a yearly pension, monsieur, from his majesty himself, for the maintainance of the prince."

"You received the yearly pension through my hand, acting as his majesty's almoner. His majesty was ever too bountiful to the unfortunate. He has many dependants. Where have you lived with your charge?"

"We lived in America, sometimes in the woods, and sometimes in towns."

"Has he ever shown hopeful signs of recovering his reason?"

"Never, monsieur the abbé."

Having touched thus lightly on the case of the idiot, Abbé Edgeworth turned to me.

The king's face retained its granite hardness. But Bellenger's passed from shade to shade of baffled confidence; recovering only when the priest said,

"Now look at this young man. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have; both in the American woods, and in Paris."

"What was he doing in the American woods?"

"Living on the bounty of one Count De Chaumont, a friend of Bonaparte's."

"Who is he?"

"A French half-breed, brought among Indians."

"What name does he bear?"

"He is called Lazarre."

"But why is a French half-breed named Lazarre attempting to force himself on the exiled court here in Mittau?"

"People have told him that he resembles the Bourbons, monsieur."

"Was he encouraged in this idea by the friend of Bonaparte whom you mentioned?"

"I think not, monsieur the abbe. But I heard a Frenchman tell him he was like the martyred king, and since that hour he has presumed to consider himself the dauphin."

"Who was this Frenchman?"

"The Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe de Bourbon, monsieur the

abbé."

There was an expressive movement among the courtiers.

"Was Louis Philippe instrumental in sending him to France?"

"He was. He procured shipping for the pretender."

"When the pretender reached Paris, what did he do?"

"He attempted robbery, and was taken in the act and thrown into Ste. Pélagie. I saw him arrested."

"What were you doing in Paris?"

"I was following and watching this dangerous pretender, monsieur the abbé."

"Did you leave America when he did?"

"The evening before, monsieur. And we outsailed him."

"Did you leave Paris when he did?"

"Three days later, monsieur. But we passed him while he rested."

"Why do you call such an insignificant person a dangerous pretender?"

"He is not insignificant, monsieur, as you will say, when you hear what he did in Paris."

"He was thrown into the prison of Ste. Pélagie, you told me."

"But he escaped, by choking a sacristan so that the poor man will long bear the marks on his throat. And the first thing I knew he was high in favor with the Marquis Du Plessy, and Bonaparte spoke to him; and the police laughed at complaints lodged against him."

"Who lodged complaints against him?"

"I did, monsieur."

"But he was too powerful for you to touch?"

"He was well protected , monsieur the abbé. He flaunted. While the poor prince and myself suffered inconvenience and fared hard"---

"The poor prince, you say?"

"We never had a fitting allowance, monsieur,"Bellenger declared aggressively."Yet with little or no means I tried to bring this pretender to justice and defend his majesty's throne."

"Pensioners are not often so outspoken in their dissatisfaction," remarked the priest.

I laughed as I thought of the shifts to which Bellenger must have been put. Abbé Edgeworth with merciless dryness inquired,

"How were you able to post to Mittau?"

"I borrowed money of a friend in Paris, monsieur, trusting that his majesty will requite me for my services."

"But why was it necessary for you to post to Mittau, where this pretender would certainly meet exposure?"

"Because I discovered that he carried with him a casket of the martyred queen's jewels, stolen from the Marquis Du Plessy."

"How did the Marquis Du Plessy obtain possession of the queen's jewels?"

"That I do not know."

"But the jewels are the lawful property of Madame d'Angoulême. He must have known they would be seized."

"I thought it necessary to bring my evidence against him, monsieur."

"There was little danger of his imposing himself upon the

court. Yet you are rather to be commended than censured, Bellenger. Did this pretender know you were in Paris?"

"He saw me there."

"Many times?"

"At least twice, monsieur the abbé."

"Did he avoid you?"

"I avoided him. I took pains to keep him from knowing how I watched him."

"You say he flaunted. When he left Paris for Mittau was the fact generally reported?"

"No, monsieur."

"You learned it yourself?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But he must have known you would pursue him."

"He left with great secrecy, monsieur the abbé. It was given out that he was merely going to the country."

"What made you suspect he was coming to Mittau?"

"He hired a strong post-chaise and made many preparations."

"But didn't his friend the Marquis Du Plessy discover the robbery? Why didn't he follow and take the thief?"

"Dead men don't follow, monsieur the abbé. The Marquis Du Plessy had a duel on his hands, and was killed the day after this Lazarre left Paris."

Of all Bellenger's absurd fabrications this story was the most ridiculous. I laughed again. Madame d'Angoulême took her hands from her face and our eyes met one instant, but the idiot whined like a dog. She shuddered, and covered her sight.

The priest turned from Bellenger to me with a fair-minded expression, and inquired,

"What have you to say?"

I had a great deal to say, though the only hearer I expected to convince was my sister. If she believed in me I did not care whether the others believed or not. I was going to begin with Lake George, the mountain, and the fog, and Bellenger's fear of me, and his rage when Louis Philippe told him the larger portion of the money sent from Europe was given to me.

Facing Marie Therese, therefore, instead of the Abbé Edgeworth, I spoke her name. She looked up once more. And instead of being in Mittau, I was suddenly on a balcony at Versailles!

Dauphine par 45

The night landscape , chill and dim, stretched beyond a multitude of roaring mouths, coarse lips, flaming eyes, illuminated by torches, the heads ornamented with a three colored thing stuck into the caps. My hand stretched out for support, and met the tight clip of my mother's fingers. I knew that she was towering between Marie-Therese and me a fearless palpitating statue. The devilish roaring mob shot above itself the piercing cry---"Long live the queen!"--- Then all became the humming of bees----the vibration of a string----- nothing!

X

Blackness surrounded the post-carriage in which I woke, and it seemed to stand in a tunnel that was afire at one end. Two huge trees, branches and all, were burning on a big hearth, stones glowing under them; and figures with long beards, in black robes, passed betwixt me and the fire, stirring a cauldron. If ever witches' brewing was seen, it looked like that.

The last eclipse of mind had come upon me without any rending and tearing in the head, and facts returned clearly and directly. I saw the black robed figures were Jews cooking supper at a large fireplace, and we had driven upon the brick floor of a post-house which had a door nearly the size of the gable. At that end spread a ghostly film of open land, forest and sky. I lay stretched upon cushions as well as the vehicle would permit, and was aware by a shadown which came between me and the Jews, that Skenedonk stood at the step.

"What are you about!" I spoke with a rush of chagrin, sitting

up. "Are we on the road to Paris?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You have made a mistake, Skenedonk!"

"No mistake: "he maintained. "Wait until I bring you some supper. After supper we can talk."

"Bring the supper at once then, for I am going to talk now."

"Are you quite awake?"

"Quite awake. How long did it last this time?"

"Two days."

"We are not two days' journey out of Mittau?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you have horses put in tomorrow morning, turn them back to Mittau."

Skenedonk went to the gigantic hearth, and one of the Jews ladled him out a bowlful of the cauldron stew, which he brought to me. The stuff was not offensive and I was hungry. He brought another bowlful for himself, and we ate as we had often done in the woods. The fire shone on his bald pate and gave out the liquid lights of his fawn eyes.

"I have made a fool of myself in Mittau, Skenedonk."

"Why do you want to go back?"

"Because I am not going to be thrown out of the palace without a hearing."

"What is the use?" said Skenedonk. "The old fat chief will not let you stay. He doesn't want to hear you talk. He wants to be king himself."

"Did you see me sprawling on the floor like the idiot?"

"Not like the idiot. Your face was down."

"Did you see the duchess?"

"Yes."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing. She leaned on the women and they took her away."

"Tell me all you saw."

"When you went in to hold council, I watched, and saw a priest and Bellenger and the boy that God had touched, all go in after you. So I knew the council would be bad for you, Lazarre, and I stood by the door with my knife in my hand. When the talk had gone on awhile I heard something like the dropping of a buck on the ground, and sprang in, and the men drew their swords and the women screamed. The priest pointed at you and said,'God has smitten the pretender!' Then they all went out of the room except the priest, and we opened your collar. I told him you had fallen like that before, and the stroke passed off in sleep. He said your carriage waited, and if I valued your safety I would put you in it and take you out of Russia. He called servants to help me carry you. I thought about your jewels; but some drums began to beat, and I thought about your life!"

"But Skenedonk, didn't my sister--the lady I led by the hand, you remember--speak to me again, or look at me, or try to revive me?"

"No. She went away with the women carrying her."

"She believed in me--[redacted] at first!--Before I said a word she knew me! She wouldn't leave me merely because her uncle and a priest thought me an impostor! She is the tenderest creature on earth, Skenedonk--she is more like a saint than a woman!"

"Saints on the altar sometimes are blind and deaf," observed the Oneida. "I think she was sick."

"I have nearly killed her! And I have been tumbled out of Mittau as a pretender!"

"You are here. Get some men to fight, and we will go back."

"What a stroke--to lose my senses at the moment I needed them most!"

"You kept your scalp."

"And not much else. No! If you refuse to follow me, and wait here at this post-house, I am going back to Mittau!"

"I go where you go," said Skenedonk. "But best go to sleep now."

This I was not able to do until long tossing on the thrones of chagrin wore me out. I was ashamed like a prodigal, baffled, and hurt to the bruising of my soul. A young man's chastened confidence in himself is hard to bear, but the loss of what was given me as a heritage at my birth, is an injustice not to be endured.

The throne of France was never my goal, to be reached through blood and revolution. Perhaps the democratic motions in my father's breast have found wider scope in mine. I wanted to influence men, and felt even at that time that I could do it; but being king was less to my mind than being acknowledged dauphin, and brother, and named with my real name.

I took my fists in my hands and swore to force recognition, if I battered a lifetime on Mittau.

At daylight our post-horses were put to the chaise and I gave the postillion orders myself. The little fellow bowed himself near-

Dauphin - pl. 16

ly double, and said that troops were moving behind us to join the allied forces against Napoleon.

At once the prospect of being snared among armies and cut off from all return to Paris, appalled me as a greater present calamity than being cast out of Mittau. Mittau could wait for another expedition.

"Very well," I said. "Take the road to France."

We met August rains. We were bogged. A bridge broke under us. We dodged Austrian troops. It seemed even then a fated thing that a Frenchman should retreat ignominiously from Russia.

There is a devilish antagonism of inanimate and senseless things, begun by discord in ourselves, which works unreasonable torture. Our return was an abominable journal which I will not recount, and going with it was a mortifying facility for drawing opposing forces [redacted].

However, I knew my friend the marquis expected me to return defeated. He gave me my opportunity as [redacted] is indulged with a child, a dangerous plaything, to teach it caution.

He would be in his chateau of Plessy, cutting off two days' posting to Paris. And after the first sharp pangs of chagrin and shame at losing the fortune he had placed in my hands, I looked forward with impatience to our meeting.

"We have nothing, Skenedonk!" I exclaimed the first time there was occasion for money on the road. "How have you been able to post? The money and the jewel-case are gone."

"We have two bags of money and the snuffbox," said the Oneida.

"I hid them in the post-carriage."

"But I have the key of the jewel-case."

"You are a good sleeper," responded Skenedonk.

I blessed him heartily for his forethought, and he said if he had known I was a fool he would not have told me we carried the jewel-case into Russia.

I dared not let myself think of Madame De Ferrier. The plan of buying back her estates, which I had nurtured in the bottom of my heart, was now more remote than America.

One bag of coin was spent in Paris, but three remained there with Dr. Chantry. We had money, though the more valuable treasure [redacted] stayed in Mittau.

In the [redacted] sloping hills and green vines of Champagne we were no longer harassed dodging troops, and slept the last night of our posting at Epernay. Taking the road early next morning, I began to watch for Plessy too soon, [redacted] without forecasting that I was not to set foot within its walls.

We came within the marquis' boundaries upon a little goose girl, knitting beside her flock. Her bright hair was bound with a woolen cap. Delicious grass and the shadow of an oak under which she stood, were not to be resisted, so I sent the carriage on. She looked open mouthed after Skenedonk, and bobbed her dutiful, frightened courtesy at me.

The marquis' peasants were by no means under the influence of the empire, as I knew from observing the lad whom he had sought

among the drowned in the mortuary chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, and who was afterwards found in a remote wine shop seeing sights. The goose girl dared not speak to me unless I required it of her, and the unusual notice was an honor she would have avoided.

"What do you do here?" I inquired.

Her little heart palpitated in the answer--"Oh, guard the geese."

"Do they give you trouble?"

"Not much, except that wicked gander." She pointed out with her knitting-needle a sleek white fellow, who flirted his tail and turned an eye, quavering as if he said--"La, la, la!"

"What does he do?"

"He would be at the vines and the corn, monsieur."

[redacted] "Bad gander!"

"I switch him," she informed me, like a magistrate.

"But that would only make him run."

"Also I have a string in my pocket, and I tie him by the leg to a tree."

"Serves him right. Is the marquis at the chateau?"

Her face grew shaded, as a cloud chases sunlight before it across a meadow. "Do you mean the new marquis, the old marquis' cousin, monsieur?He went away directly after the burial."

"What burial?"

"The old marquis' burial. That was before St. John's day."

"Be careful what you say, my child!"

"Didn't you know he was dead, monsieur!"

"I have been on a journey. Was his death sudden?"

"He was killed in a duel in Paris."

I sat down on the grass with my head in my hands. Bellenger had told the truth.

One scant month the Marquis Du Plessy fostered me like a son. To this hour my slow heart aches for the companionship of the lightest, most delicate spirit I ever encountered in man.

Once I lifted my head and insisted,

"It can't be true!"

"Monsieur," the goose girl asserted solemnly, "it is true. The blessed St. Alpin, my patron, forget me if I tell you a lie."

Around the shadowed spot where I sat I heard trees whispering on the hills, and a cart rumbling along the hardened dust of the road.

"Monsieur," spoke the goose girl out of her good heart, "if you want to go to his chapel I will show you the path."

She tied a string around the leg of the wicked gander and attached him to the tree, shaking a wand at him in warning. He nipped her sleeve, and hissed, and hopped, his wives remonstrating softly; but his guardian left him bound and carried her knitting down a valley by a stream near, across the bridge, and near an opening in the bushes at the foot of a hill.

"Go all to the right, monsieur," she said, "and you will come to the chapel where the Du Plessys are buried."

I gave her the largest coin in my pocket, and she flew back as well as the spirit of childhood could fly in wooden shoes. All

the geese waddled in a line to meet her, perhaps bearing a memorial of wrongs from their husband.

The climb was steep, rounding a darkened ferny shoulder of lush forest, yet promising more and more a top of sunlight. At the summit was a carriage road which ascended by some easier plane. Keeping all to the right as the goose girl directed, I found a chapel like a shrine.

It was locked. Through the latticed door I could see an altar, whereunder the last Du Plessy who had come to rest there, doubtless lay with his kin.

I sat down on on one of the benches under the trees. The ache within me went deep. But all that sunny hillcrest seemed brightened by the marquis. It was cheerful as his smile. "Let us have a glass of wine and enjoy the sun," he said in the breeze flowing around his chapel. "And do you hear that little citizen of the tree trunks, Lazarre? "

The perfume of the woods rose invisibly to a cloudless sky. My last tryst with my friend was an hour in paradise's antechamber.

The light quick stepping of horses and their rattling harness brought Madame De Ferrier's carriage quickly around the curve fronting the chapel. Her presence was the one touch which the [redacted] placed lacked, and I forgot, grief, shame, impatience at being found out in my trouble, and stood at her step with my hat in my hand.

She said--"O Lazarre!"--and Paul beat on Ernestine's knee, echoing--"O Zar!"and my comfort was absolute as release from pain, because [redacted].

Dauphin gal 47

she had come to visit her old friend the marquis.

I helped her down and stood with her at the latticed door.

"How bright it is here!" said Eagle.

"It is very bright. I came up the hill from a dark place."

"Did the news of his death meet you on the post-road?"

"It met me at the foot of this hill. The goose girl told me."

"Oh, you have been hurt!" she said, looking at me. "Your face is all seamed. Don't tell me about Wittau today. Paul and I are taking possession of the estates!"

"Napoleon has given them back to you!"

"Yes, he has! I begged the De Chaumonts to let me come alone! By hard posting we reached Mont Louis last night. You are the only person in France to whom I would give that vacant seat in the carriage today."

I cared no longer for my own loss, as I am afraid has been too much my way all through life; or whether I was a prince or not. Like paradise after death, as so many of our best days come, this perfect day was given me by the marquis himself. Eagle's summer dress touched me. Paul and Ernestine sat facing us, and Paul ate cherries from a little basket, and had his fingers wiped, beating the cushion with his heels in excess of impatience to begin again.

We paused at a turn of the height before descending, where fields could be seen stretching to the horizon, woods fair and clean as parks, without the wildness of the American forest, and vineyards of bushy

vines that bore the small black grapes. Eagle showed me the far boundaries of Paul's estates. Then we drove where holly spread its prickly foliage near the ground, where springs from cliffs trickled across delicious lanes.

Hoary stone farm houses, built four-square like a fortress each having a stately archway, saluted us as we passed by. The patron and his wife came out, and laborers pulling their caps, dropped down from high-yoked horses.

But when the long single street of stone cottages which formed the village, opened its arms, I could see her breast swelling and her gray eyes sweeping all with comprehensive rush.

An elderly man, shaking some salad in a wire basket, dropped it at his feet, and bowed and bowed, sweeping his cap to the ground. Some women who were washing around a roofed pool, left their paddles, and ran, wiping suds from their arms; and houses discharged their inmates, babies in children's arms, wives, old men, the simplicity of their lives and the openness [redacted] of their labor manifest. They surrounded the carriage. Eagle stood Paul upon his feet that they might worship him, and his mouth corners curled upward, his blue-eyed fearless look traveled from face to face. Her gloved hand was kissed, and God was praised that she had come back.

"O Jean!" she cried, "is your mother alive!" and-- "O Marguerite! have you a son so tall!"

An old creature bent double walked out on four feet, two of them being sticks, lifted her voice, and blessed Eagle and the child a quar-

ter of an hour. Paul's mother listened reverently, and sent him in Ernestine's arms for the warped human being to look upon at close range with her failing sight. He stared at her unafraid, and experimentally put his finger on her knotted cheek; at which all the women broke into chorus as I have heard blackbirds rejoice.

"I have not seen them for so long!" Madame De Ferrier said, wiping her eyes. "We have all forgotten our behavior!"

An inverted pine tree hung over the inn door, and dinner was laid for us in its best room, where host and hostess served the marquise and the young marquis almost on their knees.

When we passed out at the other end of the village, Eagle showed me a square towered church.

"The De Ferriers are buried there--excepting my father. I shall put a tablet in the wall for Cousin Philippe. Few Protestants in France had their rights and privileges protected as ours were by the throne. I mention this fact, sire, that you may lay it up in your mind! We have been good subjects, well worth our salt in time of war."

Best of all was coming to the chateau when the sun was about an hour high. The stone pillars of the gateway let us upon a terraced lawn, where a fountain played, keeping bent plumes of water in the air. The lofty chateau of white stone had a broad front, with wings. Eagle bade me note the two dove-cotes or pigeon towers, distinctly separate structures, one flanking each wing, and demonstrating the antiquity of the house. For only nobles in mediæval days were accorded the privelege of keeping doves.

Should there be such another evening for me when I come to paradise, if God in His mercy brings me there, I shall be grateful, but hardly with such fresh-hearted joy. Night descends with special benediction on remote ancient homes like Mont Louis. We walked until sunset in the park, by lake, and bridged stream, and hollied path; Ernestine carrying Paul or letting him pat behind, driving her by her long cap ribbons while he explored his mother's playground. But when the birds began to nest, and dewfall could be felt, he was taken to his supper and his bed, giving his mother a generous kiss, and me a smile of his upcurled mouth corners. His forehead was white and broad, and his blue eyes were set well apart.

I can yet see the child looking over Ernestine's shoulder. She carried him up stairs of oak worn hollow like stone, a mighty hand-wrought balustrade rising with them from hall to roof.

We had our supper in a paneled room where the lights were reflected as on mirrors of polished oak, and the man who served us had served Madame De Ferrier's father and grandfather. The gentle old provincial went about his duty as a religious rite.

There was a pleached walk like that in the marquis' Paris garden, of branches flattened and plaited to form an arbor supported by tree columns; which [redacted] led to a summerhouse of stone smothered in ivy. We walked back and forth under this thick roof of verdure. Eagle's cap of brown hair was roughened over her radiant face, and the open throat of her gown showed pulses beating in her neck. Her lifted chin almost touched my arm as I told her all the Mittau story, at her

Dauphine

request.

"Poor Madame d'Angoulême! The cautious priest and the king should not have taken you from me like that! She knew you as I knew you; and a woman's knowing is better than a man's proofs. She will have times of doubting their policy. She will remember the expression of your mouth, your shrugs, and gesticulations--the little traits [redacted] the child Louis, and that reappear in the man."

"I wish I had never gone to Mittau to give her a moment's distress."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"She is like a lily made flesh. She has her strong dislikes, and one of them is Louis Philippe"---

"Naturally," said Eagle.

"--But she seemed sacred to me. Perhaps a woman brings that hallowedness out of martyrdom."

"God be with the royal lady! And you, sire!"

"And you!--may you be always with me, Eagle!"

"This changes nothing. You were wilful. You would go to the island: you would go to Mittau."

"Both times you sent me."

"Both times I brought you home! Let us not be sorrowful tonight.

"Sorrowful! I am so happy it seems impossible that I come from Mittau, and this day the Marquis Du Plessy died to me! I wish the sun had been tied to the trees, as the goose girl tied her gander."

"But I want another day," said Eagle. "I want all the days that are my due at home."

Dauphin page 48

We ascended the steps of the stone pavilion, and sat down in an arch like a balcony over the sunken garden. Pears and apricots, their branches flattened against the wall, showed ruddy garnered sunlight through the dusk. The tangled inclosure sloped down to the stream, from which a fairy wisp of mist wavered over flower bed and tree. Dew and herbs and the fragrance of late roses sent up a divine breath, invisibly submerging us, like a tide rising out of the night.

Madame De Ferrier's individual traits were surprised in this nearness, as they never had been when I saw her at a distance in alien surroundings. A swift ripple, involuntary and glad, coursed down her body; she shuddered for joy half a minute or so.

Two feet away, I worshiped her smiling eyes and their curved [redacted] ivory lids, her rounded head with its abundant cap of hair, her chin, her shoulders, her bust, the hands in her lap, the very sweep of her scant gown about her feet.

The flash of extreme happiness passing, she said gravely,

"But that was a strange thing--that you should fall unconscious!"

"Not so strange," I said; and told her how many times before the eclipse—under the edge of which my boyhood was passed—had completely shadowed me [redacted]. At the account of Ste. Pelagie she leaned toward me, her hands clenched on her breast. When we came to the Hôtel Dieu she leaned back pallid against the stone.

"Dear Marquis Du Plessy!" she whispered, as his name entered the story.

When it was ended she drew some deep breaths in the silence.

"Sire, you must be very careful. That Bellenger is an evil man."

"But a weak one."

"There may be a strength of court policy behind him."

"The policy of the court at Mittau is evidently a policy of de-

[redacted] nial."

"Your sister believed in you."

"Yes, she believed in me."

"I don't understand," said Madame De Ferrier, leaning forward on her arms, "why Bellenger had you in London, and another boy on the mountain."

"Perhaps we shall never understand it."

"I don't understand why he makes it his busines to follow you."

"Let us not trouble ourselves about Bellenger."

"But are you safe in France since the Marquis Du Plessy's death?"

"I am safe tonight, at least."

"Yes, far safer than you would be in Paris."

"And Skenedonk is my guard."

"I have sent a messenger to Plessy for him," Madame De Ferrier said. "He will be here in the morning."

I thanked her for remembering him in the excitement of her home coming. We heard a far sweet call through a cleft of the hills, and Eagle turned her head.

"That must be the shepherd of Les Rochers. He has missed a lamb. Les Rochers is the most distant of our farms, but its night noises can be heard through an opening in the forest. Paul will soon be lis-

tening for all these sounds! We must drive to Les Rochers tomorrow. It was there that Cousin Philippe died."

I could not say how opportunely Cousin Philippe had died. The violation of her childhood by such a marriage , rose up that instant a wordless tragedy.

"Sire, we are not observing etiquette in Mont Louis as they observe it at Mittau. I have been talking very familiarly to my king. I will keep silent now. You speak."

"Madame, you have forbidden me to speak!"

She gave me a startled look, and said,

"Did you know Jerome Bonaparte has come back? He left his wife in America. She cannot be received in France, because she has committed the crime of marrying a prince. She is to be divorced for political reasons."

"Jerome Bonaparte is a hound!" I spoke hotly.

"And his wife a venturesome woman--to marry even a temporary prince."

"I like her sort, madame!"

"Do you, sire?"

"Yes, I like a woman who can love!"

"And ruin?"

"How could you ruin one?"

"The Saint-Michels brought me up," said Eagle."They taught me what is lawful and unlawful. I will never do an unlawful thing, to the disgrace and shame of my house. A woman should build her house, not tear it down."

"What is unlawful?"

"It is unlawful for me to encourage the suit of my ~~prince~~ Sovereign."

"Am I ever likely to be anything but what they call in Mittau a pretender, Eagle?"

"That we do not know. You shall keep yourself free from entanglements."

"I am free from them--God knows I am free enough!--the lonesomest most unfriended Savage that ever set out to conquer his own."

"You were born to greatness. Great things will come to you. ~~Great things have already happened for you. Great things will happen again.~~"

"If you loved me I could make them come!"

"She, it isn't healthy to sit in the night air. We must go out of the dew."

"Oh, who would be healthy! Come to that, who would be such a royal beggar as I am?"

"Remember," she said gravely, "that your claim was in a manner recognized by one of the most cautious, one of the least ardent royalists, in France."

The recognition she knew nothing about, came to my lips, and I told her the whole story of the jewels. The snuffbox was in my pocket. Sophie Saint- Michel had often described it to her.

She sat and looked at me, contemplating the stupendous loss.

"The marquis advised me not to take them into Russia," I acknowledged.

Dauphin - page 49

committed by

"There is no robbery so terrible as the robbery ~~of~~ those who think they are doing ~~have~~ right ~~on this side~~."

"I am one of the losing Bourbons."

"~~I remember~~ Can anything can be hidden in that closet in the queen's dressing-room wall, ~~which~~ mused Eagle. "I believe I could find it in the dark, Sophie told me so often where the secret spring may be touched. When the De Chaumonts took me to the Tuileries I ~~would have given much~~ wanted to search for it. But all the state apartments are now on the second floor, and Madame Bonaparte has her own rooms below. Evidently she knows nothing of the secrets of the place. The queen kept her most beautiful robes in that Closet. It has no visible door. The wall opens. And we have heard that a door was made through the back of it to let upon a spiral stair, case of stone and through this the royal family made their escape To Varennes, ~~from~~ them ~~were~~ they were arrested and brought back."

We fell into silence at mention of the unsuccessful flight which could have changed history ~~if it had succeeded~~; and she rose and said--"Goodnight, sire."

Next morning there was such a delicious world to live in that breathing was a pleasure. Dew gauze spread far and wide over the radiant domain. Sounds from cattle, and stables, and the voices of servants drifted on the air. Doves wheeled around their towers, and ~~swung~~ around the chateau standing like a white cliff.

I walked under the green canopy watching the sun mount and waiting for Madame De Ferrier. When she did appear the old man who had served her father, followed with a tray. I could only say--"Goodmorning, Madame," not daring to add--"I have ~~not~~ scarcely ~~slept a night~~ for thinking of you."

"We will have our coffee out here," she told me.

It was placed on the broad stone seat under the arch of the pavilion where we sat the night before; bread, unsalted butter from the farms, the coffee, the cream, the loaf sugar. Madame De Ferrier herself opened a door in the end of the wall and plunged into the dew of the garden. Her old servant exclaimed. She caught her hair in briers and laughed, tucking it up from falling, and brought off two great roses, each the head and strength of a stem, to lay beside our plates. The breath of roses to this hour sends through my veins the joy of that [redacted].

Then the old servant gathered wall fruit for us, and she sent some in his hand to Paul. Through a festooned arch of the pavilion giving upon the terraces, we saw a bird dart down to the fountain, tilt and drink, tilt and drink again, and flash away. Immediately the multitudinous rejoicing of a skylark dropped from upper air. When men would send thanks to the very gate of heaven their envoy should be a skylark.

Eagle was like a little girl as she listened.

"This is the first day of September, sire."

"Is it? I thought it was the first day of creation."

"I mention the date [redacted] that you may not forget it. Because I am going to give [redacted] you something today."

My heart [redacted] lea[redacted] like a conqueror's.

Her skin was as fresh as the roses, looking [redacted] marvellous to touch. The shock of imminent discovery went through me. For

how can a man consider a woman forever as a picture? She was a picture, in the short waisted gown of the Empire, of that white stuff Napoleon praised because it was manufactured in France. It showed the line of her throat, being parted halfway down the bosom by a ruff which encircled her neck and stood high behind it. The transparent sleeves clung to her arms, and the slight outline of her figure looked long in its close casing.

The gown tail curled around her slippered foot damp from the plunge in the garden. She gave it a little kick, and rippled again suddenly throughout her length.

Then her face went grave, like a child's when it is surprised in wickedness.

"But our fathers and mothers would have us forget their suffering in the festival of coming home, wouldn't they, Lazarre?"

"Surely, Eagle."

"Then why are you looking at me with reproach?"

"I'm not."

"Perhaps you don't like my dress?"

I told her it was the first time I had ever noticed anything she wore, and I liked it.

" I used to wear my mother's clothes. Ernestine and I made them over. But this is new; for the new day, and the new life here."

"And the day," I reminded her, "is the first of September."

She laughed, and opened her left hand, showing me two squat keys so small that both had lain concealed under two of her finger tips.

"I am going to give you a key, sire."

"Will it unlock a woman's mind?"

"It will open a padlocked book. Last night I found a little blank leaved book, with wooden covers. It was fastened by a padlock, and these keys were tied to it.You may have one key: I will keep the other."

"The key to a padlocked book with nothing in it."

Her eyes tantalized me.

"I am going to put something in it. Sophie Saint-Michel said I had a gift for putting down my thoughts. If the gift appeared to Sophie when I was a child, it must grow in me by use.Every day I shall put some of my life into the book.And when I die I will bequeath it to you!"

"Take back the key, madame. I have no desire to look into your coffin."

She extended her hand.

"Then our good and kind friend Count De Chaumont shall have it."

"He shall not!"

I held to her hand and kept my key.

She slipped away from me. The laughter of the child yet rose through the dignity of the woman.

"When may I read this book, Eagle?"

"Never, of my free will, sire. . How could I set down all I thought about you, for instance, if the certainty was hanging over me that you would read my candid opinions and punish me for them!"

"Then of what use is the key?"

"You would rather have it than give it to another, wouldn't you?"

"Decidedly!"

"Well, you will have the key to my thoughts!"

"And if the book ever falls into my hands"---

"I will see that it doesn't!"

"I will say, years from now"---

"Twenty?"

"Twenty? O Eagle!"

"Ten."

"Months? That's too long!"

"No, ten years, sire."

" Not ten years, Eagle. Say eight. "

"No, nine."

"Seven. If the book falls into my hands at the end of seven years, may I open it?"

"I may safely promise you that," she laughed. "The book will never fall into your hands."

I took from my pocket the gold snuffbox with the portraits on the lid, and placed my key carefully therein. Eagle leaned forward to look at them. She took the box in her hand, and gazed with long reverence, drooping her head.

Young as I was, that key worked magic comfort and instilled in the ways of women me. She had given me a link to hold us together. The inconsistent, contradictory being, old one instant with the wisdom of the Saint-

Draw from page 50

Michels, [illegible], rippling full of unrestrained life, denying me all hope, [illegible] tantalizing [illegible], was adorable beyond words. I closed my eyes: The blinding sunshine struck them through the ivied arch.

Turning my head as I opened them, I saw an old man come out on the terrace.

He tried to search in every direction, his [illegible] head and [illegible] moving anxiously. Madame De Ferrier was still. I heard her lay the snuffbox on the stone seat. I knew, though I could not let myself [illegible], that she stood up against the wall, a woman of stone, her lips chiseled apart.

"Eagle-Eagle!" the old man cried from the terrace.

She whispered--"Yes, Cousin Philippe!"

XI

Swiftly as she passed between the tree columns, more swiftly her youth and vitality died in that walk of a few yards.

We had been girl and boy together a brief half hour, heedless and gay. When she reached the arbor end, our chapter of youth was ended.

I saw her bloodless face as she stepped upon the terrace.

The man stretched his arms to her. As if the blight of her spirit fell upon him, the light died out of his face and he dropped his arms at his sides.

He was a courtly gentleman, cadaverous and shabby as he stood, all the breeding of past generations appearing in him.

"Eagle?" he said. The tone of piteous apology went through me like a sword.

She took his hands and herself drew them around her neck. He kissed her on both cheeks.

"O Cousin Philippe!"

"I have frightened you, child! I meant to send a message first--

but I wanted to see you--I wanted to come home!"

"Cousin Philippe, who wrote that letter?"

""The notary, child. I made him do it."

"It was cruel!" She gave way, and brokenly sobbed, leaning helpless against him.

The old marquis smoothed her head, and puckered his forehead under the sunlight, casting his eyes around like a culprit.

"It was desperate. But I could do nothing else! You see it has succeeded. While I lay in hiding, the sight of the child , and your youth, has softened Bonaparte. That was my intention, Eagle!"

"The peasants should have told me you were living!"

"They didn't know I came back. Many of them think I died in America. The family at Les Rochers have been very faithful; and the notary has held his tongue. We must reward them, Eagle. I have been hidden very closely. I am tired of such long hiding!"

He looked toward the chateau and lifted his voice sharply--

"Where's the baby? I haven't seen the baby!"

With gracious courtesy, restraining an impulse to plunge up the steps, he gave her his arm; and [redacted] she swayed against it as they entered.

When I could see them no more, I rose, and put my snuffbox in my breast. The key rattled in it.

A savage [redacted] need of hiding when so wounded, worked first through the disorder that let me see none of the amenities of leave-

taking, self-command, conduct.

I was beyond the gates, bare-headed, walking with long strides, when an old mill caught my eye, and I turned towards it, as we turn to trifles to relieve us from unendurable tension. The water dripped over the wheel, and long green beard trailed from its chin down the sluice. In this quieting company Skenedonk spied me as he rattled past with the post-carriage; and considering my behavior at other times, he was not enough surprised to waste any good words of Oneida.

He stopped the carriage and I got in. He pointed ahead toward a curtain of trees which screened the chateau.

"Paris," I answered.

"Paris," he repeated to the postillion, and we turned about. I looked from hill to stream, from the [redacted] fruited brambles of blackberry to reaches of noble forest, realizing that I should never see those lands again, or the neighboring crest where my friend the marquis slept.

We posted the distance to Paris in two days.

What the country was like or what towns we passed I could not to this hour declare with any certainty. At first making effort and groping numbly in my mind, but the second day grasping determination, I formed my plans, and talked them over with Skenedonk. We would sail for America on the first convenient ship; waiting in Paris only long enough to prepare for the post journey to a port. Charges must at once be settled with Dr. Chantry, who would willingly ~~might be permitted to~~ stay in Paris while [redacted] the De Chaumonts remained there.

Beyond the voyage I did not look. The first faint tugging of my foster country began to pull me as it has pulled many a broken wretch out of the conditions of the older world.

Paris was horrible, with a lonesomeness no one could have foreseen in its crowded streets. A taste of war was in the air. Troops passed to review. Our post-carriage met the dashing coaches of gay young men I knew, who stared at me without recognition. Marquis Du Plessy no longer made way for me and displayed me at his side.

I drove to his hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain for my possessions. It was closed; the distant relative who inherited after him being an heir with no Parisian tastes. The care-taker, however, that gentle old valet like a woman, who had dressed me in my first Parisian finery, let us in, and waited upon us with food which I sent him out to buy. He gave me a letter form my friend, which he had held to deliver on my return, in case any accident befel the marquis. He was tremulous in his mourning, and all his ardent care of me was service rendered to the dead.

I sat in the garden, with the letter spread upon the table where we had dined. Its brevity was gay. The writer would have gone under the knife with a jest. He did not burden me with any kind of counsel. We had touched . We might touch again. It was as if a soul sailed by, waving its hat.

"My Dear Boy:--

"I wanted you, but it was best you should not stay and behold the depravity of your elders. It is about a woman.

"May you come to a better throne than the unsteady one of France.

"Your Friend & Servant,

"Etienne Du Plessy.

"Garlic is the spice of life, my boy!"

Dauphin page 51

I asked no questions about the affair in which he had been engaged. If he had wanted me to know he would have told me.

The garden was more than I could endure. I lay down early and slept late, as soon as I awoke in the morning beginning preparation for leaving France. Yet two days passed, for we were obliged to exchange our worn post-carriage for another after waiting for repairs. The old valet packed my belongings; though I wondered what I was going to do with them in America. The outfit of a young man of fashion overdressed a refugee of diminished fortune.

For no sooner was I on the street than a sense of being unmistakably watched, grew upon me. I scarcely caught anybody in the act. A succession of vanishing people passed me from one to another. A working man in his blouse eyed me; and disappeared. In the afternoon it was a soldier who turned up near my elbow, and in the evening he was succeeded by an equally interested old woman. I might not have remembered these people with distrust if Skenedonk had not told me he was trailed by changing figures, and he thought it was time to get behind trees.

Bellenger might have returned to Paris, and set Napoleon's spies on the least befriended Bourbon of all; or the police upon a man escaped from Ste. Pélagie after choking a sacristan.

The Indian and I were not skilled as our watchers were in disguises. Our safety lay in getting out of Paris. Skenedonk undertook to stow our belongings in the post-chaise at the last minute. I went to De Chaumont's hotle to bring the money from Dr. Chantry and to take leave without appearing to do so.

Mademoiselle De Chaumont seized me as I entered. Her carriage stood in the court. Miss Chantry was waiting in it while Annabel's maid fastened her glove.

"O Lazarre! "the poppet cried, her heartiness going through me like wine."Are you back? And how you are changed!They must have abused you in Russia. We [redacted] heard you went to Russia. But since dear Marquis Du Plessy died we never hear the truth about anything."

I acknowledged that I had been to Russia.

"Why did you go there? Tell your dearest Annabel. She won't tell."

"To see a lady."

Annabel shook her filigree of misty hair.

"That's treason to me. Is she beautiful?"

"Very."

"Kind?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you're not. By the way, why are you looking so wan if she is beautiful and kind?"

"I didn't say she was beautiful and kind for me, did I?"

"No, of course not. She has jilted you, the wretch. Your dearest Annabel will console you [redacted]t. Lazarre!" She clasped my arm with both hands."Madame De Ferrier's husband is alive!"

"What consolation is there in that?"

"A great deal for me. She has her estates back, and he was only hiding until she got them. I know the funniest thing!"

Annabel hooked her finger and led me to a small study or cabinet at the end of the drawing-room.

A profusion of the most beautiful stuffs was arranged there for display.

"Look!" the witch exclaimed, pinching my wrist in her rapture. "India muslin embroidered in silver lama, Turkish velvet, ball dresses for a bride, ribbons of all colors, white blond, Brussels point, Cashmere shawls, veils in English point, reticules, gloves , fans, essences, a bridal purse of gold links--and worse than all,--except this string of perfect pearls--his portrait on a medallion of ivory, painted by Isabey!"

"What is this collection?"

"A corbeille!"

"What's a corbeille?"

Annabel crossed her hands in desperation. "Oh, haven't you been collection in Paris long enought to know what a corbeille is? It's the [redacted] of gifts a bridegroom makes for his bride. He puts his taste, his sentiment, his"--she waved her fingers in the air--"as well as his money, into it. A corbeille shows what a man is. He must have been collecting it ever since he came to France. I feel proud of him. I want to pat him on his dear old back!"

Not having him there to pat she patted me.

"You are going to be married?"

"Who said I was going to be married?"

"Isn't this your corbeille?"

Annabel lifted herself to my ear.

"It was Madame De Ferrier's !"

"What!"

"I'm sure of it!"

"Who bought it?"

"~~Her father, of course~~ "Count De Chaumont, of course."

"Was Madame De Ferrier going to marry him?"

"Who wouldn't marry a man with such a corbeille?"

"Was she?"

"Don't grind your teeth at your dearest Annabel. She hadn't seen it, but it must have decided her. I am sure he intended to marry Madame De Ferrier, and he does most things he undertakes to do. That ~~the~~ inconsiderate wretch of a Marquis De Ferrier--to spoil such a corbeille as this! But Lazarre!" She patted her gloved hands. "Here's the consolation:--my father will be obliged to turn his corbeille ~~into~~ into my trousseau when I am married!"

"What's a trousseau?"

"Goose! It's a bride's wardrobe. I knew he had something in this cabinet, but he never left the key in the door until today. He was so completely upset ~~when~~ when the De Ferriers came into Paris!"

"Are they in Paris?"

"Yes, at their own hotel. The old marquis has posted here to thank the emperor! The emperor is away with the troops, so he is determined at least to thank the empress at the ~~opera~~ assembly tonight.

"Will Madame De Ferrier go to the Tuileries?"

Dauphiné

"Assuredly. Fancy how furious my father must be!"

"May I enter?" said the humblest of voices outside the door.

We heard a shuffling step.

Annabel made a face and clenched her hands. The sprite was so harmless I laughed at her mischief. She brought in Dr. Chantry as she had brought me, to behold the corbeille; covering her father's folly with transparent fabrications, which anybody but the literal Briton must have seen through. He scarcely greeted me at all, folding his hands pale and crushed, the sharp tip of his nose standing up more than ever like a porcelain candle-extinguisher, while I was anxious to have him aside, to ger my money and take my leave.

"See this beautiful corbeille, Dr. Chantry! Doesn't it surprise you Lazarre should have such taste? We are going this morning to the mayor of the arrondissement. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the Empire'! Of course the religious sacrament in the church of the Capuchins follows, and celebrating that five minutes before midnight, will make all Paris talk! Go with us to the mayor, Dr. Chatry!"

"No," he answered, "no!"

"My father joins us there. We have kept Miss Chantry waiting too long. She will be tired of sitting in the carriage."

Chattering with every breath she entrained us both to the court, my poor master hobbling after her a victim, and staring at me in hatred when I tried to get a word with him in undertone.

I put Annabel into the coach, and Miss Chantry made frigid room for me.

"Make haste, Lazarre," said Mademoiselle De Chaumont.

Dauphin Jail 52

I looked back at the poor man who was being played with, and she cried out laughing--

" Did you go to Russia a Parisian to come back a bear?"

I entered her coach, intending to take my leave as soon as I had seen Count De Chaumont. Annabel chattered all the way about civil marriage, and directed Miss Chantry to wait for us while we went in to the mayor. I was perhaps too indifferent to the trick. The usually sharp governess, undecided and piqued, sat still.

The count was not in the mayor's office. A civil marriage was going forward, and a strange bridal party looked at us.

"Now, Lazarre,"the strategist confided,"your dearest Annabel is going to cover herself with Parisian disgrace. You don't know how maddening it is to have every step dogged by a woman who never was, never could have been--and manifestly never will be--young! Wasn't that a divine flash about the corbeille and the mayor! Miss Chantry will wait outside half a day. As I said, she will be very tired of sitting in the carriage.This is what you must do: smuggle me out another way; call another carriage, and take me for a drive and wicked dinner. I don't care what the consequences are, if you don't!"

I said I certainly didn't, and that I was ready to throw myself in the Seine if that would amuse her; and she commended my improvement in manners. We had a drive, with a sympathetic coachman; and a wicked dinner in a suburb, which would have been quite harmless on American ground. The child was as full of spirits as she had been the night she mounted the cabin chimney. But I realized that more of my gold pieces were slipping away,and I had not seen Dr. Chantry.

"We were going to the mayor's," she maintained, when reproached.

"My father would have joined us if he had been there. He would certainly have joined us if he had seen me alone with you. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the Empire. Of course the religious sacrament follows, when people want it, and if it is celebrated in the church of the Capuchins or any other church five minutes before midnight, it will make all Paris talk! Every word I said was true!"

"But Dr. Chantry believed something entirely different."

"You can't do anything for the English," said Annabel. "Next week he will say haw-haw."

Dr. Chantry could not be found when we returned to her father's hotel. She gave me her fingers to kiss in goodbye, and told me I was looking less doleful.

"We thought you were the Marquis Du Plessy's son, Lazarre. I always believed that story the Holland woman told in the cabin, about your rank being superior to mine. Don't be cut up about Madame De Ferrier! You may have to go into Russia again for her, but you'll get her!"

The witch shook the mist of hair at the sides of her pretty aquiline face, blew a kiss at me, and ran up the staircase and out of my life. After waiting long for Dr. Chantry I hurried to Skenedonk and sent him with instructions to find my master and conclude our affair before coming back.

The Indian silently entered the Du Plessy hotel after dusk, crestfallen and suspicious. He brought nothing but a letter, left in

Dr. Chantry's room, and no other trace remained of Dr. Chantry.

"What has he done with himself, Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

The Oneida begged me to read that we might trail him.

It was a long and very tiresome letter written in my master's spider tracks, containing long and tiresome enumerations of his services. He presented a large bill for his guardianship on the voyage and across France. He said I was not only a Rich Man through his Influence, but I had proved myself an ungrateful one, and had robbed him of his only Sentiment after a disappointed Existence. My Impudence was equaled only by my astonishing Success, and he chose not to contemplate me as the Husband of Beauty and Lofty Station, whose Shoes he in his Modesty and Worth, felt unworthy to unlatch. Therefore he withdrew that very day from Paris, and would embrace the Opportunity of going into pensive Retirement and rural Contemplation, in his native Kingdom; where his Sister would join him when she could do so with Dignity and Propriety.

I glanced from line to line smiling, but the postscript brought me to my feet.

"The Deposit which you left with me I shall carry with me, as no more than my Due for lifting low Savagery to high Gentility, and beg to subscribe my Thanks for at least this small Tribute of Graiitude."

"Dr. Chantry is gone with the money!"

Skenedonk bounded up grasping the knife which he always carried in a sheath hanging from his belt.

"Which way did the old woman go?"

"Stop," I said.

The Indian half crouched for counsel.

"I'll be a prince! Let him have it."

"Let him rob you?"

"We're quits, now. I've paid him for the lancet stab I gave him."

"But you haven't a whole bagful of coin left."

"We brought nothing into France, and it seems certain we shall take nothing but experience out of it. And I'm young, Skenedonk. He isn't."

The Oneida grunted. He was angrier than I had ever seen him.

"We ought to have knocked the old woman on the head at Saratoga," he responded. With recklessness which repeated loss engenders I proposed we scatter the remaining coin in the street, but Skenedonk prudently said we would divide and conceal it in our clothes. I gave the kind valet a handful to keep his heart warm; and our anxieties about our valuables were much lightened.

Then we consulted about our imminent start, and I told my servant it would be better to send the post-chaise across the Seine. He agreed with me. And for me to come to it as if by accident the moment we were ready to join each other on the road. He agreed to that. All our belongings would be put in it by the valet and himself, and when we met we would make a circuit and go by the way of St. Denis.

"We will meet," I told him, "at eleven o' clock in front of the Tuileries."

Dédicace - pour 28

Skenedonk looked at me without moving a muscle.

"I want to see the palace of the Tuileries before I leave France.

He still gazed at me.

"At any risk, I am going to the Tuileries tonight!"

My Iroquois grunted. A glow spread all over his copper face and head. If I had told him I was going to an enemy's central camp fire to shake a club in the face of the biggest chief, he could not have thought more of my daring or less of my common sense.

"You will never come out."

"If I don't, Skenedonk, go without me."

He passed small heroics unnoticed.

"Why do you do it?"

I couldn't tell him. Neither could I leave Paris without doing it. I assured him many carriages would be there, near the entrance which was called, I believed, the pavilion of Flora; and by showing boldness we might start from that spot as well as from any other. He abetted the reckless devil in me, and the outcome was that I crossed the Seine by the bridge myself about ten o'clock; remembering my escape from Ste. Pélagie; remembering I should never see the gargoyles on Notre Dame any more, or the golden dome of the Invalides, or hear the night hum of Paris, whether I succeeded or not. For if I succeeded I should be away toward the coast by morning; and if I did not succeed, I should be somewhere under arrest.

I can see the boy in white court dress, with no hint of the traveler about him, who stepped jauntily out of a carriage and added

himself to groups entering the Tuileries. The white court dress was armor which he put on to serve him in the dangerous attempt to look once more on a woman's face. He mounted with a strut toward the guardians of the imperial court, not knowing how he might be challenged; and fortune was with him.

"Lazarre!" exclaimed Count De Chaumont, hurrying behind to take my elbow."I want you to help me!"

Remembering with sudden remorse Annabel's escape and our wicked dinner, I halted eager to do him service.He was perhaps used to Annabel's escapes, for a very different annoyance puckered his forehead as he drew me aside within the entrance.

"Have you heard the Marquis De Ferrier is alive?"

I told him I had heard it.

"Damned old fox! He lay in hiding until the estates were recovered. Then out he creeps to enjoy them!"

I pressed the count's hand. We were one in our disapproval.

"It's a shame!" said the count.

It was a shame,I said.

"And now he's posted into Paris to make a fool of himself."

"How?"

"Have you seen Madame De Ferrier?"

"No, I have not seen her."

"I believe we are in time to intercept him. You have a clever head, boy. Use it. How shall we get this old fellow out of the

Tuilíries without letting him speak to the emperor?"

"Easily, I should think, since Napoleon isn't here."

"Yes, he is. He dashed into Paris a little while ago, and may leave tonight. But he is here."

"Why shouldn't the Marquis De Ferrier speak to Napoleon?"

"Because he is going to make an ass of himself before the court, and what's worse, he'll make a laughing-stock of me."

"How can he do that?"

"He is determined to thank the emperor for restoring his estates. He might thank the empress, and she wouldn't know what he was talking about. But the emperor knows everything. I have used all the arguments I dared to use against it, but he is a pig for stubbornness. For my sake, for Madame De Ferrier's sake, Lazarre, help me to get him harmlessly out of the Tuilíries, without making a public scandal about the restitution of the land!"

"What scandal can there be, monsieur?--And why shouldn't he thank Napoleon for giving him back his estates after the fortunes of revolution and war?"

"Because the emperor didn't do it. I bought them!"

"You!"

"Yes, I bought them. Come to that, they are my property!"

"Madame De Ferrier doesn't know this?"

"Certainly not. I meant to settle them on her. Saints and angels! boy, anybody could see what my intentions were!"

"Then she is as poor as she was in America?"

"Poorer. She has the Marquis De Ferrier!"

We two who loved her, youth and man, rich and powerful, or poor and fugitive, felt the passionate need of protecting her.

"She wouldn't accept them if she knew it."

"Neither would the marquis," said De Chaumont. "The Marquis De Ferrier ~~They~~ might live on the estates ~~[illegible]~~ his lifetime without my interference. But if he will see the emperor, and I can't prevent it any other way, I will have to tell him!"

"Yes, you will have to tell him!"

I thought of Eagle in the village, and the old woman who blessed her ~~fifteen [illegible]~~ a quarter of an hour, and Paul standing on the seat to be worshiped. How could I go to America and leave her? And what could I do for her when a rich man like De Chaumont was powerless?

"Can't you see Napoleon," I suggested," and ask him to give the marquis a moment's private audience, and accept his thanks?"

"No!" groaned De Chaumont."He wouldn't do it. --I couldn't put myself in such a position!"

"If Napoleon came in so hurriedly he may not show himself in the state apartments tonight."

"But he is accessible, wherever he is. He doesn't deny himself to the meanest soldier. Why should he refuse to see a noble of the class he is always conciliating when he can?"

"Introduce me to the Marquis De Ferrier," I finally said," and let me see if I can talk against time while you get your emperor out of his way."

End 54

Dan folium par 57

I thought desperately of revealing to the old royalist what I believed myself to be, what Eagle and he believed me to be, and commanding him, as his rightful prince, to content himself with less effusive and less public gratitude to an usurper. He would live in the country, shrinking so naturally from the court that a self-imposed appearance there need never be repeated.

I believe this would have succeeded. A half hour more of time might have saved years of comfort to Eagle--for De Chaumont was generous,--and changed the outcome of my own life. But in scant fifteen minutes our fate was decided.

De Chaumont and I had moved with our heads together, from corridor to antechamber, from antechamber to curtained salon of the lower floor. The private apartments of the Bonaparte family were thrown open, and in the mahogany furnished room all hung with yellow satin, I noticed a Swiss clock which pointed its minute finger to a quarter before eleven. I made no hurry. My errand was not accomplished. [redacted] Skenedonk would wait for me, and even dare a search if he became suspicious.

The count, Knowing what Madame De Ferrier considered me, perhaps knew my plan. He turned back at once, assenting.

The Marquis and Marquise De Ferrier were that instant going up the grand staircase, and would be announced. Eagle turned her face above me, the long line of her throat uplifted, and went courageous and smiling on her way. The [redacted] marquis had adapted himself to the court requirements of the Empire. Noble gentleman of another period,

he stalked a piteous masquerader where he had once been at home.

Count De Chaumont grasped my arm and we hurried up the stairs. The end of a great and deep room was visible, and I had a glimpse between heads and shoulders, of a woman standing in the light of many lusters. She parted her lips to smile, closing them quickly, but having shown ~~teeth like~~ little dark teeth ~~black pearls~~. She was of exquisite shape, her face and arms and bosom having a clean fair polish like the delicate whiteness of a magnolia, as I have since seen that flower in bloom. She wore a small ~~coronet~~ diadem in her hair, and her short waisted robe trailed far back among her ladies. I knew without being told that this was the empress of the French.

De Chaumont's hand was on my arm, but another hand touched my shoulder. I looked behind me. This time it was not an old woman, or a laborer in a blouse, or a soldier; but I knew my pursuer in his white court dress. Officer of the law, writ in the lines of his face, to my eyes appeared all over him.

"Monsieur Veeleeum!"

As soon as he said that I understood it was the refugee from Ste. Pélagie that he wanted.

"Certainly," I answered."Don't make a disturbance."

"You will take my arm and come with me, Monsieur Veeleeum."

"I will do nothing of the kind until my errand is finished," I answered desperately.

De Chaumont looked sharply at the man, but his own salvation required him to lay hold on the marquis. As he did so, Eagle's face and

my face encountered in a panel of mirror, two flashes of pallor; and I took my last look.

"You will come with me, now" said the gendarme at my ear.

She saw him, and understood his errand.

There was no chance. De Chaumont wheeled ready to introduce me to the marquis. I was not permitted to speak to him. But Eagle took my right arm and moved down the corridor with me.

Decently and at once the disguised gendarme fell behind where he could watch every muscle without alarming Madame De Ferrier. She appeared not to see him. I have no doubt he praised himself for his delicacy and her unconsciousness of my arrest.

"You must not think you can run away from me," she said.

"I was coming back," I answered, making talk.

My captor's person heaved behind me, signifying that he silently laughed. He kept within touch.

"Do you know the Tuileries well?" inquired Eagle.

"No. I have never been in the palace before."

"Nor I."

We turned from the corridor into a suite of rooms, the gendarme humoring Madame De Ferrier, and making himself one in the crowd around us. De Chaumont and the Marquis De Ferrier gave chase, I saw them following, as well as they could.

"This used to be the queen's dressing-room," said Eagle. We entered the last one in the suite.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"This is the room you told me you would like to examine?"

"The very one. I don't believe the Empire has made any changes in it. These painted figures look just as Sophie described them."

Eagle traced lightly with her finger one of the shepherdesses dancing on the a panel; and crossed to the opposite side of the room. People who passed the door found nothing to interest them, and turned away, but the gendarme stayed beside us. Eagle glanced at him as if resenting his intrusion, and asked me to bring her a candle and hold it near a mark on the tracery. The gendarme himself, apologetic but firm, stepped to the sconce and took the candle. I do not know how the thing was done, or why the old spring and long unused hinges did not stick, but his back was toward us--she pushed me against the panel and it let me in---

And I held her and drew her after me, and the thing closed. The wall had swallowed us.

We stood on firm footing as if suspended in eternity. No sound from the swarming palace, not even possible noise made by the gendarme, reached us. It was like being earless, until she spoke in the hollow.

"Here's the door on the staircase, but it will not open!"

I groped over every inch of it with swift haste in the blackness.

"Hurry--hurry!" she breathed. "He may touch the spring himself--it moves instantly!"

"Does this open with a spring , too?"

"I don't know---Sophie didn't know!"

"Are you sure there is any door here?"

"She told me there was."

"This is like a door, but it will not move."

It sprang inward against us, a rush of air and a hollow murmur as of wind along the river, following it.

"Go--be quick!" said Madame De Ferrier.

"But how will you get out?"

"I shall get out when you are gone."

"O Eagle, forgive me!" (yet I would have dragged her in with me again!)

"I am in no danger. You are in danger. Goodbye, my Liège."

Cautiously she pused me through the door, begging me to feel for every step. I stood upon the top one, and held to her as I had held to her in passing through the other wall.] End 55

I thought of the heavy days before her and the blank before me. I could not let her wrists go. We were fools to waste our youth. I could work for her in America. My vitals were being torn from me. I should go to the devil without her. I don't know what I said. But I knew the brute love which had risen like a lion in me would never conquer the woman who kissed me in the darkness and held me at bay.

"O Louis---O Lazarre!Think of Paul and Cousin Philippe! --You shall be your best for your little mother!--I will come to you sometime!"

Then she held the door between us, and I wnet down around and around the spiral of stone.

Book III

Arriving

I

Even when a year had passed I said of my escape from the Tuileries--"It was a dream. How could it have happened?" For the adventures of my wandering fell from me like a garment; leaving the one changeless passion.

Skenedonk and I met on the ship a New England minister, who looked upon and considered us from day to day. I used to sit in the stern, the miles stretching me as a rack stretches flesh and tendons. The minister regarded me as prostrated by the spider bite of that wicked Paris; out of which he learned I had come, by talking to my Oneida.

The Indian and I were a queer pair that interested him, and when he discovered that I bore the name of Eleazar Williams, his friendship was sealed to us. Eunice Williams of Deerfield, the grandmother of Thomas Williams, was a traditional brand never snatched form the burning, in the minister's town of Longmeadow, where nearly every inhabitant was descended from or espoused to a Williams. Though he himself was born Storrs, his wife was born Williams; and I could have

lain at his feet and cried, so open was the heart of this good man to a wanderer rebounding from a family that disowned the pretender. He was my welcome back to America. The breath of eastern pines, and the resinous sweetness of western plains [illegible] I had not yet seen, but which drew me so that I could scarcely wait to land, came to me with that man. Before the voyage ended I had told him my whole history as far as I knew it, except the story of Madame De Ferrier; and the beginning of it was by no means new to him. The New England Williamses kept a prayerful eye on that branch descending through the Iroquois. This transplanted Briton, returnining from his one memorable visit to the England of his forefathers, despised my Bourbon claims, and even the French contraction of my name.

"What are you going to do now, Eleazar?" he inquired.

Hugging my old dream to myself, feeling my heart leap toward that western empire which must fascinate a young man as long as there remains any western lands to possess, I told him I intended to educate our Iroquois as soon as I could prepare myself to do it, and settle them where they could grow into a greater nation.

The man of God kindled in the face. He was a dark eyed, square browed, serious man, with black hair falling below his white band. His mouth had a sweet benign expression, even when he quizzed me about my dauphinhood. A New England pastor was a flame that burned for the enlightenment of the nations. From that hour it was settled that I should be his pupil, and go with him to Longmeadow to finish my education.

When we landed he helped me to sell my Babylonish clothes, except the white court dress, to which I clung with tenacity displeasing to him, and garb myself in more befitting raiment. By Skenedork's hand I sent some of the remaining gold coins to my mother Marianne and the chief, when he rejoined the tribe and went to pass the winter at St. Regis. And by no means did I forget to tell him to bring me letters from De Chaumont's manor in the spring, if any arrived there for me.

How near to heaven the New England village seemed, with Mount Tom on the horizon glorious as Mount Zion, the mighty sweep of meadow land, the Connecticut river flowing in great peace, the broad street of elms like some gigantic cathedral nave, and in its very midst, a shrine--the meeting-house, double-decked with fan-topped windows.

Religion and education were the mainsprings of its life. Pastor Storrs worked in his study nearly nine hours a day, and spent the remaining hours in what he called visitation of his flock.

This being lifted out of Paris and plunged into Longmeadow was the pouring of white hot metal into chill moulds. It cast me. With a seething and a roar of loosened forces, the boy passed to the man. Nearly Every night during all those years of changing, I put the snuff-box under my pillow, and Madame De Ferrier's key spoke to my ear. I would say to myself--"The one I love gave me this key. Did I ever sit beside her on a ledge of stone overlooking a sunken garden?--so near that I might have touched her! Does she ever think of the dauphin Louis? Where is she? Does she know that Lazarre has become

Eleazar Williams?""

The pastor's house was fronted with huge white fluted pillars of wood, upholding a porch roof which shaded the second floor windows. The doors in that house had a short waisted effect with little panels above and long panels below. I had a chamber so clean and small that I called it in my mind the Monk's Cell, nearly filled with the high posted bed, the austere table and chairs. The whitewashed walls were bare of pictures, except a painted portrait of Stephen Williams, pastor of Longmeadow from 1718 to 1783. Daily his laughing eyes watched me as if he found my pretensions a great joke. He had a long nose, and a high forehead. His black hair crinkled, and a merry crease drew its half circle from one cheek around under his chin to the other.

Longmeadow did not receive me without much question and debate. There were Williamses in every direction; disguised, perhaps, for that generation, under the names of Cooley, Stebbins, Colter, Ely, Hole, and so on. A stately Sarah Williams, as Mrs. Storrs, sat at the head of the pastor's table. Her disapproval was a force, though it never manifested itself except in withdrawal. If Mrs. Storrs had drawn back from me while I lived under her roof, I should have felt an outcast indeed. The subtle refinement of those Longmeadow women was like the hinted sweetness of arbutus flower. Breeding passed from generation to generation. They had not mixed their blood with the blood of any outsiders; and their forbears were English yeomen.

I threw myself into books as I had done during my first months

at De Chaumont's, before I grew to think of Madame De Ferrier. One of those seven years I spent at Dartmouth. But the greater part of my knowledge I owe to Pastor Storrs. Greek and Hebrew he gave me to add to the languages I was beginning to own; and he unlocked all his accumulations of learning. It was a monk's life that I lived; austere and without incident, but bracing as the air of the hills. The whole system was monastic, though abomination alighted on that word in Longmeadow. I took the discipline into my blood. It will go down to tho those after me.

There a man had to walk with God whether he wanted to or not.

Living was inexpensive, each item being gauged by careful housekeeping. It was a sin to gorge the body, and godly conversation was better than abundance. Yet the pastor's tea-table arises with a halo around it. The rye and Indian bread, the doughnuts fragrant as flowers, the sparing tea, the prim mats which saved the cloth, the wire screen covering sponge cake--how sacred they seem!

The autumn that I came to Longmeadow , Napoleon Bonaparte was beaten on the sea by the English, but won the battle of Austerlitz, defeating the Russian coalition and changing the map of Europe.

I felt sometimes a puppet while this man played his great part. It was no comfort that others of my house were nothing to France. Though I did not see Louis Philippe again, he wandered in America two or three years, and went back to privacy.

During my early novitiate at Longmeadow, Aaron Burr's conspiracy dragging down with it that pleasant gentleman, Harman Blennerhassett, went to pieces, startling men like Jackson , who had best befriended him unawares. But this in nowise affected my own plans of empire. The solidarity of a nation of Indians on a remote tract, could be no

Dauphin - pac 56

menace to the general government.

Skenedonk came and went, and I made journeys to my people with him. But there was never any letter waiting at De Chaumont's for me. After some years indeed, the count having returned to Casterland, to occupy his new manor at Le Rayville, the mansion I had known was torn down and the stone converted to other uses. Skenedonk brought me word early that Mademoiselle De Chaumont had been married to an officer of the Empire, and would remain in France.

The door between my past and me was sealed. Madame De Ferrier stood on the other side of it, and no news from her penetrated its dense barrier. I tried to write a letter to her. But nothing that I could write was fit to send, and I knew not whether she was yet at Mont Louis. Forever she was holding the door against me.

Skenedonk, coming and going at his caprice, ~~spent~~ stayed a month in ~~part of~~ every year at Longmeadow, where the townspeople, having had a surfeit of aboriginal names, called him John. He raised no objection, for that with half a dozen other Christian titles had been bestowed on him in baptism; and he entered the godly list of Williamses as John Williams.

The first summer I spent in Longmeadow, there was an eclipse of the sun about the middle of June. I remember lying on open land, my book on its face beside me, and watching it through my eyelashes until the weird and awful twilight of a blotted sun in mid heaven sent birds and beasts to shelter as from wrath. When there was but a hairy shining around the orbed blackness, and stars trembled out

and trembled back, as if they said--"We are here. The old order will return"--and the earth held its breath at [redacted] threat of eternal darkness, the one I loved seemed to approach in the long shadows. It was a sign that out of the worst comes the best. But it was a terror to the unprepared; and Pastor Storrs preached about it the following Sunday.

The missionary spirit of Longmeadow stirred among the Williamses, and many of them brought what they called their mites to Pastor Storrs for my education. If I were made a king no revenue could be half so sweet as that. The village was richer than many a stonier New England place, but men were struggling then all over the wide states and territories, for material existence.

The pension no longer came from Europe. It ceased when I returned from France. Its former payment was considered apochryphal by Longmeadow, whose very maids--too white, with a pink spot in each cheek--smiled with reserved amusement at a student who thought it possible he could ever be a king. I spoke to nobody but Pastor Storrs about my own convictions [redacted]. But local newspapers, with their omniscient grip on what is in the air, bandied the subject back and forth.

We sometimes walked in the burying ground among dead Williamses, while he argued down my [redacted] claims: leaving them without a leg to stand on. Reversing the usual ministerial formula--"If what has been said is true, then it follows, first, secondly", and so on, he used to say--

"Eleazar, you were brought up among the Indians, conscious only

of bodily existence, and unconscious of your origin: granted. Money was sent--let us say from Europe --for your support: granted. Several persons, among them one who testified strongly against his will, told you that you resembled the Bourbons: granted. You bear on your person marks like those which were inflicted on the unfortunate dauphin of France: granted. You were malignantly pursued while abroad: granted. But what does it all prove? Nothing. It amounts simply to this: you know nothing about your early years; some foreign person--perhaps an English Williams--kindly interested himself in your upbringing; you were probably scalded in the camps; you have some accidental traits of the Bourbons; a man who heard you had a larger pension than the idiot he was tending, disliked you. You can prove nothing more."

I never attempted to prove anything more to Pastor Storrs. It would have been most ungrateful to persuade him I was an alien. At the same time he prophesied his hopes of me, and many a judicious person blamed him for treating me as something out of the ordinary, and cockering up pride

A blunter Williams used to take me by the button on the street. "Eleazar Williams!" he would say. "Do you pretend to be the son of the French king? I tell you what! I will not let the name of Williams be disgraced by any relationship to any French monarch! You must do one of two things: you must either renounce Williamsism or renounce Bourbonism!"

Though there was liberty of conscience to criticise the pastor,

Dauphin

he was autocrat of Longmeadow. One who preceded Pastor Storrs told about him that two of his deacons wanted him to appoint Ruling Elders. He appointed them: and asked them what they thought the duties were. They said he knew best.

"Well," said the pastor, "one of the Ruling Elders may come to my house before meeting, saddle my horse, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off, and after meeting bring him to the steps. This is all of my work that I can consent to let Ruling Elders do for me."

The Longmeadow love of disputation was fostered by bouts which Ruling Elders might have made it their business to preserve, if any Ruling Elders were willing to accept their appointment. The pastor once went to the next town to enjoy argument with a scientific doctor. When he mounted his horse to ride home before nightfall the two friends kept up their debate. The doctor stood by the horse, or walked a few steps as the horse moved. Presently both men noticed a fire in the east; and it was sunrise. They had argued all night.

In Longmeadow a man could not help practicing argument. I also practiced oratory. And all the time I practiced the Iroquois tongue as well as English and French, and began the translation of books into the language of the nation I hoped to build. That Indians made unstable material for the white man to handle I would not believe. Skenedonk was not unstable. His faithfulness was a rock.

For some reason, and I think it was the reach of Pastor Storrs, men in other places began to seek me. The vital currents of life indeed

Dauphine - gal (5-7

sped through us on the Hartford and Springfield stage road. It happened that Skenedonk and I were making my annual journey to St. Regis when the first steamboat accomplished its [redacted] trip dn the Hudson river. About the time that the Wisconsin country was included in Illinois Territory, I decided to write a letter to Madame Tank at Green Bay, and insist on knowing my story as she believed she knew it. Yet I hesitated; and finally did not do it. I found afterwards that there was no post-office at Green Bay. A carrier, sent by the officers of the fort and villagers, brought mail from Chicago. He had two hundred miles of wilderness to traverse, and his blankets and provisions as well as the mail to carry; and he did this at the risk of his life among wild men and beasts.

The form of religion was always a trivial matter to me. I never ceased to love the sacrifice of the mass, which was an abomination and an idolatrous practice to Pastor Storrs. The pageantry of the Roman Church that first mothered and nurtured me, touches me to this day. I love the Protestant prayers of the English Church. And I love the stern and knotty argument, the sermon with heads and sequences, of the New England Congregationalist. For this catholicity Catholics have upbraided me, churchmen rebuked me, and dissenters denied that I had any religion at all.

When the Episcopal Bishop of New York showed me kindness, and Pastor Storrs warned me against being proselyted, I could not tell him the charm [redacted] in the form of worship practiced by the woman I loved. There was not a conscious minute when I forgot her.

Yet nobody in Longmeadow knew of her existence. In my most remorseful days, [redacted] comparing myself with Pastor Storrs, I was not sorry I had clung to her and begged her not to let me go alone. For some of our sins are so honestly the expression of nature that [redacted] justification breaks through [redacted] them.

On the western border there was trouble with dissatisfied Indians, and on the sea there was trouble with the British, so that people began to talk of war long before it was declared, and to blame President Madison for his over-caution in affairs. A battle was fought at Tippecanoe in the Indiana Territory, which silenced the Indians for awhile. But [redacted] that the English stood behind them. Militia was mustered, the army [redacted] recruited, and embargo laid upon shipping in the ports, and all things were put forward in April of that year, before war was declared in June.

[redacted] I had influence with our tribes. The government offered me a well paid commission to act as its secret agent. Pastor Storrs and the Williamses, who had been nurturing a missionary, were smitten with grief to see him rise and leap into camps and fields, eager for the open world, the wilderness smell; the council, where the red man's mind, a trembling balance, could be turned by vivid language; eager, in fact, to live where history was being made.

The pastor had clothed me in his mind with ministerial gown and band, and the martial blood that quickened he counted an Iroquois strain. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, so given to forms which it calls creeds, that when I afterwards put on the surplice and read

prayers to my adopted people, he counted it as great a defection as taking to saddle and spur. We cannot leave the expression of our lives to those better qualified than we are, however dear they may be. I had to pack my saddlebags and be gone, loving Longmeadow none the less because I grieved it, knowing that it would not approve of me more if I stayed and failed to do my natural part.

The snuffbox and the missal which had belonged to my family in France I always carried with me. And very little could be transported on the road we took.

John Williams, who came to Longmeadow in deerskins, and paraded his burnished red poll among the hatted Williamses, abetted me in turning from the missionary field to the arena of war, and never left me. It was Skenedonk who served the United States with brawn and endurance, while I put such policy and color into my harangues as I could command. We shared our meals, our camps, our beds of leaves together. The life at Longmeadow had knit me to good use. I could fast or feast, ride or march, take the buckskins, or the soldier's uniform.

Of this service I shall write down only what goes to the making of the story. The Government was pleased to commend it, and it may be found written in other annals than mine.

Great latitude was permitted us in our orders. We spent a year in the north. My skin darkened and toughened under exposure until I said to Skenedonk--"I am turning an Indian;" and he, jealous of my French blood, denied it.

In July we had to thread trails he knew by the lake toward

Sandusky.There was no horse path wide enough for us to ride abreast. Brush swished along our legs, and green walls shut our view on each side. The land dipped towards its basin. Buckeye and gigantic chestnut trees, maple and oak, passed us from rank to rank of endless forest. Skenedonk rode ahead, watching for every sign and change, as a pilot now watches the shifting of the current. So we had done all day, and so we were doing when fading light warned us to camp.

A voice literally cried out of the wilderness, startling the horses and ringing among the tree trunks--

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest: for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them!"

II

"That's Johnny Appleseed," said Skenedonk, turning in his saddle.

"What is Johnny Appleseed?"

"He is a man, that God has touched," said Skenedonk, using the aboriginal phrase that signified a man clouded in mind.

God had hidded him, too. I could see no one. The voice echo still went off among the trees.

"Where is he?"

"Maybe one side, maybe the other."

"Does he never show himself?"

"Oh, yes," Skenedonk said, "He goes to all the settlements. I have often seen him when I was hunting on these grounds. He came to our camp. He loves to sleep outdoors better than in a cabin."

"Why does he shout at us like a prophet?"

"To warn us that Indians are on the war path."

"He might have thought we were on the war path ourselves."

"Johnny Appleseed knows Shawanoes and Tecumseh's men."

The trees, lichened on their north sides, massed rank behind

rank without betraying any face in their glooms. The Ohio and Indiana forests had a nameless quality. They might have been called home-forests, such invitations issued from them to man seeking a spot of his own. Nor can I make clear what this invitation was. It produced thoughts different from those that men were conscious of in the rugged northwest.

"I think myself," said Skenedonk as we moved farther form the invisible voice, "that he is under a vow. But nobody told me that."

"Why do you think so?"

"He plants orchards in every fine open spot; or clears the land for planting where he thinks the soil is right."

"Don't other men plant orchards?"

"No. They have not time, or seed. They plant bread. He does nothing but plant orchards."

"He must have a great many."

"They are not for himself. The apples are for anyone who may pass by when they are ripe. He wants to give apples to everybody. Animals often nibble the bark, or break down his young trees. It takes long for them to grow. But he keeps on planting."

"If other men have no seeds to plant, how does he get them?"

"He makes ~~some~~ journeys to the old settlements, where many orchards have grown, and brings the seeds from cider presses. He carries them from Pennsylvania on his back, in leather bags, a bag for each kind of seed."

"~~He makes these trafficks~~ Does he ever sell them?"

"No. Johnny Appleseed cares nothing for money. I believe he often is

Dauphin Jail 5-8

under a vow of poverty. No one laughs at him. The tribes on these grounds would not hurt a hair of his head, not only because God has touched him, but because he plants apples. I have eaten his apples myself."

"Johnny Appleseed!" I repeated, and Skenedonk hastened to tell me,

"He has another name, but I forget it. He is called Johnny Appleseed."

The slim and scarcely perceptible tunnel, among trees, piled with fallen logs and newly sprung growths, let us into a wide clearing as suddenly as a stream finds its lake. We could not see even the usual cow tracks. A cabin shedding light from its hearth surprised us in the midst of stumps.

The door stood wide. A woman walked back and forth over a puncheon floor, tending supper. Dogs rushed to meet us, and the playing of childern could be heard. A man, gun in hand, stepped to his door, a sentinel. He lowered its muzzle, and made us welcome, and helped us put our horses under shelter with his own.

It was not often we had a woman's handiwork in corn bread and game to feed ourselves upon, or a bed covered with homespun sheets.

I slept as the children slept, until a voice rang in the clearing—

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them!"

Every sleeper in the cabin sat upright or stirred. We said in

whispered chorus--

"Johnny Appleseed!"

A tapping , light and regular, on the window, followed. The man was on the floor in a breath. I heard the mother groping among the her children, and whispering--

"Don't wake the baby!"

The fire had died upon the hearth, and they lighted no candle. When Johnny Appleseed gave his warning cry in the clearing, and his cautious tap on the window, and was instantly gone to other clearings and other windows, it meant that the Indians were near.

Skenedonk and I, used to the night alarm and boots and saddles in a hurry, put ourselves in readiness to help the family. I groped for clothing, and shoved small legs and arms into it. The little creatures, obedient and silent, made no whimper at being roused out of dreams, but keenly lent themselves to the march.

We brought the horses, and put the woman and children upon them. The very dogs understood, and slunk around our legs without giving mouth. The cabin door was shut after us without noise, closing in what that family called home; a few pots and pans; patchwork quilts; a spinning-wheel; some benches; perhaps a child's store of acorn cups and broken yellow ware in a log corner. In a few hours it might be smoking a heap of ashes; and the world offered no other place so dear. What we suffer for is enriched by our suffering until it becomes priceless.

So far on the frontier was this cabin that no community block-

house stood near enough to give its inmates shelter. They were obliged to go with us to Fort Stephenson.

Skenedonk pioneered the all night struggle on an obscure trail; and he went astray sometimes, through blackness of woods that roofed out the stars. We floundered in wales sponging full of dead leaves, and drew back, scratching ourselves on low hung foliage.

By dawn the way became easier and the danger greater. Then we paused and lifted our rifles if a twig broke near by, or a fox barked, or wind rushed among leaves as a patter of moccasins might come. Skenedonk and I, sure of the northen Indians, were making a venture in the west. We knew nothing of Tecumseh's swift red warriors, except that scarcely a year had passed since his allies had tomahawked women and children of the garrison on the sand beach at Chicago.

Without kindling any fire we stopped once that day to eat, and by good luck and following the river , reached that Lower Sandusky which was called Fort Stephenson about nightfall.

The place was merely a high stockade with blockhouses at the angles, and a gate opening toward the river. Within, besides the garrison of a hundred and sixty men, were various refugees, driven like our family to the fort. And there, coming heartily from the commandant's quarters to receive me, was George Croghan, still a boy in appearance, though intrusted with this dangerous post. His long face had darkened like mine. We looked each other over with the quick and critical scrutiny of men who have not met since boyhood, and laughed as we grasped hands.

Dauphine - fol 57

"You are as welcome to the inside of this bear pen," said Major Croghan, "as you made me to the outside of the one in the wilderness."

"I hope you'll not give me such another tramp after shelter for the night as I gave you," I said.

"The best in Fort Stephenson is yours. But your rest depends on the enemy. A runner has just come in from the General warning me Proctor and Tecumseh are turning their attention this way. I'm ordered to evacuate, for the post is considered too weak to hold."

"How soon do you march?"

"I don't march at all. I stay here. I'm going to disobey orders."

"If you're going to disobey orders, you have good reason for doing so."

"I have. It was too late to retreat. I'm going to fight. I hear, Lazarre, you know how to handle Indians in the French way."

"My dear Croghan, you insinuate the American way may be better."

"It is, on the western border. It may not be on the northern."

"Then you would not have advised my attempting the Indians here?"

"I shouldn't have discouraged it. When I got the secret order, I said — 'Bring the French — bring the missionaries — bring anything that will cut the comb of Tecumseh!"

"The missionaries and the French like being classed with — anything," I said.

"We're Americans here," Croghan laughed." The dauphin may have to fight in the ditch with the rest of us."

"The dauphin is an American too, and used to scars, as you know. Can you give me any news from Green Bay in the Wisconsin country?"

"I was ordered to Green Bay, last year, to see if any thing could be done with old Fort Edward Augustus."

"Does my Holland court lady live there?"

"Not now," he answered soberly. "She's dead."

"That's bad," I said, thinking of lost opportunities.

"Is pretty Annabel De Chaumont ever coming back from France?"

"Not now, she's married."

"That's worse," he sighed. "I was very silly about her when I was a boy."

We had our supper in his quarters, and he busied himself until late in the night with preparations for defense. The whole place was full of cheer and plenty of game, and swarmed like a little fair with moving figures. A camp was built at dark in the center of the parade ground, heaped logs sending their glow as far as the dark pickets. Heads of families drew towards it while the women were putting their children to bed; and soldiers off duty lounged there, the front of the body in light, the back in darkness.

Cool forest night air flowed over the stockade, swaying smoke this way and that. As the fire was stirred, and smoke turned to flame, it showed more and more distinctly what blue wood incense had screened.

A man rose up on the other side of it, clothed in a coffee sack, in which holes were cut for his head and arms. His hat was a tin

kettle with the handle sticking out behind like a stiff queue.

Indifferent to his grotesqueness, he took it off and put it on the ground beside him, standing ready to command attention.

He was a small dark wiry man, bare footed and bare legged, whose black eyes sparkled, and whose scanty hair and beard hung down over shoulders and breast. Some pokes of leather, much scratched, hung bulging from the rope which girded his coffee sack. From one of these he took a few unbound leaves, the fragment of a book, spread them open, and began to read in a chanting, prophetic key, something about the love of the Lord and the mysteries of angels. His listeners kept their eyes on him, giving an indulgent ear to spiritual messages that made less demand on them than the violent earthly ones to which they were accustomed.

"It's Johnny Appleseed," a man at my side told me, as if the name explained anything he might do.

When Johnny Appleseed finished reading the leaves he put them back in his bag, and took his kettle to the well for water. He then brought some meal from the cook house and made mush in his hat.

The others, turning their minds from future mysteries, began to talk about present danger, when he stood up from his labor to inquire —

"Is there plenty in the fort for the children to eat?"

"Plenty, Johnny, plenty," several voices assured him.

"I can go without supper if the children haven't enough."

"Eat your supper, Johnny. Major Croghan will give you more if you want it," said a soldier.

"And we'll give you jerked Britisher, if you'll wait for it," said another.

"Johnny never eats meat,"one of the refugees put in."He thinks it's sinful to kill critters. All the things in the woods likes him. Once he got into a holler log to sleep, and some squirrels warned him to move out, they settled there first; and he done it. I don't allow he'd pick a flea off his own hide for fear he'd break its legs so it couldn't hop around and make a living."

The wilderness prophet sat down quietly to his meal without appearing to notice what was said about him; and when he had eaten, carried his hat into the cook house, where dogs could not get at his remaining porridge.

"Now he'll save that for his breakfast,"remarked another refugee."There's nothing he hates like waste."

"Talking about squirrels," exclaimed the man at my side,"I believe he has a pasture for old broke down horses somewhere east in the hills. All the bates he can find he swaps young trees for, and they go off with him leading them, but he never comes into the settlements on horseback."

"Does he always go barefoot?" I asked.

"Sometimes he makes bark sandals. If you give him a pair of shoes he'll give them away to the first person that can wear them and needs them. Hunters wrap dried leaves around their leggins to keep the rattlesnakes out, but Johnny never protects himself at all."

"No wonder," spoke a soldier."Any snake'd be discouraged at them shanks. A seven year rattler'd break his fang on 'em."

Johnny came out of the cook house with an iron poker, and heated it in the coals. All the men around the fire waited, understanding what he was about to do, but my own breath drew with a hiss through my teeth as he laid the red hot iron first on one long cut and then another in his travel worn feet. Having cauterized himself effectually, and returned the poker, he took his place in perfect serenity, without any show of pain, prepared to accommodate himself to the company.

Some boys, awake with the bigness of the occasion, sat down near Johnny Appleseed, and gave him their frank attention. Each boy had his hair cut straight around below the ears, where his mother had measured it with an inverted bowl, and freshly trimmed him for life in the fort, and perhaps for the discomfiture of savages, if he came under the scalping knife. Open mouthed or stern jawed, according to temperament, the young pioneers listened to stories about Tecumseh, and surmises on the enemy's march, and the likelihood of a night attack.

"Tippecanoe was fought at four o' clock in the morning," said a soldier.

"I was there," spoke out Johnny Appleseed.

No other man could say as much. All looked at him as he stood on his cauterized feet, stretching his arms, lean and sun cured, upward in the firelight.

"Angels were there. In rain and darkness I heard them speak and say---'He hath cast the lot for them, and His hand hath divided it

Dauphin - pol 68

unto them by line; they shall possess it [redacted] forever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!'"

"Say, Johnny, what does an angel look like?" piped up one of the boys, quite in fellowship.

Johnny Appleseed turned his rapt vision aside and answered,

"'White robes were given unto every one of them.' There had I laid me down in peace to sleep, and the Lord made me to dwell in safety. The camp fires burned red in the sheltered place, and they who were to possess the land watched by the camp fires. I looked down from my high place, from my shelter of leaves and my log that the Lord gave me for a bed, and saw the red camp fires blink in the darkness.

"Then was I aware that the heathen crept betwixt me and the camp, surrounding it as a cloud that lies upon the ground. The rain fell upon us all, and there was not so much sound as the rustling of grasshoppers in tall grass. I said they will surprise the camp and slay the sleepers, not knowing that they who were to possess the land watched every man with his weapon. But when I would have sounded the trumpet of warning, I heard a rifle shot, and all the Indians rose up screeching and rushed at the red fires.

"Then a sorcerer leaped upon my high place, rattling many deer hoofs, and calling aloud that his brethren might hear his voice. Light he promised them for themselves, and darkness for the camp, and he

sang his war song, shouting and rattling the deer hoofs. Also the Indians rattled deer hoofs, and it was like a giant breathing his last, being shot with many musket flashes.

"I saw steam through the darkness, for the fires were drenched and trampled by the men of the camp, and no longer shone as candles so that the Indians might see by them to shoot. The sorcerer danced and shouted, the deer hoofs rattled, and on this side and that men fought knee to knee and breast to breast. I saw through the wet dawn, and they who had crept around the camp as a cloud, arose as grasshoppers and fled to the swamp.

"Then did the sorcerer sit upon his heels, and I beheld he had but one eye, and he covered the other from the light.

"But the men in the camp shouted with a mighty shouting. And after their shouting I heard again the voices of angels saying--'He hath cast the lot for them, and His hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it forever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!'"

The speaker sat down, and one of the men remarked,

"So that's the way the battle of Tippecanoe looked to Johnny Appleseed."

But the smallest boy thoughtfully inquired--

"Say, Johnny, haven't the Indians any angels?"

"You'll wish they was with the angels if they ever get you by the hair," laughed one of the men.

Soldiers began moving their single cannon, a six pounder, from one blockhouse to another. All the men jumped up to help, as at the raising of a home, and put themselves in the way so ardently that they had to be ordered back.

When everybody but ourselves had left the starlit open place, Johnny Appleseed lay down and stretched his heels to the blaze. A soldier added another log, and kicked into the flame those fallen away. Though it was the end of July, Lake Erie cooled the inland forests.

Sentinels were posted in the blockhouses. Quiet settled on the camp; and I sat turning many things in my mind besides the impending battle. Napoleon Bonaparte had made a disastrous campaign in Russia. If I were yet in France; if the Marquis Du Plessy had lived; if I had not gone to Mittau; if the self I might have been, that always haunts us, stood ready to take advantage of the turn-------

Yet the thing which cannot be understood by men reared under old governments, had befallen me. I must have drawn the wilderness into my blood. Its possibilities held me. If I had stayed in France at twenty, I should have been a Frenchman. The following years made me an American. The passion that binds you to a land is no more to be explained than the fact that many women are beautiful, while only one is vitally interesting.

The wilderness mystic was sitting up looking at me.

"I see two people in you," he said.

"Only two?"

"Two separate men."

"What are their names?"

"Their names I cannot see."

"Well, suppose we call them Louis and Lazarre."

His eyes sparkled.

"You are a white man," he pronounced. "By that I mean you are not stained with many vile sins."

"I hadn't an equal chance with other men. I lost nine years."

"Mebby," hazarded Johnny Appleseed cautiously, "you are the one appointed to open and read what is sealed."

"If you mean to interpret what you read, I'm afraid I am not the one. Where did you get those leaves?"

"From a book that I divided up to distribute among the people."

"Doesn't that destroy the sense?"

"No. I carry the pages in their order from cabin to cabin."

He came around the fire with the lightness of an Indian, and gave me his own fragment to examine. It proved to be from the writings of one Emanuel Swedenborg.

With a smile which seemed to lessen the size of his face and concentrate its expression to a shining point, Johnny Appleseed slid his leather bags along the rope girdle and searched them, one after the other. I thought he wanted me to notice his apple seeds, and inquired how many kinds he carried. So he showed them in handfuls, brown and glistening, or gummed with the sweet blood of cider. These produced pippins; these produced russets; these produced luscious harvest apples, that fell in August bursting with juicy ripeness.

Dauphin - pl 61

Then he showed me another bagful which were not apple seeds at all, but neutral colored specks moving with fluid swiftness as he poured them from palm to palm.

"Do you know what this is?"

I told him I didn't.

"It's dogfennel seed."

I laughed, and asked him what kind of apples it bore.

Johnny Appleseed smiled at me again.

"It's a flower. I'm spreading it over the whole of Ohio and Indiana! It'll come up like the stars for abundance, and fill the land with rankness, and fever and ague will flee away!"

"But how about the rankness?"

"Fever and ague will flee away," he repeated , continuing his search through the bags.

He next brought out a parcel, wrapped up carefully in doe skin to protect it from the appleseeds; and turned foolish in the face, as bits of ribbon and calico fell out upon his knees.

"This isn't the one," he said, bundling it up and thrusting it back again."The little girls, they like to dress their doll-babies, so I carry patches for the little girls. Here 's what I was looking for."

It was another doeskin parcel, bound lengthwise and crosswise by thongs. These Johnny Appleseed reverently loosened, bringing forth a small book with wooden covers fastened by a padlock.

III

"Where did you get this?" I heard myself asking , a strange voice sounding far down the throat.

"From an Indian,"the mystic told me quietly."He said it was bad medicine to him.He never had any luck in hunting after it fell to his share, so he was glad to give it to me."

"Where did he get it?"

"His tribe took it from some prisoners they killed."

I was running blindly around in a circle to find relief from the news he dealt me, when the absurdity of such news overtook me. I stood and laughed.

"Who were the prisoners?"

"I don't know," answered Johnny Appleseed.

"How do you know the Indians killed them?"

"The one that gave me this book told me so."

"There are plenty of padlocked books in the world," I said jauntily. "At least there must be more than one. How long ago did it happen?"

"Not very long ago, I think; for the book was clean."

"Give it to me," I said, as if I cursed him.

"It's a sacred book,"he answered, hesitating.

"Maybe it's sacred. Let me see."

"There may be holy mysteries in it, to be read only of him who has the key."

"I have a key!"

I took it out of the snuffbox. Johnny Appleseed fixed his rapt eyes on the little object in my fingers.

"Mebby you are the one appointed to open and read what is sealed!"

"No, I 'm not! How could my key fit a padlocked book that belonged to prisoners killed by the Indians!"

He held it out to me and I took hold of the padlock.It was a small iron padlock, and the hole looked dangerously the size of my key.

"I can't do it!" I said.

"Let me try," said Johnny Appleseed.

"No!You might break my key in a strange padlock! Hold it still, Johnny. Please don't shake it."

"I'm not shaking it," Johnny Appleseed answered tenderly.

"There's only one way of proving that my key doesn't fit," I said, and thrust it in. The ward turned easily, and the padlock came away in my hand. I dropped it and opened the book. Within the lid a name was written which I had copied a thousand times---"Eagle Madeleine Marie De Ferrier."

Still I did not believe it. Nature protects us in our uttermost losses by a density through which conviction is slow to penetrate. In some mysterious way the padlocked book had fallen into strange hands, and had been carried to America.

"If Eagle were in America, I should know it. For De Chaumont would know it, and Skenedonk would find it out."

I stooped for the padlock, hooked it in place, and locked the book again.

"Is the message to you alone?" inquired Johnny Appleseed.

"Did you ever care for a woman?" I asked him.

Restless misery came into his eyes, and I noticed for the first time that he was not an old man; he could not have been above thirty-five. He made no answer; shifting from one bare foot to the other, his body settling and losing its Indian lightness.

"A woman gave me the key to this book. Her name is written inside the lid. I was to read it if it ever fell into my hands, after a number of years. Somebody has stolen it, and carried it among the Indians. But it's mine. Every shilling in my wallet, the clothes off my back you're welcome to"---

"I don't want your money or your clothes."

"But let me give you something in exchange for it."

"What do I need? I always have as much as I want. This is a serviceable coat, as good as any man need wish for; and the ravens feed me. And if I needed anything , could I take it for carrying a message? I carry good tidings of great joy among the people all the time. This is yours. Put it in your pocket."

I hid the padlocked book in the breast of my coat, and seized his wrist and his hand.

"Be of good courage, white double-man," said Johnny Appleseed. "The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and give you peace!"

He returned to his side of the fire and stretched himself under the stars, and I went to Croghan's quarters and lay down with my clothes on in the bunk assigned to me.

The book which I would have rent open at twenty, I now carried unsealed. The suspense of it was so sweet, and drew my thoughts from the other suspense which could not be endured. It was not likely that any person about Mont Louis had stolen the book, and wandered so far. Small as the volume was, the boards indented my breast and made me increasingly conscious of its presence. I waked in the night and held it.

Next morning Johnny Appleseed was gone from the fort, unafraid of war, bent only on carrying the apple of civilization into the wilderness. Nobody spoke about his absence, for shells began to fall around us. The British and Indians were were in sight; and General Proctor sent a flag of truce demanding surrender.

Major Croghan 's ensign approached the messenger with a flag in reply.

The women gathered their children as chickens under shelter. All in the fort were cheerful, and the men joked with the gush of humor which danger starts in Americans. I saw then the ready laugh that

Dauphin Jail Co

faced in its season what was called Indian summer, because the Indian took their advantage of the last pleasant weather to make raids. Such pioneers could speak lightly even of pawwawing time--the first pleasant February days, when Savages held councils before descending on the settlements.

Major Croghan and I watched the parley from one of the blockhouses that bastioned the place. Before it ended a Shawanoe sprang out of a ravine and snatched the ensign's sword. He gave it back reluctantly, and the British flag bearer hurried the American within the gates.

General Proctor regretted that so fine a young man as Major Croghan should fall into the hands of savages, who were not to be restrained.

"When this fort is taken," said Croghan on hearing the message, "there will be nobody left in it to kill."

British gunboats drawn up on the Sandusky river, and a howitzer on the shore, opened fire [redacted], and cannonaded all day with the poor execution of long range artillery. The northwestern angle of the fort was their target. Croghan foresaw that the enemy's intention was to make a breach and enter there. When night came again, his one six pounder was moved with much labor from that angle into the southwest blockhouse, as noiselessly as possible. He masked the embrasure and had the piece loaded with a double charge of slugs and grape shot and half a charge of powder. Perhaps the British thought [redacted] unprovided with any heavy artillery.

They were busy themselves, bringing three of the ineffectual six pounders and the howitzer, under darkness, within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort; giving a background of woods to their battery. About dawn we saw what they had been doing. They concentrated on the northwest angle; and still Croghan replied only with muskets, waiting for them to storm.

So it went on all day, the gun-proof block house ~~and~~ during its bombardment, and smoke thickening until it filled the stockade as water fills a well, and settled like fog between us and the enemy. An attack was made on the southern angle where the cannon was masked.

"This is nothing but a feint" Croghan said to the younger officers.

While that corner replied with musketry, he kept a sharp lookout for the safety of the northwest blockhouse.

One soldier was brought down the ladder and carried through the murky pall to the surgeon, who could do nothing for him. Another turned from a loop-hole with blood upon him, laughing at his mishap. For the grotesqueness and inconvenience of a wound are sometimes more swiftly felt than its pain. He came back presently with his shoulder bandaged and resumed his place at the loophole.

The exhilaration of that powder atmosphere and its heat made soldiers throw off their coats, as if the expanding human body was not to be confined in wrappings.

In ~~this~~ such twilight of war the twilight of Nature overtook us. Another feint was made to draw attention from a heavy force of as-

sailants creeping within twenty paces, under cover of smoke, to surprise the northwest blockhouse.

Musketry was directed against them: they hesitated. The commander led a charge, and himself sprang first into the ditch. We saw the fine fellows leaping to carry the blockhouse, every man determined to be first in making a breach. They filled the ditch.

This was the instant for which Croghan had waited. He opened the port-hole and unmasked his exactly trained cannon. It enfiladed the assailants, sweeping them at a distance of thirty feet: slugs and grape shot hissed, spreading fan rays of death! By the flash of the re-loaded six pounder, we saw the trench filled with dead and wounded.

The besiegers turned.

Croghan's sweating gunners swabbed and loaded and fired, roaring like lions.

The Indians, of whom there were nearly a thousand, were not in the charge, and when retreat began they went in panic. We could hear calls and yells, the clatter of arms, and a thumping of the earth; the strain of men tugging cannon ropes; the swift withdrawal of a routed force.

Two thousand more Indians approaching under Tecumseh, were turned back by refugees.

Croghan remarked, as we listened to the uproar, "Fort Stephenson can hardly be called untenable against heavy artillery."

Then ~~[illegible]~~ above cries in the ditch, which penetrated to women's ears. Neither side was able to help the wounded there. But before

the rout was complete, Croghan had water let down in buckets to relieve their thirst, and ordered a trench cut under the pickets of the stockade. Through this the poor wretches who were able to crawl came in and surrendered themselves and had their wounds dressed.

By three o'clock in the morning not a British uniform glimmered red through the dawn. The noise of retreat ended. Pistols and muskets strewed the ground. Even a sail boat was abandoned on the river, holding military stores and the clothing of officers.

"They thought General Harrison was coming," laughed Croghan, as he sat down to an early breakfast, having relieved all the living in the trench and detailed men to bury the dead. "We have lost one man, and have another under the surgeon's hands. Now I'm ready to appear before a court-martial for disobeying orders."

"You mean you're ready for your immortal page in history."

"Paragraph," said Croghan; "and the dislike of poor little boys and girls who will stick their fists in their eyes when they have to learn it at school."

Intense manhood ennobled his long, animated face. The President afterwards made him a lieutenant-colonel, and women and his superior officers praised him; but he was never more gallant than when he said

"My uncle, George Rogers Clarke, would have undertaken to hold this fort; and by heavens, we were bound to try it!"

The other young officers sat at mess with him, hilarious over the outcome, picturing General Proctor's state of mind when he learned the age of his conquorer.

Dauphin

A subaltern came to the mess room door, touching his cap and asking to speak with Major Croghan.

"The men working outside at the trenches saw a boy come up from the ravine, sir, and fall every few steps, so they've brought him in."

"Does he carry a dispatch?"

"No, sir. He isn't more than nine or ten years old. I think he was a prisoner."

"Is he a white boy?"

"Yes, sir, but he's dressed like an Indian."

"I think it unlikely the British would allow the Shawanoes to burden their march with any prisoners."

"Somebody had him, and I'm afraid he's been shot either during the action or in the retreat. He was hid in the ravine."

"Bring him here", said Croghan.

A boy with blue eyes set wide apart, hair clinging brightly and moistly to his pallid forhead, and mouth corners turning up in a courageous smile, entered and stood erect before the officer. He was a well made little fellow. His tiny buckskin hunting shirt was draped with a sash in the Indian fashion, showing the curve of his naked hip. Down this a narrow line of blood was moving. Children of refugees, full of pity, looked through the open door behind him.

"Go to him, Shipp," said Croghan, as the boy staggered. But he waved the ensign back.

"Who are you, my man?" asked the Major.

"I believe" he answered, "I am the Marquis De Ferrier".

IV

He pitched forward, and I was quicker than Ensign Shipp. I set him on my knees, and the surgeon poured a little watered brandy down his throat.

"Paul!" I said to him.

"Stand back," ordered the surgeon , as women followed their children, crowding the room.

"Do you know him, Lazarre?" asked Croghan.

"It's Madame De Ferrier's child."

"Not the baby I used to see at De Chaumont's ? What's he doing at Fort Stephenson?"

The women made up my bunk for Paul, and I laid him in it. Each wanted to take him to her care. The surgeon sent them to the cook house to brew messes for him, and stripped the child , finding a bullet wound in his side. Probing brought nothing out, and I did not ask a single question. The child should live. There could be not thought of anything else. While the surgeon dressed and bandaged that small hole like a sucked-in mouth, I saw the boy sitting on

saddle-bags behind me, his arms clipping my waist, while we threaded bowers of horse paths. I had not known how I wanted a boy to sit behind me! No wonder pioneer men were so confident and full of jokes: they had children behind them!

He was burning with fever. His eyes swam in it as he looked at me. He could not eat when food was brought him, but begged for water, and the surgeon allowed him what the women considered reckless quantities. Over stockades came the August rustle of the forest. And this day bird voices succeeded to the cannon's reverberations.

The surgeon turned everybody out but me, and looked in by times from his hospital of British wounded. I wiped the boy's forehead and gave him his medicine, fanning him all day long. He lay in stupor, and the surgeon said he was going comfortably, and would suffer little. Once in awhile he turned up the corners of his mouth and smiled at me, as if the opiate gave him blessed sensations. I asked the surgeon what I should do in the night if he came out of it and wanted to talk.

"Let him talk," said the doctor briefly.

Unlike the night before, this was a night of silence. Everybody slept, but the sentinels, and the men whose wounds kept them awake; and I was a sentinel, and a man whose wounds kept him awake both.

Paul's little hands were scratched; and there was a stone bruise on the heel he pushed from cover of the blankets. His male small body, compact of so much manliness, was fine and sweet. Though he bore no resemblance to his mother, it seemed to me that she lay

there for me to tend; and the change was no more an astounding miracle than the change of baby to boy.

I had him all that night for my own, putting every other thought out of mind and absorbing his presence. His forehead and his face lost their burning heat with the coolness of dawn, which blew our shaded candle, flowing from miles of fragrant oaks.

He awoke and looked all around the cabin. I tried to put his opiate into his mouth; but something restrained me. I held his hand to my cheek.

"I like you, "he spoke out."Don't you think my mother is pretty?"

I said I thought his mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. He curled up his mouth corners and gave me a blue eyed smile.

"My father is not pretty. But he is a [redacted] gentleman of France."

"Where are they, Paul?"

He turned a look upon me without answering.

"Paul," I said brutally,"tell me where your father and mother are."

He was so far gone that my voice recalled him.He simply knew me as a voice and a presence that he liked.

"With poor old Ernestine," he answered.

"And where is poor old Ernestine?"

He began to shake as if struck with a chill. I drew the blanket closer.

"Paul, you must tell me!"

He shook his head. His mouth worked, and his little breast went

into convulsions.

He shrieked and threw himself toward me. "My pretty little mother! I held him still in a tight grip. "My darling--don't start your wound!"

I could have beaten myself, but the surgeon afterwards told me the child was dying when he came into the fort. About dawn, when men's lives sink to their lowest ebb with night, his sank away. I smoothed his head and kissed and quieted him. Once he looked into space with blurred eyes, and curled up his mouth corners when I am sure he no longer saw me. Paul's unaccountable appearance at the fort. Thus swiftly ended [illegible]. It was like the falling of a slain bird out of the sky at my feet. The women were tender with his little body. They cried over him as they washed him for burial. The children went outside the stockade and brought green boughs and August wild flowers, bearing the early autumn colors of gold and scarlet. With these they bedded the child in his plank coffin, unafraid of his waxen sleep.

Before Croghan went to report to his General, he asked me where we should bury the little fellow.

"In the fort, by the southern blockhouse," I answered. "Let Fort Stephenson be his monument. It will stand here forever. The woods around it will be trampled by prowling savages, and later on by prowling white men. Within, nothing will obliterate the place. Give a little fellow a bed here, who died between two countries, and will never be a citizen of either."

"I don't want to make a graveyard of the fort," said Croghan. But

 End 64

he looked at Paul, bent low over him, and allowed him to be buried near the southwest angle.

There the child's bones rest to this day. The town of Fremont in the commonwealth of Ohio has grown up around them. Young children who climb the grassy bastion, may walk above his head, never guessing that a little gentleman of France, who died like a soldier of his wound, lies deeply cradled there.

Before throwing myself down in the dead heaviness which results from continual loss of sleep, I questioned the wounded British soldiers about Paul. None of them had seen him. Straggling bands of Indians continually joined their force. Captives were always a possibility in the savage camp. Paul might have been taken hundreds of miles away.

But I had the padlocked book, which might tell the whole story. With desperate haste that could hardly wait to open the lids, I took it out, wondering at the patience which long self restraint had bred in me. I was very tired, and stretched my arms across the pillow where Paul's head had lain, to rest one instant. But I must have slept. My hand woke first, and feeling itself empty, grasped at the book. It was gone, and so was the sun.

I got a light and searched, thrusting my arm between the bunk and the log wall. It was not on the floor, or in my breast pocket, or in my saddlebags.

The robbery was unendurable. And I knew the Indian who had done it. He was the quietest, most stubborn Oneida that ever followed

Dan Johnson . Jul 64

an adopted white man. Why he had taken the book I could not understand. But I was entirely certain that he had taken it out of my hand while I slept. He would not break the padlock and read it, but like a judicious father he would take care of a possibly unwholesome volume himself.

I went out and found the bald headed and well beloved wretch. He was sitting with his knees to his chin by the evening log fire.

"Skenedonk," I said, "I want my book."

"Children and books make a woman of you," he responded. "You had enough books at Longmeadow."

"I want it at once," I repeated.

"It's sorcery," he answered.

"It's a letter from Madame De Ferrier, and may tell where she is."

His fawn eyes were startled, but he continued to hug his knees.

"Skenedonk, I can't quarrel with you. You were my friend [redacted] before I could remember. When you know I am so bound to you, how can you deal me a deadly hurt?"

"White woman sorcery is the worst sorcery. You thought I never saw it. But I did see it. You went after her to Paris. You did not think of being the king. So you had to come back with nothing. That's what woman sorcery does. Now you have power with the tribes. The President sees you are a big [redacted] man! And she sends a book to you to bewitch you! I knew she sent the book as soon as I saw it."

"Do you think she sent Paul?"

He made no answer.

"Madame De Ferrier does not know I have the book."

"You haven't it," said Skenedonk.

"But you have."

"~~It she~~ wrote and sent a letter ~~she~~ she expect it ~~would~~ would be received."

"When I said a letter I meant what is called a journal: the writing down of what happens daily. Johnny Appleseed got the book from an Indian. ~~That is~~ That is how it was sent to me."

"If you read it you will want to drop everything else and go to find her."

This was the truth, for I was not under military law.

"Where is the book?"

"Down my back," said Skenedonk.

I felt the loose buckskin.

"It isn't there."

"In my front," said Skenedonk.

I ran my hand over his chest, finding nothing but bone and brawn.

"There is is," he said, pointing to a curled wisp of board at the edge of the fire."I burnt it."

"Then you've finished me."

I turned and left him sitting like an image by the fire.

V

Before I left Fort Stephenson, I wrote a letter to Count De Chaumont, telling him about Paul's death and asking for news of the De Ferriers. The answer I begged him to send to Sandusky, which the British now dispaired of taking. But although Skenedonk made a long journey for it twice during the half year, I got no answer.

The dangerous work of the next few months became like a long debauch. Awake, we were dodging betwixt hostile tribes, or dealing with those inclined to peace. Asleep, I was too exhausted to dream. It was a struggle of the white force of civilization with the red sense of injustice. I wrestled with Algonquin dialects as I had wrestled with Greek. Ottawas and Chippewas, ~~who had~~ long ~~were~~ friendly to the French, came more readily than other tribes to agreement with Americans.

Wherever I went I pushed the quest that was uppermost in my mind, but without finding any trace of Madame De Ferrier.

From the measure ~~was being~~ constantly taken betwixt other men of my time and myself, the positive knowledge ~~within~~ ~~brought~~ ~~out of~~ this results.

In spite of the fact that many treated me as a prince, I found myself an average man. I had no military genius. In argument, ~~Eloquent~~, persuasive, graceful; not sweeping and powerful, were the adjectives applied to me. I should have made a jog-trot king, no better than my uncle of Provence; no worse than my uncle of Artois, who would rather saw wood than reign a constitutional monarch, and when the French afterward turned him out to saw wood. My reign might have been neat; it would never have been gaudily splendid. As an average man, I could well hold my own in the world.

Perry on the lakes, General Jackson in the southwest, Harrison in the west, and Lawrence on the ocean were pushing the war towards its close; though as late as spring the national capitol was burned by the British, and a gentleman whom they gaily called "Old Jimmy Madison", temporarily driven out. But the battle on the little River Thames, in October, settled matters in the Northwest.

The next April, after Leipsic, Napoleon Bonaparte was banished to the island of Elba; and Louis XVIII passed from his latest refuge at Hartwell House in England, to London; where the Prince Regent honored him and the whole capitol cheered him; and thence to Paris where he was proclaimed king of France. We heard of it in due course, as ships brought news. I was serving with the American forces.

The world is fluid to a boy. He can do and dare anything. But it hardens around a man and becomes a wall through which he must cut. I felt the wall close around me.

In September I was wounded at the battle of Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. Three men, besides the General and the doctor, and my Oneida, showed a differing interest in me, while I lay with a gap

Dauphin - pal 65

under my left arm, in a hospital tent.

First came Count De Chaumont, his face plowed with lines; no longer the trim gentleman, youthfully easy, and ~~at~~ his full maturity, that he had been when I first saw him at close range.

He sat down on a camp seat by my cot, and I asked him before he could speak —

"Where is Madame De Ferrier?"

"She's dead", he answered.

"I don't believe it."

"You're young. I'm going back to France for a while. France will not be what it was under the Empire. I'm tired of most things, however, and my holdings here make me independent of changes there."

"What reason have you to think that she is dead?"

"Do you know the Indiana Territory well?"

"The northern part only."

"It happened in what was called the Pigeon Roost Settlement at the fork of the White River. The Kickapoos and Winnebagos did it. There were about two dozen people in the settlement."

"I asked how you know these things."

"I have some of the best Indian runners that ever trod moccasins, and when I set them to scouting, they generally find what I want; — so I know a great many things."

"But Paul —

"It's an old custom to adopt children into the tribes. You know your father, Chief Williams, is descended from a white girl who

was a prisoner. There were about two dozen people in the settlement, men, women and children. The majority of the children were dashed against trees. It has been consolation to me to think she did not survive in the hands of savages."

The hidden causes which work out results never worked out a result more improbable. I lay silent, and De Chaumont said,

"Do you remember the night you disappeared from the Tuileries?"

"I remember it."

"You remember we determined not to let the Marquis De Ferrier see Napoleon. When you went down the corridor with Eagle I thought you were luring him. But she told us afterward you were threatened with arrest, and she helped you out of the Tuileries by a private stairway."

"Did it make any stir in the palace?"

"No. I saw one man hurrying past us. But nobody heard of the arrest except Eagle."

"How did she get out?"

"Out of what?"

"The queen's closet."

"She was in the garden. She said she went down the private stairway to avoid the gendarme. She must have done it cleverly, for she came in on the arm of Junot, and the matter was not noticed. There [illegible] blood my emergency facing me again. You had deserted. What made you imagine you were threatened with arrest?"

"Because a gendarme in court dress laid his hand on my shoulder

and told me I was to come with him."

"Well, you may have drawn the secret police upon you. You had been cutting a pretty figure. It was probably wise to drop between walls and get out of France. Do you know why you were arrested? "

"I think the groundless charge would have been an attack upon Napoleon."

"You never attacked the emperor?"

"No. But I had every reason to believe such a charge would be sworn against me if I ever came to trial."

"Perhaps that silly dauphin story leaked out in Paris. The emperor does hate a Bourbon. But I thought you had tricked me. And the old marquis never took his eyes off the main issue. He gave Eagle his arm, and was ready to go in and thank the emperor."

"You had to tell him?"

"I had to tell him."

""hat did he say?"

"Not a word. All the blood seemed to be drawn out of his veins, and his face fell in. Then it burned red hot, and instead of good friend and benefactor, I saw myself a convict. His big staring blue eyes came out of a film like an owl's, and shot me through. I believe he saw everything I ever did in my life, and my intentions about Eagle most plainly of all. He bowed and wished me good night, and took her out of the Tuileries."

"But you saw him again?"

"He never let me see him again, or her either. I am certain he forbade her to communicate with us. They did not go back to Mont

Louis. They left their hotel in Paris. I wrote imploring him to hold the estates. My messages were returned. I don't know how he got money enough to emigrate. But emigrate they did; avoiding Castorland, where the Saint-Michells, who brought her up, lived in comfort, and might have comforted her, and where I could have made her life easy. He probably dragged her through depths of poverty, before they joined a company bound for the Indiana Territory, where the Pigeon Roost settlement was planted. I have seen old Saint-Michells work at clearing, and can imagine the Marquis De Ferrier sweating weakly while he chopped trees. It is a satisfaction to know they had Ernestine with them. De Ferrier might have plowed with Eagle," said the count hotly. "He never hesitated to make use of her."

While I had been living a monk's studious, well-provided life, was she toiling in the fields? I groaned aloud.

De Chaumont dropped his head on his breast.

"It hurts me more than I care to let anybody but you know, Lazarre. If I hadn't received that letter I should have avoided you. I wish you had saved Paul. I would adopt him."

"I think not, my dear count."

"Nonsense, boy! I wouldn't let you have him."

"You have a child."

"Her husband has her. But let us not pitch and toss words. No use quarreling over a dead boy. What right have you to Eagle's child?"

"Not your right of faithful useful friendship. Only my own right."

"What's that?"

"Nothing that she ever admitted."

"I was afraid of you," said De Chaumont, "when you flowered out with old Du Plessy, like an heir lost in emigration and found again. You were a startling fellow, ~~[illegible]~~ dropped on the Faubourg; and anything was possible under the Empire. You know I never believed the dauphin nonsense, but a few who remembered, said you looked like the king. You were the king to her; above mating with the best of the old nobility. She wouldn't have married you."

"Did she ever give you reason to think she would marry you?"

"She never gave me reason to think she would marry anybody. — But what's the use of groaning? There's distraction abroad. I took the trails to see you, when I heard you were with the troops on Champlain: I shall be long in France. What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Nothing, count. You have already done much."

"She had a foolish interest in you. The dauphin! --Too good to sit at table with us, you raw savage! — Had to be waited on by old Jean! And she would have had me serve you, myself!"

He laughed, and so did I. We held hands, clinging in fellowship.

"I might not have refused your service;like Marquis De Ferrier."

The count's face darkened.

Dauphin pal 64

"I'll not abuse him. He's dead."

"Are you sure he's dead this time, count?"

"A Kickapoo is carrying his scalp. Trust my runners. They have traced him so much for me they know the hair on his stubborn head. I must go where I can have amusement, Lazarre. This country is a young man's country. I'm getting old. Adieu. You're one of the young men."

Some changes of light and darkness passed over me, and the great anguish of my wound increased until there was no rest [redacted]. However, the next man who visited me stood forth at the side of the stretcher as Bellenger. I thought I dreamed him, being light headed with fever. He was unaccountably weazened, robbed of juices, and powdering to dust on the surface. His mustache had grown again, and he carried it over his ears in the ridiculous manner affected when I saw him in the fog.

"Where's your potter's wheel?" I inquired.

"In the woods by Lake George, sire."

"Do you still find clay that suits you?"

"Yes, sire."

"Have you made that vase yet?"

"No, sire. I succeed in nothing."

"You succeed in tracking me."

He swam before my eyes, and I pointed to the surgeon's camp chair.

"Not in your presence, sire."

"Have you lost your real dauphin?" I inquired.

"I have the honor of standing before the real dauphin."

"So you swore at Mittau!"

"I perjured myself."

"Well, what are you doing now?"

"Sire, I am a man in failing health. Before the end I have come to tell you the truth."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"Sire," said Bellenger.

"Your king is Louis XVIII," I reminded him.

"He is not my king."

"Taken your pension away, has he?"

"I no longer receive anything from that court."

"And your dauphin?"

"He was left in Europe."

"Look here, Bellenger! Why did you treat me so? Dauphin or no dauphin, what harm was I doing you?"

"I thought a strong party was behind you. And I knew there had been double dealing with me. You represented some invisible power tricking me. I was beside myself, and faced it out in Mittau. I have been used shamefully, and thrown aside when I am failing. Hiding out in the hills ruined my health."

"Let us get to facts, if you have any. Do you know anything

about me, Bellenger?"

"Yes, sire."

"Who am I?"

"Louis XVII of France."

"What proof can you give me?"

"First, sire, permit a man who has been made a wretched tool, to implore forgiveness of his rightful sovereign, and a little help to reach a warmer climate before the rigors of a northern winter begin."

"Bellenger, you are entrancing," I said. "Why did I ever take you seriously?" Ste. Pélagie was a grim joke, and tipping in the river merely your playfulness. You better take yourself off now, and keep on walking until you come to a warmer climate."

He wrung his hands with a gesture that touched my natural softness to my enemy.

"Talk, then. Talk, man. What have you to say?"

"This first, sire. That was a splendid dash you made into France!"

"And what a splendid dash I made out of it again, with a gendarme at my coat tails, and you behind the gendarme!"

"But it was the wrong time. If you were there now; --the French people are so changeable" —

"I shall never be there again. His majesty the eighteenth Louis is welcome. What the blood stirs in me to know is, have I

a right to the throne?"

"Sire, the truth as I know it, I will tell you. You were the boy taken from the Temple prison."

"Who did it?"

"Agents of the royalist party whose names would mean nothing to you if I gave them."

"I was placed in your hands?"

"You were placed in my hands to be taken to America."

"I was with you in London, where two royalists who knew me, recognized me?"

"The two De Ferriers."

"Did a woman named Madame Tank see me ~~about that time~~?"

Bellenger was startled.

"You were noticed on the ship by a court lady of Holland; a very clever courtier. Suspected too much and asked too many questions and I had trouble in evading her. She would have you to play with her baby on the deck, though at that time you noticed nothing."

"But where does the idiot come into my story?"

"Sire, you have been unfortunate, but I have been a victim. When we landed in New York I went directly and made myself known to the man who was to act as purveyor of your majesty's pension. He astonished me by declaring that the dauphin was already there, and had claimed the pension for that year. The country and the language were unknown to me. The agent spoke French, It is true, ~~in a wretched fashion~~

but we hardly understood each other. I supposed I had nothing to do but present my credentials. Here was another idiot — I crave your majesty's pardon" —

"Quite right—at the time, Bellenger"

—"drawing the annuity intended for the dauphin. I inquired into his rights. The agent showed me papers like my own. I asked who presented them. He knew no more of the man than he did of me. I demanded to face the man. No such person could be found. I demanded to see the idiot. He was shut in a room and fed by a hired keeper. I sat down and thought much. Clearly it was not the agent's affair. He followed instructions. Good! I would follow instructions also. Months would have been required to ask and receive explanations from the court of Monsieur. He had assumed the title of Louis XVIII, as if there were no prince. I thought I saw what was expected of me."

"And what did you see, you unspeakable scoundrel?"

"I saw that there was a dauphin too many, hopelessly idiotic. But if he was the one to be guarded, I would guard him."

(I insert) "And what did you do with me?" "Who was that idiot?! Some unknown pauper. No doubt of that."

"A chief of the Iroquois Indians can tell you that."

"This is a clumsy story, Bellenger. Try again."

"Sire"—

"If you knew so little of the country, how did you find an Iroquois chief?"

"I met him in the woods when he was hunting. I offered to

Dauphin fol 67

give you to him, pretending you had the annuity from Europe. Sire, I do not know why trickery was practiced on me, or who practiced it: why such pains were taken to mix the clues which led to the dauphin. But afterwards the same agent had orders to give you two-thirds and me only one-third of the yearly sum. I thought the court was in straits,-when both Russia and Spain supported it! I was nothing but a court painter. But when you went to France, I blocked your way with all the ingenuity I could bring."

"I would like to ask you, Bellenger, what a man is called who attempts the life of his king?"

"Sire, the tricks of royalists pitted us against each other."

"That's enough, Bellenger. I don't believe a word you say, excepting that part of your story agreeing with Madame De Ferrier's. Put your hand under my pillow and find my wallet. Now help yourself, and never let me see you again."

"He helped himself to everything except a few shillings, weeping because his necessities were so great. But I told him I was used to being robbed, and he had done me all the harm he could; so his turn to pluck me naturally followed.

Then I softened, as I always do towards the party of the other part, and added that we were on the same footing; I had been a pensioner myself.

"Sire, I thank you", said Bellenger, having shaken the wallet and poked his fingers into the lining where an unheard of gold piece could have lodged.

"It tickles my vanity to be called sire".

"You are a true prince," said Bellenger. "My life would be well spent if I could see you restored to your own."

"So I infer, from the valuable days you have spent trying to bring that result about."

"Your majesty is sure of finding support in France."

"The last king liked to tinker with clocks. Perhaps I like to tinker with Indians."

"Sire, it is due to your birth"—

"Never mind my birth, " I said. "I'm busy with my life."

He bowed himself out of my presence without turning. This tribute to royalty should have touched me. He took a handsome adieu, and did not afterward seek further reward for his service. I heard in the course of years that he died in New Orleans, confessing much regarding myself to people who cared nothing about it, and thought him crazy. They doubtless had reason, so erratic was the wanderer whom I had first conciously seen through Lake George fog. His behavior was no more incredible than the behavior of other Frenchmen who put a hand to the earlier years of their prince's life.

The third to appear at my tent door was Chief Williams, himself. The surgeon told him outside the tent that it was a dangerous wound. He had little hope for me, and I had indifferent hope myself, lying in torpor and finding it an effort to speak. But after several days of effort I did speak.

The Chief sat beside me, concerned and silent.

"Father", I said.

The chief harkened near to my lips.

"Tell me,"I begged, after resting, "who brought me to you "

His dark sullen face became tender. "It was a Frenchman, " he answered."I was hunting and met him on the lake with two boys. He offered to give you to me. We had just lost a son."

When I had rested again, I asked,

"Do you know anything else about me?"

"No."

The subject was closed between us. And all subjects were closed betwixt the world and me, for my face turned the other way. The great void of which we know nothing, but which our faith teaches us to bridge, opened for me.

VI

But the Chief's and Skenedonk's nursing and Indian remedies brought me face earthward again, reviving the surgeon's hope.

When blood and life mounted, and my torn side sewed up its gap in a healthy scar, adding another to my collection, autumn was upon us. From the hunting lodges on Lake George, and the Williamses of Longmeadow, I went to the scorched capitol of Washington. In the end the Government helped me with my Indian plan, though when Skenedonk and I pushed out toward the Illinois Territory we had only my pay and a grant of land. Peace was not formally made until December, but the war ended that summer.

Man's success in the world is proportioned to the number of forces he can draw around himself to work with him. I have been able to draw some forces; though in matters where most people protect themselves, I have a quality of asinine patience which the French would not have tolerated.

The Oneidas were ready to follow wherever I led them. And so

were many families of the Iroquois Federation. But the Mohawk tribe held back. However, I felt confident of material for an Indian state when the foundation should be laid.

We started lightly equipped upon the horse paths. The long journey by water and shore brought us in September to the head of Green Bay. We had seen Lake Michigan, and the light transparent blueness, with fire ripples chasing from the sun set. And we had rested at noon in plum groves on the vast prairies, oases of fertile deserts, where pink and white fruit dropped at our feet, so ripe that the sun preserved it in its juice. The freshness of the new world continually flowed around us. We shot deer. Wolves sneaked upon our trail. We slept with our heels to the camp fire, and our heads on our saddles. Sometimes we built a hunter's shed, open at front and sloping to ground at back. To find out how the wind blew, we stuck a finger in our mouths and held it up. The side which became cold first was the side of the wind.

Physical life riots in the joy of its revival. I was so glad to be alive after touching death that I could think of Madame De Ferrier without pain, and say more confidently – "She is not dead," because resurrection was working in myself.

Green Bay or La Baye, as the fur hunters called it, was a little post almost like a New England village among its elms: one street and a few outlying houses beside the Fox River. The open world had been our tavern; or any sod or log hut cast up like a burrow of human prairie dogs or moles. We did not expect to find a tavern in

Green Bay. Yet such a place was pointed out to us near the Fur Company's block warehouse. It had no sign post, and the only visible stable was a pen of logs. Though negro slaves were owned in the Illinois Territory, we saw none when a red-headed man rushed forth shouting,

"Sam, you lazy nigger, come here and take the gentleman's horses! Where is that Sam? Light down, sir, with your Indian, and I will lead your beasts to the hostler myself."

In the same way our host provided a supper and bed with armies of invisible servants. Skenedonk climed a ladder to the loft with our saddlebags.

"Where is that chambermaid?" cried the tavern keeper.

"Yes, where is she?" said a man who lounged on a bench by the entrance. "I've heard of her so often I would like to see her myself."

The landlord, deaf to raillery, bustled about and spread our table in his public room.

"Corn bread, hominy, side meat, ven'zin, " he shouted into the kitchen. "Stir yourself, you black rascal, and dish up the gentleman's supper."

Skenedonk walked boldly to the kitchen door and saw our landlord stewing and broiling, performing the offices of cook as he had performed those of stableman. He kept on scolding and harrying the people who should have been at his command. "Step around lively, Sam." Tell the gentleman the black bottle is in the fire-place

Dauphin Co. 68

cupboard if he wants to sharpen his appetite. "Where is that little nigger that picks up chips?" "Bring me some more wood from the wood-pile!" I'll teach you to go to sleep behind the door!"

Our host served us himself, running with sleeves turned back to admonish an imaginary cook. His tap room was the fire-place cupboard, and it was visited while we ate our supper, by men in elk-skin trousers, and caps and hooded capotes of blue cloth. These Canadians mixed their own drink, and make a cross-mark on the inside of the cupboard door, using a system of bookkeeping evidently agreed upon between themselves and the landlord. He shouted for the lazy bar-keeper, who answered nothing out of nothingness.

Nightfall was very clear and fair in this Northwestern territory. A man felt nearer to the sunset. The region took hold upon me: particularly when one who was neither a warehouseman nor a Canadian fur hunter, hurried in and took me by the hand.

"I am Pierre Grignon," he said.

Indeed if he had held his fiddle, and tuned it upon an arm not quite so stout, I should have known without being told that he was the man who had played in the Saint-Michel cabin while Anabel De Chaumont climbed the chimney.

We sat and talked until the light faded. The landlord brought a candle, and yelled up the loft, where Skenedonk had already stretched himself in his blanket, as he loved to do,

"Chambermaid, light up!"

"You drive your slaves too hard, landlord" said Pierre Grignon.

"You'd think I hadn't any, Mr. Grignon; for they're never in the way when they're wanted."

"One industrious man you certainly have."

"Yes, Sam is a good fellow; but I'll have to go out and wake him up and make him rub the horses down."

"Never mind," said Pierre Grignon. "I'm going to take these travellers home with me."

"Now I know how a tavern ought to be kept," said the landlord. "But what's the use of my keeping one if Pierre Grignon carries off all the guests?"

"He is my old friend," I told the landlord.

"He's old friend to everybody that comes to Green Bay. I'll never get so much as a sign painted to hang in front of the Palace Tavern."

I gave him twice his charges and he said,

"What a loss it was to enterprise in the Bay when Pierre Grignon came here and built for the whole United States!"

The Grignon house, whether built for the whole United States or not, was the largest in Green Bay. Its lawn sloped down to the Fox River. It was a huge square of oak timbers, with a detached kitchen, sheltered by giant elms. To this day it stands defying time with its darkening frame like some massive rock, the fan windows in the gables keeping guard north and south.

A hall divided the house through the center, and here Madame Grignon welcomed me as if I were a long expected guest, for this was her custom; and as soon as she clearly remembered me, led me into a drawing-room where a stately old lady sat making lace.

This was the grandmother of the house. Such a house would have been incomplete without a grandmother at the hearth.

The furniture of this hall or family room had been brought from Montreal; spindle chairs and a pier table of mahogany; a Turkey carpet, laid smoothly on the polished floor to be spurned aside by young dancers there; some impossible sea pictures, with patron saints in the clouds over mariners; an immense stuffed sofa, with an arm dividing it across the center;— the very place for those head-to-head conversations with young men which the girls of the house called "twosing". It was, in fact, the favorite "twosing" spot of Green Bay.

Stools there were for children, and arm chairs for old people were not lacking. The small yellow spinning wheel of Madame Ursule, as I found afterwards Madame Grignon was commonly called, stood ready to revolve its golden disc wherever she sat.

The servants were Pawnee Indians, moving about their duties almost with stealth.

The little Grignon daughter who had stood lost in wonder at the dancing of Anabel De Chaumont, was now a turner of heads herself, all flax and white, and contrasting with the darkness of Katarina

Katarina was

Tank, ~~who had been~~ taken home to the Grignon's after her mother's death. Both girls had been educated in Montreal.

"The seignorial state in which Pierre Grignon lived became at once evident. I found it was the custom during Advent for all the villagers to meet in his house and sing hymns. On Christmas day his tables were loaded for everybody who came. If anyone died, he was brought to Pierre Grignon's for prayer, and after his burial, the mourners went back to Pierre Grignon's for supper. Pierre Grignon and his wife were god-father and god-mother to most of the children born at La Baye. If a child was left without father and mother, Pierre Grignon's house became its asylum until a home could be found for it. The few American officers stationed at the old stockade, nearly every evening met the beauties of Green Bay at Pierre Grignon's, and if he did not fiddle for them he led Madame in the dancing. The grandmother, herself sometimes took her stick and stepped through a measure to please the young people. Laughter and the joy of life filled the house every waking hour of the twenty-four. Funerals were never horrible there. Instead, they seemed the mystic beginning of better things.

"Poor Madame Tank! She would have been so much more comfortable in her death if she had relieved her mind," Madame Ursule said, the first evening, as we sat in a pause of the dancing. "She used to speak of you often, for seeing you made a great impression upon her, and she never let us forget you. I am sure she knew more about you than she ever told me. 'I have an important disclosure to make,'

she says. 'Come around me, I want all of you to hear it!' Then she fell back and died without telling it."

A touch of mystery was not lacking to the house. Several times I saw the tail of a gray gown disappear through an open door. Some woman half entered and drew back.

"It's Madeleine Jordan," an inmate told me each time. "She avoids strangers."

I asked if Madeleine Jordan was a relative.

"Oh, no," Madame Ursule replied; "but the family who brought her here went back to Canada, and of course they left her with us."

Of course Madeleine Jordan, or anybody else who lacked a roof, would be left with the Grignon's; but in that house a hermit seemed out of place, and I said so to Madame Ursule.

"Poor child!" she responded. "I think she likes the bustle and noise. She is not a hermit. What difference can it make to her whether people are around her or not?"

The subject of Madeleine Jordan was no doubt beyond a man's handling. I had other matters to think about, and directly plunged into them. First the Menomonees and Winnebagoes must be assembled in Council; for they held all the desirable land.

"We don't like your Indian scheme in Green Bay," said Pierre Grignon. "But if the tribes there are willing to sell their lands, [redacted], other settlers can't prevent it."

He went with me to meet the savages on the opposite side of the Fox near the stockade. There the talking and eating lasted two days.

Dauphin - fol 69

At the end of that time I had a footing for our Iroquois in the Wisconsin portion of the Illinois Territory; and the savages who granted it danced a war dance in our honor. Every brave shook over his head the scalps he had taken. I saw one cap of soft long brown hair.

"Eh!" said Pierre Grignon, sitting beside me. "Their dirty trophies make you ghastly! Do your eastern tribes never dance war dances?"

After the land was secured its boundaries had to be set. Then my own grant demanded attention; and last, I was anxious to put my castle on it before snow flew. Many of those late autumn nights Skenedonk and I spent camping. The outdoor life was a joy to me. Our land lay up the Fox River and away from the bay. But more than one stormy autumn evening, when we came back to the bay for supplies, I plunged into the rolling water and swam breasting the waves. It is good to be hardy, and sane, and to take part in the visible world, whether you are great and have your heart's desire or not.

When we had laid the foundation of the Indian settlement, I built my house with the help of skilled men. It was a spacious one of hewn logs, chinked with cat-and-clay plaster, showing its white ribs on a hill above the Fox. In time I meant to cover the ribs with perennial vines. There was a spring near the porches. The woods banked me on the rear, and an elm spread its colossal umbrella over the roof. Fertile fields spread at my left, and on

my right a deep ravine lined with white birches, carried a stream to the Fox.

From my stronghold to the river was a long descent. The broadening and narrowing channel could be seen for miles. A bushy island, beloved of wild ducks, parted the water, lying as Moses hid in osiers, amidst tall growths of wild oats. Lilypads stretched their pavements in the oats Beyond were rolling banks, and beyond those, wooded hills stretching terrace over terrace to the dawn. Many a sunrise was to come to me over those hills. Oaks and pines and sumach gathered to my doorway.

In my mind I saw the garden we afterward created; with many fruit trees, beds and winding walks, trellised seats, squares of flaming tulips, phlox, hollyhocks, roses. It should reach down into the ravine, where humid ferns and rocks met plants that love darkling ground. Yet it should not be too dark. I would lop boughs rather than have a growing thing spindle as if rooted in Ste. Pélagie! -- and no man who loves trees can do that without feeling the knife at his heart. What is long growing is precious like the immortal part of us. The stoicism that comes of endurance has something of death in it. I prepared a home without thought of putting any wife therein. I had grown used to being alone, with the exception of Skenedonk's taciturn company. The house was for castle and resting place after labor. I took satisfaction in the rude furniture we made for it. In after years it became filled with rich gifts from the other side of the world, and books that

have gladdened my heart. Yet in its virginhood, before pain or joy or achievement had entered there, before spade struck the ground which was to send up food, my holding on the earth's surface made me feel prince of a principality.

The men hewed a slab settle, and stationed it before the hearth, a thing of beauty in its rough and lichen tinted barks, though you may not believe it. My floors I would have smooth and neatly joined, of hard woods which give forth a shining for wear and polish. Stools I had, easily made, and one large round of a tree for my table, like an Eastern tabouret.

Before the river closed and winter shut in, Skenedonk and I went back to Green Bay. I did not know how to form my household, and had it in mind to consult Madame Ursule. Pawnees could be had: and many French landholders in the territory owned black slaves. Pierre Grignon himself kept one little negro like a monkey among the stately Indians.

Dealing with acres, and with people wild as flocks, would have been worth while if nothing had resulted except our welcome back to Pierre Grignon's open house. The grandmother hobbled on her stick across the floor to give me her hand. Madame Ursule reproached me with delaying, and Pierre said it was high time to seek winter quarters. The girls recounted harvest reels and even weddings, with dances following, which I had lost while away from the center of festivity.

The little negro carried my saddlebags to the guest room, Skenedonk was to sleep on the floor. Abundant preparations for the

evening meal were going forward in the kitchen. As I mounted the stairway at Madame Ursule's direction, I heard a tinkle of china, her very best, which adorned racks and dressers, being set forth on the mahogany board.

The upper floor of Pierre Grignon's house was divided by a hall similar to the one below. I ran upstairs -- and halted.

Standing with her back to the fading light which came through one fan window at the hall end, was a woman's figure in a gray dress. I gripped the rail.

My first thought was -- "How shall I tell her about Paul?" -- My next was -- "What is the matter with her?"

She rippled from head to foot in the shiver of rapture peculiar to her, and stretched her arms to me crying --

"Paul! Paul!"

End 70

Dauphin pre 70

VII

"Oh, Madam!" I said, bewildered, and sick as from a stab. It was no comfort that the high lady who scarcely allowed me to kiss her hand before we parted, clung around my neck. She trembled against me.

"Have you come back to your mother, Paul?"

"Eagle!" I pleaded. "Don't you know me? You surely know Lazarre!"

She kissed me, pulling my head down in her arms, the velvet mouth like a baby's, and looked straight into my eyes.

"Madam, try to understand! I am Louis! If you forget Lazarre, try to remember Louis!"

She heard with attention, and smiled. The pressure of my arms spoke to her. A man's passion addressed itself to a little child. All other barriers which had stood between us were nothing to this. I held her, and she could never be mine. She was not ill in body; the contours of her upturned face were round and softened with much smiling. But mind-sickness robbed me of her in the moment of

finding her.

"She can't be insane!" I said aloud " Oh, God, anything but that! She was not a woman that could be so wrecked."

Like a fool I questioned, and tried to get some explanation.

Eagle smoothed my arm, nested her hand in my neck.

"My little boy! He has grown up to be a man — while his mother has grown down to be a child! Do you know what I am now, Paul?"

I choked a sob in my throat and told her I did not.

"I am your Cloud-Mother. I live in a cloud. Do you love me while I am in the cloud?"

I told her I loved her with all my strength, in the cloud or out of it.

"Will you take care of me as I used to take care of you?"

I swore to the Almighty that she should be my future care.

"I need you so! I have watched for you in the woods and on the water, Paul! You have been long coming back to me."

I heard Madame Ursule mounting the stairs to see if my room was in order.

Who could understand the relation in which Eagle and I now stood, and the claim she made upon me? She clung to my arm when I took it away. I led her by the hand. Even this sight caused Madame Ursule a shock at the head of the stairs.

"M's'r Williams!"

My hostess paused and looked at us.

"Did she come to you of her own accord?"

"Yes, madame."

"I never knew her to notice a stranger before."

"Madame, do you know who this is?"

"Madeleine Jordan."

"It is the Marquise De Ferrier."

"The Marquise De Ferrier?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you know her?"

"I have known her ever since I can remember."

"The Marquise De Ferrier! But, M's'r Williams, did she know you?"

"She knows me," I asserted. "But not as myself. I am sure she knows me! But she confuses me with the child she lost! I cannot explain to you, madame, how positive I am that she recognizes Me; any more than I can explain why she will call me Paul. I think I ought to tell you, so you will see the position in which I am placed, that this lady is the lady I once hoped to marry."

"Saints have pity, M's'r Williams!"

"I want to ask you some questions."

"Bring her down to the fire. Come, dear child." said Madame Ursule, coaxing Eagle. "Nobody is there. The bedrooms can never be so warm as the log fire; and this is a bitter evening."

The family room was unlighted by candles, as often happened. For such an illumination in the chimney must have quenched any paler glare. We had a few moments of brief privacy from the swarming life which constantly passed in and out.

I placed Eagle by the fire and she sat there obediently, while I talked to Madame Ursule apart.

"Was her mind in this state when she came to you?"

"She was even a little wilder than she is now. The girls have been a benefit to her."

"They were not afraid of her?"

"Who could be afraid of the dear child? She is a lady- that's plain. Ah, M'sr Williams, what she must have gone through!"

"Yet see how happy she looks!"

"She always seemed happy enough. She would come to this house. So when the Jordans went to Canada, Pierre and I both said, 'Let her stay'".

"Who were the Jordans?"

"The only family that escaped with their lives from the massacre when she lost her family. Madame Jordan told me the whole story. They had friends among the Winnebagoes who protected them."

"Did they give her their name?"

"No, the people in La Baye did that. We knew she had another name. But I think it very likely her title was not used in the

settlement where they lived. Titles are no help in pioneering."

"Did they call her Madeleine?"

"She calls herself Madeleine."

"How long has she been with your family?"

"Nearly a year."

"Did the Jordans tell you when this change came over her?"

"Yes. It was during the attack when her child was taken from her. She saw other children killed. The Indians were afraid of her. They respect demented people; not a bit of harm was done to her. They let her alone, and the Jordans took care of her."

The daughter and adopted daughter of the house came in with a rush of outdoor air, and seeing Eagle first, ran to kiss her on the cheek one after the other.

"Madeleine has come down!" said Marie.

"I thought we should coax her in here sometime," said Katarina.

Between them, standing slim and tall, their equal in height, she was yet like a little sister. Though their faces were unlined, hers held a divine youth.

To see her stricken with mind-sickness, and the two girls who had done neither good nor evil, existing like plants in sunshine, healthy and sound, seemed an iniquitous contrast.

If ever woman was made for living and dying in one ancestral home, she was that woman. Yet she stood on the border of civilization, without a foothold to call her own. If ever woman was made

for one knightly love which would set her in high places, she was that woman. Yet here she stood, her very name lost, no man so humble as to do her reverence.

"Paul has come." Eagle told Katarina and Marie. Holding their hands, she walked between them toward me, and bade them notice my height. "I am his Cloud-Mother," she said, "How droll it is that parents grow down little, while their children grow up big!"

Madame Ursule shook her head pitifully. But the girls really saw the droll side and laughed with my Cloud-Mother.

Separated from me by an impassable barrier, she touched me more deeply than when I sued her most. The undulating ripple which was her peculiar expression of joy, was more than I could bear. I left the room and was flinging myself from the house to walk in the chill wind; but she caught me.

"I will be good!" pleaded my Cloud-Mother, her face in my breast.

Her son who had grown up big, while she grew down little, went back to the family room with her.

My Cloud-Mother sat beside me at table, and insisted on cutting up my food for me. While I tried to eat, she asked Marie and Katarina and Pierre Grignon and Madame Ursule to notice how well I behaved. The tender hearted host wiped his eyes.

I understood why she had kept such hold upon me through years of separateness. A nameless personal charm, which must be a gift

Dauphin jail 71

of the spirit, survived all wreck and change. It drew me, and must draw me forever, whether she ~~ever~~ knew me again or not. One meets and wakes you to vivid life in ~~one~~ an immortal hour. Thousands could not do it through eternity.

The river piled hillocks of water in a strong north wind, and no officer crossed from the stockade. Neither did any neighbor leave his own fire. It seldom happened that the Grignons were left with inmates alone. Eagle sat by me and watched the ~~fire~~ blaze streaming up the chimney.

If she was not a unit in the family group and had no part there, they were most kind to her.

"Take care!" the grandmother cried with swift forethought when Marie and Katarina marshalled in a hopping object from the kitchen. "It might frighten Madeleine."

Pierre Grignon stopped in the middle of a bear hunt. Eagle was not frightened. She clapped her hands.

"This is a pouched turkey!" Marie announced, leaning against the wall, while Katarina chased the ~~fowl~~ fowl. It was the little negro, his arms and feet thrust into the legs of a pair of Pierre Grignon's trousers, and the capacious open top fastened upon his back. Doubled over, he waddled and hopped as well as he could. A feather duster was stuck in for a tail, and his woolly head gave him the uncanny look of a balck harpy. To see him was to shed tears of laughter. The pouched turkey enjoyed being a pouched turkey. He

strutted and gobbled, and ran at the girls; tried to pick up corn from the floor with his thick lips, tumbling down and rolling over in the effort; for a pouched turkey has no wings with which to balance himself. So much hilarity in the family room drew the Pawnee servants. I saw their small dark eyes in a mere line of open door, gazing solemnly.

When the turkey was relieved from his pouching and sent to bed, Pierre Grignon took his violin. The girls answered with jigs that ended a reel, when couples left the general figure to jig it off.

When Eagle had watched them awhile she started up, spread her skirts in a sweeping courtesy, and began to dance a gavotte. The fiddler changed his tune, and the girls rested and watched her. Alternately swift and languid, with the changes of the movement, she saluted backward to the floor, or spun on the tips of rapid feet. I had seen her dance many times, but never with such abandon joy.

Our singular relationship was established in the house, where hospitality made room and apology for all human weakness.

Nobody in that region, except the infirm, stayed indoors to shiver by a fire. Eagle and the girls in their warm capotes, breasted with me the coldest winter days. She was as happy as they were; her cheeks tingled as pink as theirs. Sometimes I thought her eyes must answer me with her old self command; their bright

grayness was so natural.

I believed if her delusions were humored, they would unwind from her like the cloud which she felt them to be. The family had long fallen into the habit of treating her as a child playing some imaginary character. She seemed less demented than rather like one walking in a dream, her faculties asleep. It was somnambulism rather than madness. She had not the expression of insane people, the shifty eyes, the cunning and perverseness, the animal and torpid presence.

If I called her Madame De Ferrier instead of my Cloud-Mother, a strained and puzzled look replaced her usual satisfaction. I did not often use the name, nor did I try to make her repeat my own. It was my daily effort to fall in with her happiness, for if she saw any anxiety she was quick to plead —

"Don't you like me any more, Paul? Are you tired of me, because I am a Cloud-Mother?"

"No," I would answer. "Lazarre will never be tired of you."

"Do you think I am growing smaller? Will you love me if I shrink to a baby?"

"I will love you."

"I used to love you when you were so tiny, Paul, before you knew how to love me back. If I forget how" — she clutched the lapels of my coat — "will you leave me then?"

"Eagle, say this: -- 'Lazarre cannot leave me.'"

"Lazarre cannot leave me."

I heard her repeating this at her sewing. She boasted to Marie Grignon — "Lazarre cannot leave me! — Paul taught me that."

My Cloud-Mother asked me to tell her the stories she used to tell me. She had forgotten them.

"I am the child now," she would say. "Tell me the stories."

I repeated mythical ~~[illegible]~~ Tribe legends, gathered from Skenedonk on our long rides, making them as eloquent as I could. She listened, holding her breath, or sighing with contentment.

If anyone in the household smiled when she led me about by the hand, there was a tear behind the smile.

She kept herself in perfection, bestowing unceasing care upon her dress, which was always gray.

"I have to wear gray; I am in a cloud," she had said to the family.

"We have taken things which belonged to my mother," Katarina told me, "and ~~[illegible]~~ Mother Ursule lets the Pawnees dye them with vegetable colors. By some mixture which is their own secret, they turn the cloth~~es~~ gray."

Eagle watched me with maternal care. If a hair dropped on my collar she brushed it away, and smoothed and settled my cravat. The touch of my Cloud-Mother, familiar and tender, like the touch of a wife, ~~[illegible]~~ changed through ~~[illegible]~~ me ~~[illegible]~~ with torture, because she was lonely so unconscious of it.

Before I had been in the house a week she made a little pair

Dauphin par 72

of trousers a span long, and gave them to me. Marie and Katarina turned their faces to laugh. My Cloud-Mother held the garment up for their inspection, and was not at all sensitive to the giggles it provoked.

"I made over an old pair of his father's, " she said.

The discarded breeches used by the pouched turkey had been devoted to her whim. Every stitch was neatly set. I praised her beautiful needlework, and she said she would make me a coat.

Skenedonk was not often in the house. He took to the winter hunting and snow-shoeing with vigor. Whenever he came indoors I used to see him watching Madame De Ferrier with saturnine wistfulness. She paid no attention to him. He would stand gazing at her while she sewed; being privileged as an educated Indian and my attendant, to enter the family room where the Pawnees came only to serve. They had the ample kitchen and its log fire to themselves. I wondered what was working in Skenedonk's mind, and if he repented calling one so buffeted, a sorceress.

Kindly

[redacted] ridicule excited by the incongruous things she did passed over without touching her. She was enveloped in a cloud, a thick case guarding overtaxed mind and body, and shutting them in its pellucid chrysalis. The Almighty arms were resting her on a mountain of vision. She had forgotten how to weep. She was remembering how to laugh.

The more I thought about it the less endurable it became to

have her dependent upon the Grignons. My business affairs with Pierre Grignon made it possible to transfer her obligations to my account. The hospitable man and his wife objected, but when they saw how I took it to heart, gave me my way. I told them I wished her to be regarded as my wife, for I should never have another; and while it might remain impossible for her to marry me, on my part I was bound to her.

"You are young, M's'r Williams," said Madame Ursule. "You have a long life before you. A man wants comfort in his house. And if he makes wealth, he needs a hand that knows how to distribute and how to save. She could never go to your home as she is."

"I know it, Madame".

"You will change your mind about a wife."

"Madame, I have not changed my mind since I first wanted her. It is not a mind that changes."

"Well, that's unusual. Young men are often fickle. You never made proposals for her?"

"I did, Madame, after her husband died."

"But she was still a wife -- the wife of an old man -- in the Pigeon Roost Settlement."

"Her father married her to a cousin nearly as old as himself, when she was a child. Her husband was reported dead while he was in hiding. She herself thought, and so did her friends, that he was dead."

"I see. Eh! these girls married to old men! Madame Jordan told me Madeleine's husband was very fretful, [redacted]. He kept himself like silk, and scarcely let the wind blow upon him for fear of injuring his health. When other men were out toiling at the clearings, he sat in his house to avoid getting chills and fever in the sun. It was well for her that she had a faithful servant. Madeleine and the servant kept the family with their garden and corn field. They never tasted wild meat unless the other settlers brought them venison. Madame Jordan said they always returned a present of herbs and vegetables from their garden. It grew for them better than any other garden in the settlement. Once the old man did go out with a hunting party, and got lost. The men searched for him three days, and found him curled up in a hollow tree, waiting to be brought in. They carried him home on a litter and he popped his head in to the door and said —'Here I am, [redacted]! You can't kill me!'"

"What did Madame De Ferrier say?"

"Nothing. She made a child of him, as she did of her son. He was in his second childhood, no doubt. And Madame Jordan said she appeared to hold herself accountable for the losses and crosses that made him so fretful. The children of the emigration were brought up to hardship, and accepted everything, as their elders could not do."

"I thought the Marquis De Ferrier a courteous gentleman."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Twice only."

"He used to tell his wife he intended to live a hundred years. And I suppose he would have done it, if he had not been tomahawked and scalped. 'You'll never get Du Chaumont,' he used to say to her. 'I'll see that he never gets you!' I remember the name very well, because it was the name of that pretty creature who danced for us in the cabin on Lake George."

"Du Chaumont was her father," I said. "He would have married Madame De Ferrier, and restored her estate, if she had accepted him, and the Marquis had not come back."

"Saints have pity!" said Madame Ursule. "And the poor old man must make everybody and himself so uncomfortable!"

"But how could he help living?"

"True enough. God's times are not ours. But see what he has made of her!"

I thought of my Cloud-Mother walking enclosed from the world upon a height of changeless youth. She could not feel another shock. She was past both ambition and poverty. If she had ever felt the sweet anguish of love — Oh! she must have understood when she kissed me and said — "I will come to you some time!" — the anguish — the hoping, waiting, expecting, receiving nothing, all were gone by. Even mother cares no longer touched her. Paul was grown. She could not be made anything that was base. Unseen

Dan Shein

forces had worked with her and would work with her still.

"You told me," I said to Madame Ursule, "the Indians were afraid of her when they burned the settlement. Was the change so sudden?"

"Madame Jordan's story was like this. It happened in broad daylight. Two men went into the woods hunting bee trees. The Indians caught and killed them within two miles of the clearing — some of those very Winnebagoes you treated with for your land. It was a sunshiny day in September. You could hear the poultry crowing, and the children playing in the door yards. Madeleine's little Paul was never far away from her. The Indians rushed in with yells and finished the settlement in a few minutes. Madame Jordan and her family were protected, but she saw children dashed against trees, and her neighbors struck down and scalped before she could plead for them. And little good pleading would have done. An Indian seized Paul. His father and the old servant lay dead across the door step. His mother would not let him go. The Indian dragged her on her knees and struck her on the head. Madame Jordan ran out at the risk of being scalped herself, and got the poor girl into her cabin. The Indian came back for her scalp. Madeleine did not see him. She never seemed to notice anybody again. She stood up quivering the whole length of her body, and laughed in his face. It was dreadful to hear her above the cries of the children. The Indian went away like a scared hound. And none of the others would touch

Dauphin - jail 73

her."

After I heard this story I was thankful every day that Eagle could not remember; that natural happiness had its way with her elastic body.

Madame Ursule told me the family learned to give her liberty. She rowed alone upon the river, and went where she pleased. The men in La Baye would step aside for her. Strangers disturbed her by bringing the conciousness of something unusual.

Once I surprised Marie and Katarina sitting close to the fire at twilight, talking about lovers. Eagle was near them on a stool.

"That girl," exclaimed Katarina, speaking of the absent with strong disapproval, "is one of the kind that will let another girl take her sweetheart and then sit around and look injured! Now if she could get him from me she might have him! But she'd have to get him first!"

Eagle listened in the attitude of a young sister, giving me to understand by a look that wisdom flowed, and she was learning.

We rose one morning to find the world buried in snow. The river was frozen and its channel padded thick. As for the bay, stretches of snow fields, with dark pools and broken gray ridges met ice at the end of the world.

It was so cold that paper stuck to the fingers like feathers, and the nails tingled with frost. The white earth creaked under foot, and when a sled went by the snow cried out in shrill long

resistance, a spirit complaining of being trampled. Explosions came from the river, and elm limbs and timbers of the house startled us. White fur clothed the inner key holes. Tree trunks were black as ink against a background of snow. The oaks alone kept their dried foliage, which rattled like many skeletons, instead of rustling in its faded redness, because there was no life in it.

But the colder it grew the higher Grignon's log fires mounted. And when channels were cut in the snow both along the ridge above Green Bay, and across country in every direction, French trains moved out with jangling bells, and maids and men uttering voice sounds which spread as by miracle on the diffusing air from horizon to horizon. You could hear the officers speaking across the river; and dogs were like to shake the sky down with their barking. Echoes from the smallest noises were born in that magnified, glaring world.

The whole festive winter spun past. Marie and Katarina brought here young men to the peaks of hope in the "twosing" seat, and plunged them down to despair, quite in the American fashion. Christmas and New Year's days were great festivals, when the settlement ate and drank at Pierre Grignon's expense, and made him glad as if he fathered the whole post. Madame Grignon spun and looked to the house. And a thousand changes passed over the landscape. But in all that time no one could see any change in my Cloud-Mother. She sewed like a child. She laughed, and danced gavottes. She trod

the snow, or muffled in robes, with Madame Ursule and the girls, flew over it in a French train; a sliding box with two or three horses hitched tandem. Every evening I sat by her side at the fire, while she made little coats and trousers for me. But remembrance never came into her eyes. The cloud stood round about her as it did when I first tried to penetrate it.

My own dim days were often in mind. I tried to recall sensations. But I had lived a purely physical life. Her blunders of judgment and delusion of bodily shrinking were no part of my experience. The thinking self in me had been paralyzed. While the thinking self in her was alive, in a cloud. Both of us were memoryless, excepting her recollection of Paul.

After March sent the ice out of river and bay, spring came with a rush as it comes in the north. Perhaps many days it was silently rising from tree roots. In February, we used to say -- "This air is like spring." But after such bold speech the arctic region descended upon us again, and we were snowed in to the ears. Yet when the end of March unlocked us, it seemed we must wait for the month of Mary to give us soft air and blue water. Then suddenly it was spring, and every living soul knew it. Life revived with passion. Longings which you had forgotten, came and took you by the throat, saying "You shall no longer be satisfied with negative peace. Rouse, and live!" Then flitting, exquisite, purple flaws struck across milk-opal water in the bay. Fishing boats lifted themselves in

mirage, sailing lightly above the water; and islands sat high, with a cushion of air under them.

The girls manifested increasing interest in what they called the Pigeon Roost Settlement affair. Madame Ursule had no doubt told them what I said. They pitied my Cloud-Mother and me with the condescending pity of the very young, and unguardedly talked where they could be heard.

"Oh, she'll come to her senses some time, and he'll marry her of course," was the conclusion they invariably reached;for the thing must turn out well to meet their approval. How could they foresee what was to happen to people whose lives held such contrasts?

"Father Pierre says he's nearly twenty-eight; I call him an old bachelor," declared Katarina: "and she was a married woman. They are really very old to be in love."

"You don't know what you'll do when you are old, " said Marie.

"Ah, I dread it," groaned Katarina.

"So do I".

"But there is grandmother. She doesn't mind it. And beaux never trouble her now."

"No," sighed the other. "Beaux never trouble her now."

Those spring days I was wild with restlessness. Life revived to dare things. We heard afterwards that about that time the meteor rushed once more across France. Napoleon landed at a Mediterrean

Dauphin

port, gathering force as he marched, swept Louis XVIII away like a cobweb in his Patte, and moved on to Waterloo. The greatest Frenchman that ever lived fell ultimately as low as St.Helena, and the Bourbons sat again upon the throne. But the changes of which I knew nothing, affected me in the Illinois Territory.

Sometimes I waked at night and sat up in bed, hot with indignation at the injustice done me, which I could never prove, which I did not care to combat, yet which unreasonably waked the fighting spirit in me. Our natures toss and change, expand or contract, influenced by invisible powers we know not why.

End fall 74

One April night I sat up in the veiled light made by a clouded moon. Rain points multiplied themselves on the window glass; I heard their sting. The impulse to go out and ride the wind, or pick the river up and empty it all at once into the bay, or tear Eagle out of the cloud, or go to France and proclaim myself with myself for follower: and other feats of like nature, being particularly strong in me, I struck the pillow beside me with my fist. Something bounced from it on the floor with a clack like wood. I stretched downward from one of Madame Ursule's thick feather beds, and picked up what brought me to my feet. Without letting go of it I lighted my candle. It was the padlocked book which Skenedonk said he had burned.

And there the scoundrel lay at the other side of the room, wrapped in his blanket from head to foot, mummied by sleep. I

wanted to take him by the scalp lock and drag him around on the floor.

He had carried it with him, or secreted i somewhere, month after month. I could imagine how the state of the writer worked on his Indian mind. He repented, and was not able to face me, but felt obliged to restore what he had withheld. So waiting until I slept, he brought forth the padlocked book and laid it on the pillow beside my head: thus beseeching pardon, and intimating that the subject was closed between us.

I got my key, and then a fit of shivering seized me. I put the candle stand beside the pillow and lay wrapped in bedding, clenching the small chilly padlock and sharp cornered boards. Remembering the change which had come upon the life recorded in it, I hesitated. Remembering how it had eluded me before, I opened it.

The few entries were made without date. The first pages were torn out, crumpled, and smoothed and packed to place again. Rose petals and violets and some bright poppy leaves, crushed inside its lids, slid down upon the bed cover.

VIII

THE PADLOCKED BOOK.

In this book I am going to write to you, Louis [illegible], a letter which I will never be delivered; because I shall burn it when it is finished. Yet that will not prevent my tantalizing you about the padlocked book it. To I can say what I want to say. To you I must say what is expedient.

That is a foolish woman who does violence to love by inordinate loving. Yet first I will tell you that I sink to sleep saying -- "He loves me!" -- and rise to the surface saying -- "He loves me!" -- and sink again saying -- "He loves me!" -- all night long.

The days when I see you are real days, finished and perfect, and this is the best of them all. God for ever bless in paradise your mother for bearing you. If you never had come to the world I should not have waked to life myself. And why this is I cannot tell, the first time I ever saw your tawny head and tawny eyes, though you did not notice me, I said "Whether he is the king or not would make no difference." Because I knew you were more than

the king to me.

Sire, you told me once you could not understand why people took kindly to you. There is in you a gentle dignity and manhood, most royal. As you come into a room you cast your eyes about unfearing. Your head and shoulders are erect. You are like a lion in suppleness and tawny color, which influences me against my will. You inspire confidence. Even girls like Anabel, who feel merely at their finger ends, and are as well satisfied with one husband as another, know you to be solid man, not the mere image of a man. Besides these traits there is a power going out from you that takes hold of people invisibly. My father told me there was a man [redacted] at the court of your father who could put others to sleep by a waving of his hands. I am not comparing you to this charlatan: yet when you touch my hand a strange current runs through me.

When we were in Paris, I used to dress myself every morning like a priestess going to serve in a temple. And what was it for? To worship one dear head for half an hour perhaps.

You robbed me of the sight of you for two months. [redacted] blank slug

Sophie Saint-Michel told me to beware of loving a man. Today he says — "I love you! -- I need you! — I shall go to the devil without you!" Tomorrow he turns to his affairs. In six months he says — "I was a fool!" — Next year he says — "Who was it that drove me wild for a time last year? What was her name?"

blank slug

Is love a game where men and women try to outwit each other — and man boasts -- "She loves me." — not "I love her?"

blank sig

You are two persons. Lazarre belongs to me. He follows, he thinks about me. He used to slip past my windows at Lake George, and cast his eyes up at the panes. But Louis is my sovereign. He sees and thinks and acts without me, and his lot is apart from mine.

close

We are in a ship going to the side of the world where you are. except that we are going towards you,
It is like being pushed off a cliff. All my faith in the appearances of things is at an end. I have been juggled with. I have misjudged [redacted].

I could have insisted that we hold Mont Louis as tenants. The count is our friend. It is not a strong man's fault that a weak man is weak and unfortunate. Yet seeing cousin Philippe wince, I could not put the daily humiliation upon him. He is like my father come back, broken, helpless. And Paul and I who are young, must take care of him where he will be least humbled.

I was over pampered in Mont Louis and Paris. I like easy living, carriages, long tailed gowns, jewels, trained servants, music, and spectacles on the stage: a park and wide lands all my own; seclusion from people who do not interest me; idleness in enjoyment.

I am the devil of vanity. Annabel has not half the points I

have. When the men are around her I laugh to think I shall be fine and firm as a statue when she is a mass of wrinkles and a wisp of fuzz. When she is a mass of wrinkles and a wisp of fuzz she will be riper and tenderer inside. But will the men see that? No. They will be off after a fresher Anabel. So much for men. On the other hand, I had but a few months of luxury, and may count on the hardness that comes of endurance; for I was an exile from childhood. There is strength in doing the right thing. If there were no God, if Christ had never died on the cross, I should have to do ~~what I should do~~ the right. Doing because it is right.

Why should we lay up grievances against one another? They must disappear, and they only burn our hearts.

Sometimes I put my arms around Ernestine, and rest her old head against me. She revolts. People incline to doubt the superiority of a person who will associate with them. But the closer our poverty rubs us the more Ernestine insists upon class differences. End girl 15

There should be a colossal mother going about the work to turn men over her lap and give them the slipper. They pine for it.

Am I helping forward the general good, or am I only suffering

Dauphin gal 75

Nature's punishment?

A woman can fasten the bonds of habit on a man; giving him food from her table, hourly strengthening his care for her. By merely putting herself before him every day she makes him think of her. What chance has an exiled woman against the fearful odds of daily life?

Yet sometimes I think I can wait a thousand years. In sun and snow, in wind and dust, a woman waits. If she stretched her hand and said "Come" --who could despise her so much as she would despise herself?

What is so cruel as a man? Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, he presses the iron spike of silence in.

Coward! — to let me suffer such anguish!

Is it because I kissed you? That was the highest act of my life! I groped down the black stairs of the Tuileries blinded by light. Why are the natural things called wrong, and the unnatural ones just?

Is it because I said I would come to you sometime? This is what I meant:- that it should give me no jealous pang to think of another woman's head on your breast:— that there is a wedlock which appearances cannot touch.

No, I never would — I never would seek you; though sometimes the horror of doing without you turns into reproach. What is he doing? He may need me — and I am letting his life slip away. Am I cheating us both out of what could have harmed no one?

It is not that usage is broken off.

Yet if you were to come [redacted], I would punish you for coming!

Fine heroic days I tell myself we are marching to meet each other. If the day has been particularly hard, I say, "Perhaps I have carried his load too, and he marches lighter."

You have faults no doubt, but the only one I could not pardon would be your saying -- "I repent!"

The instinct to conceal defeat and pain is so strong in me that I would have my heart cut out rather than own it ached. Yet many women carry all before them by a little judicious whining and rebellion.

I never believe in your unfaith. If you brought a wife and showed her to me I should be sorry for her, and still not believe in your unfaith.

Louis

[redacted], I have been falling down flat and crawling the ground.

how I am up again. It didn't hurt.

It is the old German fairy story. Every day gold must be spun out of straw. How big the pile of straw looks every morning, and how little the handful of gold every night!

This prairie in the Indiana Territory that I dreaded as a black gulf, is a grassy valley.

I love the garden; and I love to hoe the Indian corn. It springs so clean from the sod, and is a miracle of growth. After the stalks are around my knees, they are soon around my shoulders. The broad leaves have a fragrance, and the silk is sweet as violets.

We wash our clothes in the river. Women who hoe corn, dig in a garden, and wash clothes, earn the wholesome bread of life.

Today Paul brought the first bluebells of spring, and put them in water for me. They were buds; and when they bloomed out he said, "God has blessed these flowers."

We have to nurse the sick. The goodness of these pioneer women is unfailing. It is like the great and kind friendship of the Du Chaumonts. They help me take care of Cousin Philippe.

Paul meditated today, "I don't want to hurt the Father's feelings. I don't want to say He was greedy and made a better place for

Himself in heaven than he made for us down here. Is it nicer just because He is there?"

His prayer: "God bless my father and mother and Ernestine. God keep my father and mother and Ernestine. And keep my mother with me day and night, dressed and undressed! God keep together all that love each other."

When he is a man I am going to tell him, and say - "But I have built my house, not wrecked it. I have been yours, not love's."

He tells me such stories as this:- "Once upon a time there was such a loving angel came down. And they ran a string through his stomach and hung him on the wall. He never whined a bit."

The people in this country which is called free, are nearly all bound. Those who lack money like we do, cannot go where they please, or live as they would live. Is that freedom?

On a cool autumn night, when the fire crackles, the ten children of the settlement, fighting or agreeing, come running from their houses like hens. We sit on the floor in front of the hearth, and I suffer the often-repeated martyrdom of the "Fire-Pig". This tale, invented once as fast as I could talk, I have been doomed to repeat until I dread the shades of evening.

Dauphin gal 76

The children bunch their heads together; their lips part, as soon as I begin to say: —

Do you see that glowing spot in the heart of the coals? That is the house of the Fire Pig. One day the Fire Pig found he had no more corn, and he was very hungry. So he jumped out of his house and ran down the road till he came to a farmer's field.

"Good morning, Mr. farmer," said the little pig. "Have you any corn for me today?"

"Why, who are you?" said the farmer.

"I'm a little Fire Pig."

"No, I haven't any corn for a Fire Pig."

The pig ran on till he came to another farmer's field.

"Good morning, Mr. farmer, have you any corn for me today?"

"Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Oh, I'm the little Fire Pig."

"I don't know," said the farmer. "I would give you a great bag full if you could kill the snake which comes every night and steals my cattle."

The pig thought "How can I kill that snake?" but he was so hungry he knew he should starve without corn, so he said he would try. The farmer told him to go down in the field, where the snake came gliding at night with its head reared high in air.

The pig went down in the meadow, and the first creature he saw was a sheep.

"Baa!"said the sheep. That was its way of saying "How do you do?" "Who are you?"

"I'm the little Fire Pig."

"What are you doing here?"

"I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle."

"I'm very glad," said the sheep "for it takes my lambs."

"How are you going to kill it?"

"I don't know," said the pig; "can't you help me?"

"I'll give you some of my wool."

The pig thanked the sheep and went a little farther and met a horse. "He-ee-ee!" said the horse, that was his way of saying "How do you do?" "Who are you?"

" I am the little Fire Pig."

"What are you doing here?"

"I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle."

"I'm glad of that" said the horse; "for it steals my colts. How are you going to do it?"

"I don't know said the pig. Can't you help me?"

"I'll give you some of the long hairs from my tail, " said the horse.

The pig took them and thanked the horse. And when he went a little farther he met a cow.

"Moo" said the cow. That was her way of saying "How do you do?

"Who are you"

"I'm the little Fire Pig."

"What are you doing here?"

"I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle."

"I am glad of that for it steals my claves. How are you going to do it."

"I don't know. Can't you help me."

"I'll give you one of my sharp horns," said the cow.

So the pig took it and thanked her. Then he spun and he twisted, and he spun and he twisted, and made a strong woolen cord of the sheep's wool. And he wove and he braided, and he wove and he braided, and made a cunning snare of the horse's tail. And he whetted and sharpened, and he whetted and sharpened, and made a keen dart of the cow's horn.

- - - - - Now when the little pig has all his materials ready, and sees the great snake come gliding, gliding -- I turn the situation over to the children. What did he do with the rope, the snare and the horn? They work it out each in his own way..There is a mighty wrangling all around the hearth.

One day is never really like another, though it seems so.

Perhaps being used to the sight of the Iroquois at Lake George, makes it impossible for me to imagine what the settlers dread, and that is an attack. We are shut around by forests. In primitive life so much time and strength go to the getting of food that we can think of little else.

But

It is as bad to slave at work as to slave at pleasure. God may forgive what people cannot help.

There is a very old woman among the settlers whom they call Granny. We often sit together. She cannot get a gourd edge betwixt her nose and chin when she drinks, and has forgotten she ever had teeth. She does not expect much; but there is one right she contends for, and that is the right of ironing her cap by stretching it over her knee. When I have lived in this settlement long enough, my nose and chin may come together, and I shall forget my teeth. But this much I will exact of fate. My cap shall be ironed. I will not — I will not iron it by stretching it over my knee!

Count Du Chaumont would be angry if he saw me learning to weave, for instance. You would not be angry. That marks a difference between you as men which I feel but cannot explain.

We Speak English with our neighbors. Paul, who is to be an American, must learn his language well. I have taught him to read and write. I have taught him the history of his family and of his father's country. His head is as high as my breast. When will my head be as high as his breast?

Skenedonk loves you as a young superior brother. I have often wondered what he thought about when he went quietly around at your heels. You told me he had killed and scalped, and in spite of education, was as ready to kill and scalp again as any white man is for war.

I dread him like a toad, and wish him to keep on his side of the walk. He is always with you, and no doubt silently urges — "Come back to the wigwams that nourished you!"

Am I mistaken? Are we moving farther and farther apart instead of approaching each other? Oh, Louis, does this road lead to nothing?

I am glad I gave you that key. It was given thoughtlessly, when I was in a bubble of joy. But if you have kept it, it speaks to you every day.

Sophie Saint-Michel told me man sometimes piles all his tokens in a retrospective heap, and says — "Who the deuce gave me this or that?"

Dauphin gal 77

Sophie's father used to be so enraged at his wife and daughter because he could not restore their lost comforts. But this is really a better disposition than a mean subservience to misfortune.

The children love to have me dance gavottes for them. Some of their mothers consider it levity. Still they feel the need of a little levity themselves.

We had a great festival when the wild roses were fully in bloom The prairie is called a mile square, and wherever a plow has not struck, ~~are~~ grow acres of wild roses. They hedge us from the woods like a parapet edging a court. These volunteers are very thorny, bearing tender claws to protect themselves with. But I am nimble with my scissors.

We took the Jordon oxen, a meek pair that have broken sod for the colony, and twined them with garlands of wild roses. Around and around their horns, and around and around their bodies the long ropes were wound, their master standing by with his goad. That we wound also, and covered his hat with roses. The huge oxen swayed aside, looking ashamed of themselves. And when their tails were ornamented with a bunch at the tip, they switched these pathetically. Still even an ox loves festivity, whether he owns it or not. We made a procession, child behind child, each bearing on his head all the roses he could carry, the two oxen walking tandem, led by their master in front. Everybody came out and laughed. It was a beautiful sight, and cheered us, though we gave it no name except the

Procession of Roses.

Often when I open my eyes at dawn I hear music far off that makes my heart swell. It is the waking dream of a King marching with drums and bugles. While I am dressing I hum — "Oh, Richard, my king!"

Louis!--Louis!--Louis!

I cannot---I cannot keep it down! How can I hold still that righteousness may be done through me, when I love--love--love--- when I clench my fists and walk on my knees---

I am a wicked woman! What is all this sweet pretense of duty! It covers the hypocrite that loves-- that starves--that cries---

My king!--my king!

Strike me!--drive me within bounds! This long repression--years, years of waiting--for what?--for more waiting!--it is driving me mad!

You have the key.

I have nothing!

IX

My God! What had she seen in me to love? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon. The ox that she had wreathed in roses would have heard it through her silence. But the brutal, slow Bourbon had gone his way, turning his stupid head from side to side, leaving her to perish.

Punctuated by years, bursting from eternities of oppression, it brought an accumulated force that swept the soul out of my body

X

All that had not been written in the book was as easily read as what was set down. I saw the monotony of her life, and her gilding of its rudeness, the pastimes she thought out for children; I saw her nursing the helplessness which leaned upon her, and turning aside the contempt of pioneer women who passionately admired strong men. I saw her eyes waiting on the distant laggard who stupidly pursued his own affairs until it was too late to protect her. I read the entries over and over. When day broke it seemed to me the morning after my own death, such knowing and experiencing had passed through me. I could not see her again until I had command of myself.

So I dressed silently and went down stairs. The Pawnees were stirring in the kitchen. I got some bread and meat from them, and also some grain for the horse; then mounted and rode to the river.

The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw the signals before the deliberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldy craft propelled by

huge oars, which the ferryman managed running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was broad day when we reached the other shore; one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture breaks upward through the ground, instead of descending. Many light clouds flitted under the grayness. The grass showed with a kind of green blush through its old brown fleece.

I saw the first sailing vessel of spring coming to anchor, from the straits of the great lakes. Once I would have hailed that vessel as possible bearer of news. Now it could bring me nothing of any importance.

The trail along the Fox River led over rolling land, dipping into coves and rising over hills. The Fox, steel blue in the shade, becomes tawny as its namesake when its fur of rough waves is combed to redness in the sunlight. Under grayness, with a soft wind blowing, the Fox showed his blue coat.

The prospect was so large, with a ridge running along in the distance and open country spreading away on the other side, that I often turned in my saddle and looked back over the half wooded trail. I thought I saw a figure walking a long way behind me, and being alone, tried to discern what it was. But under that gray sky nothing was sharply defined. I rode on thinking of the book in the breast of my coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without breakfast and unstimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unsta-

ble material I had taken in hand when I undertook to work with Indians. Instinctively I knew then what a young southern statesman named Jefferson Davis afterwards told me in Washington: "No commonwealth in a republic will stand with interests apart from the federated whole." White men, who have exclaimed from the beginning against the injustice done the red man, and would keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with interests apart from his

Again when I looked back I saw the figure, but it was afoot, and I soon lost it in a cove.

My house had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians through the winter. I tied the horse to a gallery post and unfastened the door. A pile of refuse timbers offered wood for a fire, and I brought in several loads of it, and lighted the virgin chimney. Then I brought water from the spring and ate breakfast, sitting before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life.

Having fed my horse, I covered the fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, and rode away toward the Menominee and Winnebago lands.

The day was a hard one, and when I came back towards nightfall I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess.

"You looked fagged"said one of them.

"The horse paths are heavy," I answered, "and I have been as far as the Indian lands."

I had been as far as that remote time when Eagle was not a Cloud-Mother. To cross the river and see her smiling in meaningless happiness seemed more than I could do.

Yet she might notice my absence. We had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in companies. When the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my presence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain.

"The first sailing vessel is in from the straits," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

"She brought a passenger."

"Anybody of importance?"

"At first blush, no. At second blush, yes."

"Why 'no' at first blush?"

"Because he is only a priest."

"Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under army feet?"

The lieutenant grinned.

Dauphin gal 78

"When you see a missionary priest landing to confess a lot of Canadians, he doesn't seem quite so important, as a prelate from Ghent, for instance."

"Is this passenger a prelate from Ghent?"

"That is where the second blush comes in. He is."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him, and talked with him."

"What is he doing in Green Bay?"

"Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you."

"For me!"

"Yes."

"What could a prelate from Ghent want with me?"

"Says he wants to make inquiries about the native tribes."

"Oh! Did you recommend me as an expert in native tribes?"

"Naturally. But not until he asked if you were here."

"He mentioned my name?"

"Yes. He wanted to see you. You'll not have to step out of your way to gratify him."

"From that I infer there is a new face at Pierre Grignon's."

"Your inference is correct. The Grignons always lodge the priests, and a great man like this one will be certainly quartered with them."

"What is he like?"

"A smooth and easy gentleman."

"In a cassock?"

"Tell a poor post lieutenant what a cassock is."

"The long skirted black coat reaching to the heels."

"Our missionary priests don't wear them here. He has the bands and broad hat and general appearance of a priest, but his coat isn't very long."

"Then he has laid aside the cassock while travelling through this country."

The prelate from Ghent, no doubt a common priest, that the lieutenant undertook to dignify, slipped directly out of my mind.

Madame Ursule was waiting for me on the gallery with fluted pillars at the front of the house.

"M's'r Williams, where is Madeleine?"

Her anxiety vibrated through the darkness.

"Isn't she here, madame?"

"She has not been seen today.

We stood in silence, then began to speak together.

"But madame" —

"M's'r Williams" —

"I went away early"—

"When I heard from the Pawnees that you had gone off on horseback so early, I thought it possible you might have taken her with you"—

"Madame, how could I do that?"

"Of course you wouldn't have done that. But we can't find her. We've inquired all over La Baye. She left the house when no one saw her. She was never out after nightfall before."

"But madame, she must be here!"

"Oh M'sr, my hope was that you knew where she is — she has followed you about so! The poor child may be at the bottom of the river!"

"She can't be at the bottom of the river" I retorted.

The girls ran out. They were dressed for a dance, and drew gauzy scarfs around their anxious faces. The house had been searched from ground to attic more than once. They were sure she must be hiding from them.

I remembered the figure that appeared to me on the trail. My heart stopped. I could not humiliate my Cloud-Mother by placing her before them in the act of tracking me like a dog. I could not tell anyone about it, but asked for Skenedonk.

The Indian had been out on the river in a canoe. He came silently, and stood near me. The book was between us. I had it in the breast of my coat, and he had it on his conscience.

"Bring out your horse and get me a fresh one" I said.

"Where shall I find one?"

"Pierre will give you one of ours," said Madame Ursule. "But you must eat."

"I had my supper with the officers of the fort, madame. I would

have made a briefer stay if I had known what had happened on this side of the river."

"I forgot to tell you, M's'r Williams, there is an abbé here from Europe. He asked for you."

"I cannot see him tonight."

Skenedonk drew near me to speak, but I was impatient of any delay. We went into the house, and Madame Ursule said she would bring a blanket and some food to strap behind my saddle. The girls helped her. There was a hush through the jolly house. The master bustled out of the family room. I saw behind him, standing as he had stood at Mittau, a priest of fine and sweet presence, waiting for Pierre Grignon to speak the words of introduction.

"It is like seeing France again!" exclaimed the master of the house." Abbé Edgeworth, this is M's'r Williams."

"Monsieur," said the abbe to me with perfect courtesy, "Believe me, I am glad to see you."

"Monsieur" I answered, giving him as brief notice as he had given me in Mittau, yet without rancor; --there was no room in me for that -- "You have unerringly found the best house in the Illinois Territory, and I leave you to the enjoyment of it."

"You are leaving the house, Monsieur?"

"I find I am obliged to make a short journey."

"I have made a long one, Monsieur. It may be best to tell you that I come charged with a message for you."

I thought of Madame d'Angoulême. The sister who had been mine for a few minutes, and from whom this priest had cast me out, declaring that God had smitten the pretender when my eclipse laid me at his feet -- remembered me in her second exile, perhaps believed in me still. Women put wonderful restraints upon themselves.

Abbé Edgeworth and I looked steadily at each other.

"I hope Madame d'Angoulême is well?"

"She is well, and is still the comforter of his majesty's misfortune."

"Monsieur the Abbé, a message would need to be very urgent to be listened to tonight. I will give you audience in the morning, or when I return."

We both bowed again. I took Pierre Grignon into the hall for counsel.

In the end he rode with me, for we concluded to send Skenedonk with a party along the east shore.

Though searching for the lost is an experience old as the world, its poignancy was new to me. I saw Eagle tangled in the wildoats of the river. I saw her treacherously dealt with by Indians who called themselves at peace. I saw her wandering out and out, mile beyond mile, to undwelt-in places, and the tender mercy of wolves.

We crossed the ferry and took to the trail, Pierre Grignon talking cheerfully.

Dauphine gal 79

"Nothing has happened to her, M's'r Williams," he insisted. "No Indian about La Baye would hurt her, and the child is not so crazy as to hurt herself."

It was a starless night, muffled overhead as the day had been, but without rain or mist. We had a lantern hanging to his saddle bow, ready to light. In the open lands we rode side by side, but through growths along the Fox first one and then the other led the way.

We found my door unfastened. I remembered for the first time I had not locked it. Someone had been in the house. A low fire burned in the chimney. We stirred it and lighted the lantern. Foot prints not our own had dried white upon the smooth dark floor. They pointed to the fire-place and out again. They had been made by a woman's feet.

We descended the hill to the river, and tossed our light through every bush, the lantern blinking in the wind. We explored the ravine, the light stealing over white birches that glistened like alabaster. It was no use to call her name. She might be hidden behind a rock laughing at us. We had to surprise her to recover her. Skenedonk would have traced her where we lost the trail.

When we went back to the house, dejected with physical weariness, I unstrapped the blanket and the food which Madame Ursule had sent, brought to threw the blanket on the settle, and ~~laid~~ them ~~on my table~~ for Pierre Grignon. He ~~opened the things~~ laid out bread and meat on the table,

and ate, both of us blaming ourselves for sending the Indian on the other side of the river.

We traced the hard route which I had followed the day before, and reached Green Bay about dawn. Pierre Grignon went to bed exhausted. I had some breakfast and waited for Skenedonk. He had not returned but had sent one man back to say there was no clew. The meal was like a passover eaten in haste. I could not wait, but set out again, leaving word for the Oneida to follow.

I had forgotten there was such a person as Abbé Edgeworth, when he led a horse upon the ferry boat.

"You ride early as well as late. May I join you?"

"I ride on a search which cannot interest you, Monsieur."

"You are mistaken. I understand what has disturbed the house, and I want to ride with you."

"It will be hard for a horseman accustomed to avenues."

"It will suit me perfectly."

It did not suit me at all, but he took my coldness with entire courtesy.

"Have you breakfasted, Monsieur?"

"I had my usual slice of bread and cup of water before rising," he answered.

Again I led on the weary trail to my house. Abbé Edgeworth galloped well, keeping beside me where there was room, or riding behind where there was not. The air blew soft, and great shadow

clouds ran in an upper current across the deepest blueness I had seen in many a day. The sun showed beyond rows of hills.

I bethought myself to ask the priest if he knew anything about Count Du Chaumont. He answered very simply and directly that he did: that I might remember Count Du Chaumont was mentioned in Mittau. The count, he said, according to common report, had retired with his daughter and his son-in-law to Blois, where he was vigorously rebuilding his ruined chateau of Chaumont.

If my mind had been upon the priest, I should have wondered what he came for. He did not press his message.

"The court is again in exile? " I said, when we could ride abreast.

"At Ghent."

"Bellenger visited me last April. He was without a dauphin."

"We could supply the deficiency," Abbe Edgeworth pleasantly replied.

"With the boy he left in Europe?"

"Oh, dear, no. With royal dukes. You observed his majesty could not pension a helpless idiot without encouraging dauphins. These dauphins are thicker than blackberries. The dauphin myth has become so common that whever we see a begger approaching, we say— 'There comes another dauphin.' One of them is a fellow who calls himself the Duke of Richemont. He has followers who believe ab-

solutely in him. Somebody, seeing him asleep, declared it was the face of the dead king!"

I felt stung, remembering the Marquis Du Plessy's words.

"Oh yes, yes," said Abbé Edgeworth. "He has visions too. Half memories, when the face of his mother comes back to him!"

"What about his scars?" I asked hardily.

"Scars! yes, I am told he has the proper stigmata of the dauphin. He was taken out of the Temple prison; a dying boy being substituted for him there. We all know the dauphin's physician died suddenly: some say he was poisoned: — and a new physician attended the boy who died in the Temple. Of course the priest who received the child's confession, should have known a dauphin when he saw one. But that's neither here nor there. We lived then in surprising times."

"Madame d'Angoulême would recognize him as her brother if she saw him?" I suggested.

"I think she is not so open to tokens as at one time. Women's hearts are tender. The Duchess d'Angoulême could never be convinced that her brother died."

"But others, including her uncle, were convinced?"

"The Duke of Richemont was not. What do you yourself think, Monsieur Williams?"

"I think that the man who is out, is an infinite joke. He tickles the whole world. People have a right to laugh at a man who cannot prove he is what he says he is. The difference between a

Dauphin gal 81.

pretender and a usurper is the difference between the top of the hill and the bottom."

The morning sun showed the white mortar ribs of my homestead clean and fair betwixt hewed logs; and brightened the inside of the entrance or hall room. For I saw the door stood open. It had been left unfastened but not ajar. Somebody was in the house.

I told Abbé Edgeworth we would dismount and tie our horses a little distance away. And I asked him to wait outside and let me enter alone.

He obligingly sauntered on the hill overlooking the Fox, I stepped upon the gallery and looked in.

The sweep of a gray dress showed in front of the settle. Eagle was there. I stood still.

She had put on more wood. Fire crackled in the chimney. I saw, and seemed to have known all night, that she had taken pieces of unbroken bread and meat left by Pierre Grignon on my table; that her shoes were cleaned and drying in front of the fire; that she must have carried her dress above contact with the soft ground. Edgal 86

When I asked Abbé Edgeworth not to come in, her dread of strangers influenced me less than a desire to protect her from his eyes, haggard and draggled as she probably was. The instinct which made her keep her body like a temple had not failed under the strong excitement that drove her out. Whether she slept under a bush, or not at all, or took to the house after Pierre Grignon and I left

it, she was resting quietly on the settle before the fireplace, without a ~~mark to show what had been~~ a stain of mud upon her.

I could see nothing but the foot of her dress. Had any change passed over her face? Or had the undisturbed smile of my Cloud-Mother followed me on the road?

Perhaps the cloud had thickened. Perhaps thunders and lightnings moved within it. Sane people sometimes turn wild after being lost, running from their friends, and fighting against being restrained and brought home.

The gray dress in front of my hearth I could not see without a heaving of the breast.

XI

How a man's life is drawn, turned, shaped, by a woman! He may deny it. He may swagger and lie about it. Heredity, ambition, lust, noble aspirations, weak self-indulgence, power, failure, success, have their turns with him. But the woman he desires above all others, whose breast is his true home, makes him, mars him.

Had she cast herself on the settle exhausted and ill after exposure? Should I find her muttering and helpless? Worse than all, had the night made her forget that she was a Cloud-Mother?

I drew my breath with an audible sound in the throat. Her dress stirred. She leaned around the edge of the settle.

Eagle De Ferrier, not my Cloud-Mother, looked at me. Her features were pinched from exposure, but flooded themselves instantly with a blush. She snatched her shoes from the hearth and drew them

on.

I was taken with such a trembling that I held to a gallery post.

Suppose this glimpse of herself had been given to me only to be withdrawn! I was afraid to speak, and waited.

She stood up facing me.

~~"Sire!"~~ "Louis!"

"Madame!"

"What is the matter, sire?"

"Nothing, madame, nothing."

"Where is Paul?"

I did not know what to do, and looked at her completely helpless: for if I told her Paul was dead, she might relapse; and evasions must be temporary.

"The Indian took him," she cried.

"But the Indian didn't kill him, Eagle."

"How do you know?"

"Because Paul came to me."

"He came to you? Where?"

"At Fort Stephenson."

"Where is my child?"

"He is at Fort Stephenson."

"Bring him to me!"

"I can't bring him, Eagle."

"Then let me go to him."

I did not know what to say to her.

"And there were Cousin Philippe and Ernestine lying across the step. I have been thinking all night. Do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand it, Eagle."

By the time I had come into the house her mind leaped forward in comprehension. The blanket she had held on her shoulders fell around her feet. It was a striped gay Indian blanket.

"You were attacked, and the settlement was burned."

"But whose house is this?"

"This is my house."

"Did you bring me to your house?"

"I wasn't there."

"No, I remember. You were not there. I saw you the last time at the Tuileries."

"When did you come to yourself, madame?"

"I have been sick, haven't I? But I have been sitting by this fire nearly all night, trying to understand. I knew I was alone, because Cousin Philippe and Ernestine - I want Paul!"

I looked at the floor, and must have appeared miserable. She passed her hands back over her forhead many times as if brushing something away. "If he died, tell me."

"I held him, Eagle".

"They didn't kill him?"

"No."

"Or scalp him?"

"The knife never touched him."

"But" —

"It was in battle."

"My child died in battle? How long have I been ill?"

"More than a year, Eagle."

"And he died in battle?"

"He had a wound in his side. He was brought into the fort, and I took care of him."

She burst out weeping, and laughed and wept, the tears running down her face and wetting her bosom.

"My boy! My little son! You held him! He died like a man!"

I put her on the settle, and all the cloud left her in that tempest of rain. Afterwards I wiped her face with my handkerchief, and she sat erect and still.

A noise of many birds came from the ravine, and winged bodies darted past the door uttering the cries of spring. Abbé Edgeworth sauntered by and she saw him, and was startled.

"Who is that?"

"A priest."

"When did he come?"

"He rode here with me this morning."

"Louis," she asked leaning back, "who took care of me?"

"You have been with the Grignon's since you came to the Illinois Territory."

"Am I in the Illinois Territory?"

"Yes, I found you with the Grigsons."

"They must be kind people!"

"They are; the earth's salt."

"But who brought me to the Illinois Territory?"

"A family named Jordon."

"The Indians didn't kill them?"

"No."

"Why wasn't I killed?"

"The Indians regarded you with superstition."

"What have I said and done?"

"Nothing, madame, that need give you any uneasiness."

"But what did I say?" she insisted.

"You thought you were a Cloud-Mother."

"A Cloud-Mother!" She was astonished and asked "What is a Cloud-Mother?"

"You thought I was Paul, and you were my Cloud-Mother."

"Did I say such a foolish thing as that?"

"Don't call it foolish, madame."

"I hope you will forget it."

"I don't want to forget it."

Eudgal 81

dDauphin gal. 81.

Dauphin - Gal 82

Here * "But why are you in the Illinois Territory, sire?"

"I came to find land for the Iroquois. I intend to make a state with the tribe."

"But what of France?"

"Oh France is over supplied with men who want to make a state of her. Louis XVIII has been on the throne eleven months, and was recently chased off by Napoleon.

"Louis XVIII on the throne? Did true royalists suffer that?"

"Evidently."

"Sire, what became of Napoleon?"

"He was beaten by the allies and sent to Elba. Louis XVIII was brought in with processions. But in about eleven months Napoleon made a dash across France" —

"Tell me slowly. You say I have been ill more than a year. I know nothing of what has happened."

"Napoleon escaped from Elba, made a dash across France, and incidentally swept the Bourbon off the throne. The last news from Europe shows him gathering armies to meet the allies."

"Oh, sire, you should have been there!"

"Abbé Edgeworth suggests that France is well supplied with dauphins also. Turning off dauphins has been a pastime at court."

"Abbé Edgeworth? You do not mean the priest you saw at Mittau?

"Confessor and almoner of his majesty. The same man."

"Is he here?"

"You saw him pass the door."

"Why has he come to America?"

"I have not inquired."

"Why is he here with you?"

"Because it pleases him, not me."

"He brings you some message?"

"So he says."

"What is it."

"I have not had time to ask."

She stood up. As she became more herself and the spirit rushed forward in her face, I saw how her beauty had ripened. Hoeing corn and washing in the river does not coarsen well born women. I knew I should feel the sweetness of her presence stinging through me and following me wherever I went in the world.

"Call the priest in, sire. I am afraid I have hindered the interview."

"I did not meet him with my arms open, madame."

"But you would have heard what he had to say, if I had not been in your house. Why am I in your house?"

"You came here."

"Was I wandering about by myself?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thought I must have been walking. When I came to myself I was so tired, and my shoes were muddy. If you want to see the priest I will go into another room."

"No, I will bring him in and let him give his message in your presence."

When Abbé Edgeworth was presented to her, he slightly raised his eyebrows, but expressed no astonishment at meeting her lucid eyes. Nor did I explain -- "God has given her back her senses in a night."

The position in which she found herself was trying. She made him a grave courtesy. My house might have been the chateau in which she was born, so undisturbed was her manner. Her night wandering and mind-sickness were simply put behind us in the past, with her having taken refuge in my house, as matters which need not concern Abbé Edgeworth. He did not concern himself with them, but bent before her as if he had no doubt of her sanity.

I asked her to resume her place on the settle. There was a stool for the Abbé and one for myself. We could see the river glinting in its valley, and the windrows of heights beyond it. A wild bee darted into the room, droning, and out again, the sun upon its back.

"Monsieur," I said to Abbé Edgeworth, "I am ready now to hear the message which you mentioned to me last night."

"If madame will pardon me" he answered, "I will ask you to take

me where we can confer alone."

"It is not necessary, Monsieur Abbé. Madame De Ferrier knows my whole story."

But the priest moved his shoulders.

"I followed you to this remote place, Monsieur, that we might talk together without interruption, unembarrassed by any witness."

Madame De Ferrier rose. I put her into her seat again with authority.

"It is my wish, madame, to have at least one witness with the Abbé Edgeworth and myself.

"I hope, " he protested "that madame will believe there can be no objection to her presence. I am simply following instructions. I was instructed to deliver my message in private."

"Monsieur," Eagle answered, "I would gladly withdraw to another room."

"I forbid it, madame." I said to her.

"Very well" yielded Abbé Edgeworth.

He took a folded paper from his bosom, and spoke to me with startling sharpness.

"You think I should address you as Monseigneur, as the dauphin of France should be addressed?"

"I do not press my rights. If I did, Monsieur the Abbe, you would not have the right to sit in my presence."

"Suppose we humor your fancy. I will address you as

Monseigneur. Let us even go a little farther and assume that you are known to be the dauphin of France by witnesses who have never lost track of you. In that case, Monseigneur, would you put your name to a paper resigning all claim upon the throne?"

"Is this your message?"

"We have not yet come to the message."

"Let us first come to the dauphin. When dauphins are as plentiful as blackberries in France and the court never sees a beggar appear without exclaiming - 'Here comes another dauphin!' - why, may I ask, is Abbe Edgeworth sent so far to seek one?"

He smiled.

"We are supposing that Monseigneur, in whose presence I have the honor to be, is the true dauphin."

"That being the case, how are we to account for the true dauphin's reception at Mittau?"

"The gross stupidity and many blunders of agents that the court was obliged to employ need hardly be assumed."

"Poor Bellenger! He has to take abuse from both sides in order that we may be polite to each other."

"As Monseigneur suggests, we will not go into that matter."

Eagle sat as erect as a statue and as white.

I felt an instant's anxiety. Yet she had herself entirely at command.

"We have now arrived at the paper, I trust," said the priest.

Dan Shein

Dauphin Jail 8 3 –

"Well, Monseigneur?"

"It is like her heavenly goodness."

"Do you see nothing but her heavenly goodness in it?"

"This is the message?"

"It is a message I crossed the ocean to bring."

"With the consent of her uncle?"

"Madame d'Angoulême never expresses a wish contrary to the wishes of his majesty."

"We are then to suppose that Louis XVIII offers me, through you, monseiur, the opportunity to sign away my rights, and failing that, the opportunity of taking them?"

"Supposing you are Monseigneur the dauphin, we will let our supposition run as far as this."

I saw distinctly the position of Louis XVIII. Marquis DuPlessy had told me he was a mass of superstition. No doubt he had behaved, as Bellenger said, for the good of the royalist cause. But the sanction of heaven was not on his behavior. Bonaparte was let loose on him like the dragon from the pit. And Frenchmen, after yawning eleven months or so in the king's august face, threw up their hats for the dragon. In his second exile the inner shadow and the shadow of age combined against him. He had tasted royalty. It was not as good as he had once thought. Beside him always, he saw the face of Marie-Theresa. She never forgot the hushed mystery of her brother. Her silence and obedience to the crown, her loyalty

to juggling and evasion, were more powerful than resistance.

A young man, brought suddenly before the jaded nation and proclaimed at an opportune moment, might be a successful toy. The sore old king would oil more than the royalist cause, and the blessing of heaven would descend on one who restored the veritable dauphin.

I never have seen the most stupid man doubt his power to ride if somebody hoists him into the saddle.

"Let us go farther with our suppositions," I said. "Suppose I decline?"

I heard Madame De Ferrier gasp.

The priest raised his eyebrows.

"In that case you will be quite willing to give me a signed paper declaring your reasons."

"I sign no paper."

"Let me suggest that Monseigneur is not consistent. He neither resigns his supposed rights nor will he exercise them."

"I will neither resign them nor exercise them."

"This is virtually resigning them."

"The Abbé will pardon me for saying it is not. My rights are mine, whether I use them or not."

"Monseigneur understands that opportunity is a visitor that comes but once."

"I understand that the most extraordinary thing has happened today that will ever go unrecorded in history. One Bourbon offers

to give away a throne he has lost and another Bourbon refuses it."

"You may well say it will go unrecorded in history. Excepting this lady" -- The Abbé bowed toward Eagle, - "there is no witness."

"Wise precautions have been taken," I agreed. "This scrap of paper may mean anything or nothing."

"You decline?" he repeated.

"I think France is done with the Bourbons, Monsieur the Abbé. A fine spactacle they have made of themselves, cooling their heels all over Europe, waiting for Napoleon's shoes! Will I go sneaking and trembling to range myself among impotent kings and wrangle over a country that wants none of us? No, I never will! I see where my father slipped. I see where the eighteenth Louis slipped. I am a man tenacious beyond belief. You cannot loose my grip when I take hold. But I never have taken hold, I never will take hold -- of my native country, struggling as she is to throw off hereditary rule!"

"You are an American!" said Abbé Edgeworth contemptuously.

"If France called to me out of need, I would fight for her. A life time of peaceful years I would toss away in a minute to die in one achieving battle for her. But she neither calls me nor needs me. A king is not simply an appearance -- a continuation of hereditary rights!"

"Your position is incredible," said the priest.

"I do not belittle the prospect you open before me. I see the practical difficulties, but I see well the magnificence beyond them."

"Then why do you hesitate?"

"I don't hesitate. A man is contemptible who stands shivering and longing outside of what he dare not attempt. I would dare if I longed. But I don't long. "

"Monseigneur believes there will be complications?"

"I know my own obstinacy. A man who tried to work me with strings behind a throne, would think he was struck by lightning."

"Sire," Madame De Ferrier spoke out "this is the hour of your life. Take your kingdom."

"I should have to take it, madame, if I got it. My uncle of Provence has nothing to give me. He merely says — 'My dear dauphin, will you kindly take hold of a crank which is too heavy for me, and turn it for the good of the Bourbons? We may thus keep the royal machine in the family!'".

"You have given no adequate reason for declining this offer." said the priest.

"I will give no reason. I simply decline."

"Is this the explanation that I shall make to Madame d'Angoulême? Think of the tender sister who says — 'Louis, you are recalled!'".

"I do think of her. God bless her!"

"Must I tell her that Monseigneur planted his feet like one of these wild cattle, and wheeled, and fled from the contemplation of a throne?"

"You will dress it up in your own felicitous way, Monsieur."

Dauphin

"What do you wish me to say?"

"That I decline. I have not pressed the embarrassing question of why I was not recalled long ago. I reserve to myself the privilege of declining without saying why I decline."

"He must be made to change his mind, Monsieur!" Madame De Ferrier exclaimed.

"I am not a man that changes his mind every time the clock strikes."

I took the padlocked book out of my breast and laid it upon the table. I looked at the priest, not at her. The padlocked book seemed to have no more to do with the conversation, than a hat or a pair of gloves.

I saw, as one sees from the side of the eye, the scarlet rush of blood and the snow-white rush of pallor which covered her one after the other. The moment was too strenuous. I could not spare her. She had to bear it with me.

She set her clenched hands on her knees.

"Sire!"

I faced her. The coldest look I ever saw in her gray eyes repelled me, as she deliberately said -

"You are not such a fool!"

I stared back as coldly and sternly, and deliberately answered -

"I am - just - such a fool!"

"Consider how any person who might be to blame for your decision,

Dumfriesshire - Jul 83

would despise you for it afterwards!"

"A boy in the first flush of his youth" Abbe Edgeworth said, and his fine jaws squared with a grin, "might throw away a kingdom for some woman who took his fancy, and whom he could not have perhaps, unless he did throw his kingdom away. And after he had done it he would hate the woman. But a young man in his strength doesn't do such things!"

"A king who hasn't spirit to be a king!" Madame De Ferrier mocked.

I mercilessly faced her down.

"What is there about me? Sum me up. I am robbed on every side by anyone who cares to fleece me. Whenver I am about to accomplish anything I fall down as if knocked on the head!"

She rose from her seat.

"You let yourself be robbed because you are princely! You have plainly left behind you every weakness of your childhood. Look at him in his strength, Monsieur Abbe! He has sucked in the vigor of a new country!. The failing power of an old line of kings is renewed in him! You could not have nourished such a dauphin for France in your exiled court! Burying in the American soil has developed what you see for yourself — the king!"

"He is a handsome man," Abbé Edgeworth quietly admitted.

"Oh, let his beauty alone! Look at his manhood -- his kinghood!"

"Of what use is his kinghood if he will not exercise it?"

"He must!"

She turned upon me fiercely.

"Have you no ambition?"

"Yes, madame. But there are several kinds of ambition, as there are several kinds of success. You have to knock people down with each kind, if you want ~~your success~~ acknowledged. As I told you awhile ago, I am tenacious beyond belief, and shall succeed in ~~everything~~ what I undertake."

"What are you ~~going~~ undertaking?"

"I ~~shall~~ am not undertaking to mount a throne."

"I cannot believe it! Where is there a man who would turn from what is offered you? Consider the life before you in this country. Compare it with the life you are throwing away." She joined her hands. "Sire, the men of my house who fought for the kings of yours, plead through me that you will take your inheritance."

I kept my eyes on Abbé Edgeworth. He considered the padlocked book as an object directly in his line of vision. Its wooden covers and small metal padlock attracted the secondary attention we bestow on trifles when we are at great issues.

I answered her,

"The men of your house — and the women of your house, madame —

cannot dictate what kings of my house should do in this day."

"Well as you appear to know him, madame," said Abbé Edgeworth," "and loyally as you urge him, your efforts are wasted."

She next accused me--

"You hesitate on account of the Indians!"

"If there were no Indians in America, I should do just as I am doing."

"All men," the abbé noted, "hold in contempt a man who will not grasp power when he can."

"Why should I grasp power? I have it in myself. I am using it."

"Using it to ruin yourself!" she cried.

"Monseigneur!" The abbé rose. We stood eye to eye. "I was at the side of the king your father upon the scaffold. My hands held to his lips the crucifix of our Lord Jesus Christ. In his death no word of bitterness escaped him. True son of St. Louis, he supremely loved France. Upon you he laid injunction to leave to God alone the punishment of regicides, and to devote your life to the welfare of all Frenchmen. Monseigneur! are you deaf to this call of sacred duty? The voice of your father from the scaffold, in this hour when the fortunes of your house are lowest, bids you take your rightful place and rid your people of the usurper who grinds France and Europe into the blood-stained earth!"

I wheeled and walked across the floor from Abbé Edgeworth, and turned again and faced him.

"Monsieur, you have put a dart through me. If anything in the uni-

verse could move me from my position, what you have said should do it. But my father's blood cries through me today--'Shall the son of Louis XVI be forced down the unwilling throats of his countrymen by foreign bayonets?--Russians--Germans--English!--Shall the dauphin of France be hoisted to place by the alien!'-- My father would forbid it!.....
You appeal to my family love. I bear about with me everywhere the pictured faces of my family. The father whose name you invoke, is always close to my heart. That royal duchess, whom you are privileged to see daily, monsieur, and I--never--is so dear and sacred to me that I think of her with a prayer.....But my life is here.....Monsieur, in this new world, no man can say to me--'Come,' or --'Go.' I am as free as the Indian. But the pretender to the throne of France, the puppet of Russia of England, of the enemies of my country,--a slave to policy and intrigue--a chained wanderer about Europe---O my God! to be such a pretender---gasping for air for light as I gasped in Ste. Pélagie!--O let me be a free man---a free man!"

The old churchman whispered over and over---

"My royal son!"

My arms dropped relaxed.

There was another reason. I did not give it. I would not give it.

We heard the spring wind following the river channel--and a far faint call that I knew so well--the triangular wild flock in the upper air, flying north.

"Honk! honk!" It was the jubilant cry of freedom!

"Madame," said Abbé Edgeworth, resting his head on his hands," I

Dec 5 principal 84

have seen many stubborn Bourbons, but he is the most obstinate of them all. We do not make as much impression on him as that little padlocked book."

Her terrified eyes darted at him--and hid their panic.

"Monsieur Abbé," she exclaimed piercingly, "tell him no woman will love him for throwing away a kingdom!"

The priest began once more.

"You will not resign your rights?"

"No."

"You will not exercise them?"

"No."

"If I postpone my departure from today until tomorrow, or next week, or next month, is there any possibility of your reconsidering this decision?"

"No."

"Monseigneur, must I leave you with this answer?"

"Your staying cannot alter it, Monsieur Abbé."

"You understand, this ends all overtures from France?"

"I understand."

"Is there nothing that you would ask?"

"I would ask Madame d'Angoulême to remember me."

He came forward like a courtier, lifted my hand to his lips, and kissed it.

"With your permission, Monseigneur, I will now retire and ride

slowly back along the river until you overtake me. I should like to have some time for solitary thought.."

"You have my permission, Monsieur Abbé."

He bowed to Madame De Ferrier, and so moving to the door, he bowed again to me, and took his leave.

His horse's impatient start, and his remonstrance as he mounted, came plainly to our ears. The regular beat of hoofs upon a sward followed; then an alternating tap-tap of horse feet diminished down the trail.

We avoided looking at each other.

A bird inquired through the door with inquisitive chirp, and was away.

Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all forces, held themselves condensed and quiescent in the still room.

I moved first, laying Marie-Therese's message on the padlocked book. Standing with folded arms I faced Eagle, and she as stonily faced me. It was a stare of unspeakable love that counts a thousand years as a day.

She shuddered from head to foot. Thus a soul might ripple in passing from its body.

"I am not worth a kingdom!" her voice wailed through the room.

I opened my arms and took her. Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all force, were under our feet. We trod them breast to breast.

She held my head between her hands. The tears streamed down her face.

"Louis!--you are a king!--you are a king!"

End 85

End

Nonnus-connus.

A Partnership Story told by Mamma and Billy-boy Hueston.

Billy-boy. It's time, mamma. You said as soon as I'd fed my pony and put all the 100 pint balls and mallets in the box, without twisting up my face because I don't want to. I didn't twist it, and I've finished my work. So's tell a three volume one, and I've got a nice name for it:— "Nonnus-connus!"

Mamma. That sounds like Hiawatha's grandmother, but it'll do. You begin.

Billy-boy. No, you begin, mamma.

Mamma. Well.

Chapter I

Once there was a blessed little baby girl so brown that they called her Nonnus-connus. She was two years old, huge and strong for that age, and could roll about like a dog on feet and talk a charming language.

Her father was a king and her mother a queen. Their palace was in the country surrounded by trees, and they reigned there just three months in the year. The other nine months a wicked enchanter made them live among tall buildings where they were robbed in particular. The king had to work all day in a counting room and Nonnus-comus could not play on the stairs of the flat. But during their summer royalty Nonnus-comus might do anything, even to making her stomach ache with half ripe cherries. She had tall slaves to do her will. The oldest and nicest was one who wore spectacles and was called Grandma. Another, younger and therefore quicker in obeying, was named Defiance Smith, and she had a twisted-up, severe face which Nonnus-comus liked to poke with her fists; and she was just broad enough across the back to carry Nonnus-comus ~~that~~ in such a position that Nonnus-comus could kick her well in the sides when she did not trot. And there was a big man slave who walked on all fours when she wanted an elephant to convey her across the room. She had wonderful possessions all around her. So one morning she got up before the queen to enjoy them, and Defiance Smith helped and dressed her.

Chapter II

her room, but did have to get into the rib-

"Dont my ribbon," said Nonnus-comnus when Defiance Smith had her done all to tying her hair.

"What did you do with the ribbon I put on you yesterday?" said Defiance Smith.

"Dont reck," said Nonnus-comnus, changing the subject.

"Tell me where your hair-ribbon is kept & I get you your reck."

"Cassent," said Nonnus-comnus, holding her shoulders to Defiance Smith.

"No, I wont scratch it, either, till you bring me your ribbon. A great big girl as big as an ox ought not to lose a hair-ribbon every day."

Nonnus-comnus looked at Defiance and saw that her slave owned everything. So she puckered her lips into the smallest bunch you ever saw and said,

"Kissent."

Defiance kissed it, and then Nonnus-comnus went a little further in atoning for her fault, and endeavored to show that she would send down to the city for a new hair ribbon which could not get lost.

"Write a letter," she said.

"Yes, you look like it," her slave laughed. "You better run out in the hills and hunt up some snowshine to tie your hair with. I hate to disturb your mamma by going into

her room, but I'll have to get into the ribbon box."

So Defiance was gone a few minutes, intending as soon as the baby was made tidy to fix her for breakfast. But when she returned Nonnus-connus was nowhere to be seen. — Go on, Billie.

Billy-Boy. Chapter III

There was another Nonnus-connus, and he was a great big dog. Shaggy. And he lived at that house, and because he was the little girl's name-sake he felt sorry that she lost her hair-ribbon. And he came up wagging his tail and acting as if he wanted her to get on his back. Then Nonnus-connus got on Nonnus-connus's back, and Nonnus-connus trotted off while Nonnus-connus held onto his fur. They went down a winding way, and that's why Defiance Smith couldn't see them. Then they went away from up the hill. Nonnus-connus said "Dallup, Nonsy," and Nonnus-connus pattered along with his tongue out of his mouth as fast as he could travel.

Pretty soon they came to an open place and there was a Gor — ra — t Hip-hip — Mamma Hip, hurrah!

Billy-B. Now, mamma! you're just a naughty girl for that! I said it was a Hip-po-pot-

pops-tamus sitting up them on his hind legs.

Mamma. Hip-po-pop what?

Billy-to (impressing)

Chapter IV

The Hip-po-pot-pop-tamus Yawned!

-Go on, now.

Mamma. Chapter V

As soon as Tomus-comus saw him as this, she said,

"Dont say nimnah, tod."

But recollecting the meal she had missed, she corrected herself and said

"Dont say beckus."

The Hip-po-pop closed his mouth and looked at her. I may see him about, may nt I, Billie?

Billie. You always make me pronounce every syllable in a word, Mamma Hunstone. But I guess I'll 'excuse you.

Mamma. Thanks. And then the Hip-po-pop asked if she would breakfast with him. For he was not nearly so terrible as he looked. And he led the way to a meadow where lots of little children were planted with their feet in the ground. The short grass grew just next and close around their ankles. As the wind blew they rocked like poppies or roses, and clapped their hands and laughed.

As soon as Nonnus-comnus saw this she shouted, and Nonnus-comnus barked. They dashed in among the children, and Nonnus-comnus affectionately clasped some about the neck, saying "Kissen!" while Nonnus-comnus thumped them with his wagging tail. One or two kissed Nonnus-comnus. But others were shy and hid their faces in the breasts of their slips or coats which rose and covered them like a calyx. The Hip-po-pop did not stop in this meadow. He waddled on into a woodsy place, Nonnus-comnus following on Nonnus-comnus. They came to his dining-hall which was hung all round with green, and they sat down at his table which was a clear spring of water. Now dishes are usually set upon a table, but here they came up out of a table.

"This is Upside-down land," says the Hip-po-pop. "Things go quite the other way. The more you forget yourself and the richer your food is, the healthier you will be. Go on, Billee, Billy-boy. O mamma! Wish I could go there between breakfast and school time when we've had pancakes and mush and syrup for breakfast. Then Nonnus-comnus stood on the Hip-po-pop-comnus, and Nonnus-comnus sat up by the spring, too, for dogs were the same as folks in that country. But she was hungry and she wished for honey on cake, and it came right up out of the spring; and she had it

any eating - often a napkin, but didn't dare
touch a bit. For the more it ran down her
chin the cleaner her face was. And she got
P'sanes and cream and orange ice and olives
that her mamma wouldn't let her taste at home,
and fig paste and pie with the deepest kind
of meringue on, and turkey with curry dress-
ing, and whipped cream. But Nonnus-comus
pulled me ~~home~~ bone after another out of
the opening, and the old Hip-po-pop-pot-
amus, he had bananas and juicy roots; but
once in awhile he took a dish of ice-cream
because his fuler could see it and let it
alone. They ate and ate and ate till they
all grew very strong, and each one wanted
to do something he never did before. Nonnus-
comus and the Hip-po-pop-pot-amus set out
to hunt, and just as soon as they were gone
the little girl Nonnus-comus heard - something
- Rustling .. .. in the Bushes!

Chapter VI

What was it Mamma?

Mamma. It was the queen, seeking princess
Nonnus-comus.

Billy. Oh, what did you have them find her
for!

Mamma. For the sweetest kind of reasons. And
with the queen was Nonnus-comus's tall black
slave who played her elephant, and whom she

called Nuckel Dim. And just as soon as the queen and Nuckel Dim set their feet in the Hip-po-pop's dining-room, they giggled up small until they were just the right size for dolls. Because in Upside-down land big folks have the babies.

Nonnus-connus chuckled for joy. First she took her mamma on her lap and said "Be dood." Nonnus-connus was a living little creature, and made dollies out of everything. Besides her own dressed-up way and china, and her old chewed rubber and crotcheted, she had a hickory-nut doll and a sea-nut; and she carried a fiddlestick about, and was mother to old slippers, and pieces of wood, and tried to catch the hens to nurse in her lap. The hoe and the spade were her children, and she wrapped the queen's light shawl around grandma's fire shovel, and even rocked a stove-lid to sleep upon her white dress. So it was very delicious to have mamma for a dolly.

"When had you been?" the queen squeaked in her ear.

"Go sleep," replied Nonnus-connus, rocking her dolly. "I sing, bye-ba."

So she rocked back and forth and sang "ai" and when her mamma was quite fast asleep, Nonnus-connus stuck a finger into her eye like one of it. Then mamma woke up and began to cry, and Nonnus-connus

stretched mamma out on her lap and said,

"I pank oo."

"Don't pank her," said Nuckel Dim, who stood by looking up at his huge niece.

"Yes," argued Nonno-comus.

"You made her cry," argued Nuckel Dim. "You'd much better ride me on your foot. I've often let you ride on mine."

This idea pleased Nonno-comus, so she let mamma roll out of her lap to lean forward and drag Nuckel Dim astride of her bulbous shoe. She held his hands and tossed him up and down, and his hair and eyes stood out with enjoyment. But in the midst of a high toss she remembered how well he could Sippaity-hop and how often he had done so for a word from her. So she let him go, and as he struck the ground on his head, she shouted,

"Sippaity-cop, Nuckel Dim. Sippaity-cop!"

Billy-boy.

Chapter VII.

"Humph! Sippity-cop!" says Nuckel Dim, "when you've broken the top of my head and there's no glue to mend it."

He took the piece in his hand and sat looking at it with tears in his eyes. For he was afraid to put it in his pocket, for fear the marbles there might find a way to it,

and he didn't know what it was. Then the sun shone right in, too, and dazzled the back part of his eyes.

Norums-corums was very sorry. She stuck her finger in her mouth, and her mamma stood up by the tree and cuddled her, and said: "Why did you do that? You naughty big baby!"

But just then the Hippo-pop-pot-amus and Norums-corums came trotting back, and told that each one had done something he never did before. Norums-corums hunted for hair-ribbons and the Hip-po-pop-potamus hunted for the biggest rose-pillow in the world. And they found a Growly Old Man sitting on a rose-pillow as big as our house, and he was holding down one end of the rainbow by the ribbons that it was tied into where it hits the earth. And he growled as he was awful! He hated music, and said pretty things were nonsense, and grown folks spent their time and wore out all the swizzles whipping children when he was young. And whenever he saw a child he growled like he was a drum drumming — a bass drum: and I'd like to beat it, mamma. He would not let the tiniest little chap in the world lie down at the edge of the rose-pillow. And I tell you! millions and millions of rose leaves

stuffed it. It was sweeter than the one you put under my head when I was sick. Because it was bigger. But if ever a boy or girl could creep up on that rose-pillow, and get one ribbon out of the hand of the Grouchy Old Man, he'd give up the whole bunch and the pillow and all. Lots had tried it. But they all limped home and never told their folks.

But the Hip-po-pop-potamus and Nonnus-comnus persuaded Nonnus-comnus to go: and his mamma and his uncle told him not to, they were so little, though she didn't think she ought to mind them: so she took one under one arm and the other under the other, and put on Nonnus-comnus's back, and the Hip-po-pop-potamus trotted began; and they came to the Grouchy Old Man.

"What do you want here!" says the Grouchy Old Man. "If I didn't have to hold this sky, ribbon down I'd come down and pound you!" he says.

And Nonnus-comnus got off of Nonnus-comnus's back, and bunched his lips up sweet.

"Kissum," she says.

The Grouchy Old Man was very mad because he wanted to kiss her. And he gritted his teeth while she climbed up the pillow. Mamma. She'll melt the heart of the Grouchy Old Man.

Billy-boy. "It's your turn yet, Mamma Hubbard." And so she went. He's a terrible Grouchy Old Man! But Mamma-comma ca-a-po up the pillow. It smells so sweet!

"Dat ribbon," she says.

And the Grouchy Old Man shook his head till his hair snapped like whips, because he wanted to give her a ribbon.

She jumped and crawled up the rose-pillow, and it did smell so sweet that she hid all of her face in it and then looked up and said,

"Mellut."

The Grouchy Old Man took a long sniff that pulled the rainbow ribbons up his nose, and he was so mad he flung them so they shook clear across the sky.

By that time Mamma-comma had crept up to his knee, and she grabbed a ribbon and said "Give to my."

And Oh! that angel Grouchy Old Man did throw her up off of that pillow! She thought she was among the stars and tried to hang on by them. He Hip-po-pop-potamus bellowed, and Mamma-comma hollered. And her mamma and uncle too she spilled out of her lap at the foot of the rose-pillow, ran up and down like ants, and wring their hands.

And pretty soon she struck the roof of the sky, and didn't know anything more.
Now, mamma.

Mamma. And pretty soon thereafter, she was in her hammock under the ~~cedar~~ thickest apple shade. She was very warm, and her uncle, returned to his natural size, was about to carry her in to dinner. Nonno-comno did not waste breath and time in asking questions. She was done with the Hip-po-pop, and the rose-pillow and the Grouchy Old Man, and was satisfied with having fallen into her hammock. The old dog lay in the verandah, and not far from him stood mamma, dressed in fresh white, as she would be after Nonno-comno had made a doll of her.

Nonno-comno scanned the top of her uncle's head and found the lid replaced and fitting snugly. And finding him in such good serviceable condition, she had no care in the world, except to command with a bob of her head,

"Sippity-cop, Knuckle Dim, Sippity-cop."

M.H.C—

The Other One

I

The surest seer can never forecast exactly how any change will affect his transitional soul. Marian Brand believed herself to be looking forward complacently to giving her child in marriage. Ambition and maternity had been the forces driving her through hard worked years. Mother, and writer of books, she had fought to a place of her own upon the car of the rearing merciless world, which carries you so well when you ride above the wheels, and grinds you so fine when you fall under them. The child bloomed, and was at last her very own. Her name grew in weight and authority and was garnered in the distinguished morgues of newspaper offices.

But on a day July she had broke into a part of her nature which astounded her. It happened when she and her daughter were dressing for dinner.

"Dorothy," said Marian," who is this young Fairfax that seems to be always at your heels?"

"He's the best foot-ball player in the University team, mama."

"Doubtless. But who are his people?"

"He's a Virginian by descent, but born a Kentuckian; and adopted by an uncle here in Chicago. His name is all doubled up--Fairfax Fairfax. Don't you like him, mama?" There was a note of alarm in the girl's voice.

"I don't dislike him. But why is he about you so much more than the other young men?"

"Well, mama," admitted Dorothy," he's rushing me to become engaged to him."

Marian felt her lips stiffen without any smile at the expressive college slang.

"What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know, mama. I have told him I don't know."

Marian swiftly crossed the room away from the glass where she saw her face become the color of terra-cotta, choked with blood. She had the sensation of being crushed up against the roof of her head. For a secret chamber within her was rent wide open, and out of that chamber started a self that took her by the throat.

"Mother, what is the matter?"

"The matter is that I have been cheated, and now I am going to be robbed!"

~~The girl took hold of her and put her in a chair.~~ They were both partially undressed, their fair shoulders and smooth throats showing, ~~above carnages.~~ There was not a shade of difference betwixt the two brown heads pressed together.

~~"Mother, don't you want me to marry?"~~

Marian's strangled cry and wide cast arms under her chin
recite as from the sight of some awful, appalling
calamity. In her aloofness from all help Marian heard
of it the wicked mockery in the pain of her own instant of
hint ears — someone answering her cry of space —

"Wait for me! I am coming!"

She stood still, and listened.

"Wait for me: I am coming!" the call was repeated.

Clear, wireless, but certain, it blinded her with the force of a bullet.

"Mama!" said Dinty, seizing her, [illegible] release from pain,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

"I need it, and every other inch I can add to my stature."

"Mama, I should simply weep!"

"Bottle your tears, and finish dressing."

Dorothy held her down with extended arms. "Mother, I want to tell me how you have been cheated. You say you have never lived. I know that you are only fifteen years older than I am. And I don't know anything about my father. You never speak of him; and Uncle George used to say he was a bad man."

"Your uncle George had no right to say he was a bad man."

"Was he good, mama?"

"He was a negative man. We were both victims. Nothing further need be said."

"But, mama, I never have told you how it hurts me when the girls --and Fax, ask about my father. I am of age. I ought to know."

The blood had entirely left Marian's face, and it became set in one expression like hardening white clay.

"Yes, you ought to know. I suppose the time has come."

A succession of thumps on the floor sounded across the sitting room from another apartment of the suite, followed by unrestrained swearing. Then a voice pealed out:

"Marian is dead! If I had known she didn't want that man--if I had even suspected that she didn't care for that man--she shouldn't have married him:--and her poor dear baby would have had its mother yet!"

"Grandmother is [illegible] again," sighed Dorothy.

"Shut the door," her mother said.

The girl did so, and resumed her place, waiting with the merciless expectancy of youth.

"Tell me, mama."

"When I was fourteen years old," Marian spoke out quickly, "My school chum made a runaway match. She took me into her confidence, and I was charmed to keep an older girl's secret. Her lover had a friend who met with us in our conferences. The three persuaded me to marry that friend, and so make a double elopement.

"I was fourteen years old. The young man had soft white hands and brown eyes. I did not dislike him; but when I looked at my dear mother the impulse to tell her everything grew savingly strong. But I never told her, or even grandmother, who was already childish, and [redacted] me. It must have been the fascination of the unknown [redacted] that drew me on. I had one of the most beautiful homes in Wisconsin, and was an only daughter in a wealthy house. Driven by other wills than my own, I came to the moment of secretly packing my trunk. There were eight dear dolls that I could not leave. They and their clothes took so much space that little room was left for my own garments.

"I went in the eloping party. If my father and mother had followed within two weeks, they could have brought their [redacted] child home. I wrote them every day, and begged them to take me back. For five months I wrote every day. [redacted] I found out that some time I should have a little child of my own. I made new dresses for all my dolls, and kissed them, and cried over them, before laying them

away forever. ~~At the end of five months~~ Then I got a letter from my mother, saying she could no longer endure the separation, and I must come home. I had just two ~~[illegible]~~ happy hours in my married life! The letter reached me at nine in the morning; ~~and at~~ I hurried to pack. I was wild with joy. eleven there was a telegram saying my mother was dead!

"I must have been numb all the rest of that day. The woman who kept our boarding-house came up at five o' clock and found me smoothing the telegram on my knee. She put her arms around me and cried, and said, 'I will ~~[illegible]~~ take you to the train." The young man ~~[illegible]~~ until the six o' clock dinner. He did not know what had happened. did not come

"So I went home, and saw my mother buried; and hovered around the house, a stranger, waiting for a kind word from my father or my brother. Grandmother thought I had died instead of my mother. They did not notice me or speak to me. ~~Even after I had a child she would not believe I was living.~~ She was completely gone. She calls me her daughter believes You know to this day she ~~thinks I am my mother~~, and that ~~[illegible]~~ Marian is dead. The young man When I went back to ~~my husband~~, he was naturally disappointed...having married into a wealthy family...to be left in such poverty. I was ill a long time after ~~my child~~ you was born. He worked as a reporter on a city paper; and sometimes got no work at all. So it was not surprising that he ...talked abusively...and when you were two years old... left me."

"O mama!" Dorothy lifted her head from her mother's knee.

"I never heard of him again. My father had gone to South America, and died there. My picture was found in the lid of his watch. It was all I inherited. His will gave everything to my brother. I was sev-

~~[illegible]~~

enteen years old. I tried to sew. I tried to wash. And all the time I tried to write for newspapers, as I had seen my...the young man do.

"You were about five years old when my brother and his wife came and wanted to take you. They were childless. They blamed me for robbing you of your natural inheritance, and promised you should inherit everything if I would give you up. I did it. I can see you still, pleased with strangers, but putting up a lip, and turning back to me. You screamed as the train started, and I ran, and tore my dress open, to keep from strangling to death!"

Dorothy rose on her knees and rocked her mother in her arms.

"If Aunt Susan and Uncle George weren't dead, I could hate them!"

Marian broke through her child's kisses. "Hate that woman with her long snake back, and cobra undulations! You loved her--you know you loved her! She robbed me nine long years, when I could only see you as I scraped pennies together. But I was running a race with her! I lived twenty-five years while she lived only nine! I studied in libraries, with my stomach hollow as a gourd, and I was the fiercest worker that ever made copy for a rushing world. Heartache kept me awake so I could work nights, and ambition became a long debauch. My scheme was to get an individual standing and a name. With a big newspaper behind me, I could take you back. And when I was ready, to do it, they wouldn't let me have you!"

"But you have had me four years, dearest. And they are dead."

"I'm glad they are. I never pretended to be sorry."

"Mama, you turn suddenly from a grand tragic mask into a naughty brownie. You make me laugh before the tears are out of my eyes. How

could you go through so much, and stay so beautiful and young!"

"Don't put your trust in appearances. My flesh is simply iron welded by hardship; and my youth is nothing but four years' rest and possession of you. Maternity and ambition made my life. But unseen forces are always working with us. Violence was done to my childhood. I took a dark plunge; and my whole vitality thereafter was absorbed in swimming for life. How often have I had that feeling of breasting waves and fighting to keep my nostrils above water!"

"Poor mama!"

"But through it all I had the belief that I should succeed; that angels were helping me;--that the best must come to me! Across all mistakes and all wickedness, I knew the best must come to me! I am trusting to infinite stores for the best. And now I am over the dismay of losing you, and facing something new."

"Mother, I will never leave you again," Dorothy pleaded again.

"Yes, you will."

"Shall I tell Fax Fairfax this story?"

"Not unless you think of accepting him."

"I think --sometime I might."

The grandmother's cane stormed so furiously that both sprang to their feet. Before pacifying her they stood in a close embrace and kissed each other.

The grandmother was appeased though. She was given her after dinner walk on the half mile of verandah, and put to bed, with the remaining maid within call, when Marian [illegible] for the first time. [illegible] sat there in the July dusk. There was dancing in the parlor. At intervals she would make an entry in the note book which she habitually carried.

(over)

She smiled at the usual custom of [illegible] an impression. [illegible] a curtain after the [illegible] impression, but hidden indeed of publicity abroad

"This fourth day of July," she set down, "about 6 in the evening I went a visiting to and at a space. It spoke to a minister, present as that seems to have been looked today. I was in great anguish. It spoke within me, I am so astonished that Jesus said to me so. I am [illegible] of my readers. The voice said 'Wait for me; I am coming!' I was entirely unbelieving. I went [illegible] the two words against it by a Quaker friend, I don't find for it [illegible] the Divine voice. I am also astonished that I had a passage

[illegible]

The [illegible] you better [illegible] another book and for the

tervals the dancers came out and strolled past her and other people who sat watching curved flights of rockets that began to streak the sky. The huge hotel stretched like an arcaded village along the shore. Young children with their nurses played in pavilions on the lawn, or continued along the sands their celebration of Independence Day. But their little din of fire-crackers in this rear cloister betwixt building and water, was an oasis of comparative silence in the city's continual explosion.

Marian leaned back in her chair watching the open fresh-water sea. Far up the Illinois Central lines which bordered the lake, clusters of semaphore lamps hung like red and green jewels in the sky. A dark purple stain ran out as if the deck were leaking wine; but amethyst and green visions wavered along the horizon. The light-house in the north blinked fire, went out, and blazed crimson, which sunk to darkness, and returned in fire.

She heard above all the noises, clear, voiceless, without visible bearer, a message which struck her with the force of a bullet.

"Wait for me: I am coming!"

She replied, also without words--"Who are you? Where are you?"

Whether the message entered her ears or the pores of her body, it was unmistakable. An exhilaration like that which follows release from physical pain, floated her in a sea of peace. Life that instant became transposed to its best.

A large youth was sauntering towards her just before she heard the message. A great deal seemed to have happened--she had indeed reached the pivot of life--before he stopped by her chair.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bredhead."

"God evening, Mr. Fairfax."

Another man wheeled, and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Your name is Fairfax?"

"Fairfax Fairfax, sir."

"You may call yourself so once or twice, just as you please. My name is Fairfax, too. Fairfax once."

"I knew you very well by sight, Mr. Fairfax once. Like a southerner I have been trying to trace our relationship."

"I understand you have." The elder man's color mounted. "So I knew you better by hearing than by sight. I understand you have been amusing yourself by telling people in this hotel that you are my son! I happen to be a bachelor--but I want it stopped anyhow, sir!"

The boy looked at him with all the pathos which can be expressed by black lashed eyes of deep blue, and exclaimed reproachfully--

"Why, father!"

Everybody within hearing laughed, even young Fairfax's victim. He propitiated Marian with a shy sweetness that put his impudence entirely out of mind.

"May I have a chair beside you, Mrs. Brdhead, while Dorothy dances with another fellow?"

"You may, if you will not claim me as your mother."

"I'm too old for that."

The boy humbly brought a chair, and sat down to apologize.

"You see me capable of some things; but I am not all bad. For instance I couldn't get engaged to two girls, as some fellows can.

One of the fellows in our fraternity did that. We all fell on him for it. He didn't know what to do, so he went in to enjoy himself:-- wrote letters to both of them every fifteen minutes, and sent flowers, and so on: trusting to Providence to help him out. And Providence did. For the girls happened to meet, and get acquainted, and have a heart-to-heart bat. 'I'm engaged to So-and-so,' says one. 'Why,'I'm engaged to him myself!' says the other. They sent for him to call on one of them, and both faced him! He came home to the frat house in a cab; but his mind was so relieved that he slept like a baby."

Dorothy leaned across the broad sill behind and touched the young man, giving him a start.

"Fax Fairfax, my mother's mind is above fraternity love stories."

"You can safely let me hear them," protested Marian. Electric light from a fire garlanded pillar within fell over her face.

"Mother, what has happened to you!" Dorothy exclaimed." Something has happened since you came out here. You are so changed!"

Her mother laughed, and answered, "Hallucinations." But when the young pair went away for the next dance, Marian took out a note book and wrote in it.

"This evening of July fourth I heard your voice calling to me out of space. It spoke to a rudimentary, primeval self that seems to have broken bounds today. I never knew before that I needed you. Yet I do remember riding along a muddy road when a child, depressed by dead leaves, my throat closing with sobs of homesickness for you! You who carry the key to my best self, I want you to come and unlock me

and let me live! You are the Other One.

"If I had had you from the start I never should have experienced a bitter minute. And you will never be all yourself until you find me! "

The idea was fixed. Next day she thought of it with the joy of a discoverer. In a week it dominated her. Out of unguessed distance with the steady march of day and night, the Other One was coming to meet her. The negative background of a swarming hotel might any hour manifest that positive force. She surprised herself in the act of scanning the vast dining room with elective eyes that refused to exchange looks with strangers. This attitude of waiting exposed her to her own ridicule, and stung to alertness that guardian of behaviour which we call common sense. Still, Marian believed with delicious expectancy that the ideal companionship was approaching her.

She could not tell Dorothy. At times the secret appeared so absurd, that the laughter of a mocked in brownie her face.

"You are lazy," she told herself. "If George and his wife had died a natural death instead of being drowned, and had cut you off by will from your inheritance, you would still be fighting wholesomely for life and turning out copy every day, craving no companionship but the child's. I am ashamed of you."

At other times, when organ music and incense and all the outward symbols of worship acted upon her senses, she suspected that the veil betwixt herself and the next world was growing thin.

In November the last foot-ball game of that year was fought on what is called the Martial Field. Dorothy Brodhead stood beside

her mother; for no one sat still in the vast amphitheater where thousands of people looked down as at a Roman spectacle. She had a crook wound with the maroon colors of her college team, and brandished it aloft when the soul became too expansive to resist the multitude's wild cries. Far across the arena the college "head rooter" blew a megaphone and danced before an unceasing university chorus, as maroon clad athletes wrestled their way to goal. It was like a magnificent tournament, the clash of knights without armor.

Brown harness and maroon harness, stained equally by the earth on which they struggled across the white gridiron, roused partisans to such a rapture of worship as no hero but the athlete gains from any nation with the Anglo-Saxon strain. Deep called unto deep of primitive strength and skill. Again and again the mass recoiled after their shock, and parted from some prostrate figure on the ground.

"O mama, Fax is hurt!" Dorothy seized her mother's arm and spoke in gasps. "There!--they are helping him up! He can't stand--he reels! They're bathing his face!--Why mama! Fax Fairfax is going into the game again!--It's glorious as battle!"

The bulletin board, scoring for her sweetheart's team, swam in the distance before Dorothy's brimming eyes, and when surrounding shouts, rising after a hush of suspense, covered her confidence to her mother's ear, she admitted,

"I'll have to take him, mama! No girl could stand out against a man like that , much longer!"

The banquet rooms of the hotel were crowded with victors and vanquished and their friends after the game, and names were toasted until

midnight. Held to her suite by unusual petulance in the grandmother, Marian could hear enthusiasm mounting the elevator shaft as up a great flue.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!"--then the name of some favorite of prowess.

"Daughter, is the building on fire?" cried the grandmother.

"No: it's nothing but a foot-ball banquet, dear. But it sounds like the chanting of savages."

Dorothy brought young Fairfax up, hoarse and glorious, when the departing team was finally sped. He came doubly a conqueror, to be received as a son and beg that the engagement might be announced. His adopted father was delighted with his choice.

"I have told him all about us," said Dorothy.

Having been received with the self-restraining kindness which Marian had learned in a hard school, Fax was for knocking on the grandmother's door to kiss even her hand and get some kind of a blessing.

"Oh, I hope she won't swear!" breathed Dorothy." You know, Fax, she is very old, and her mind is gone."

"Old people are to be excused for any foolishness," said Fax grandly.

"Who's knocking at my door?" inquired the grandmother.

"It's Mr. Fax Fairfax, grandmother. We heard you moving about, and he wants to bid you goodnight."

"Now why does he come to bid me goodnight?" The door opened enough to show a narrow strip of wrapper and suspicious wrinkled face. "He never came so late to bid me goodnight before. What does he want? --I know! He wants my husband's flowered satin vests, hid in the bot-

tom of my trunk! He sha'n't have them!" She slammed the door in his face.

From the instant that Dorothy's engagement was announced, Marian felt her child unconsciously slipping the old bond that had been the mother's life. They kissed each other and took counsel together; and she was careful not to say aloud,

"I am behind her back now. She is going forward with one of her own generation."

One small dark winter day Marian walked alone on the lake shore breasting the wind, which always irritated her, yet with which she made it a habit to struggle. It was both excellent for health and a penance for sin.

"There is much of the earth-worm in me," she remarked to herself. "I bore blindly ahead through difficulties, and keep silent, and draw myself out of the tramping world's path. Because the child was my child I thought she was for me, and nothing could really translate her out of my hold. It is not so. The Other One understands these things better than I do. I want the Other One to come and show me how to live! I want to live!"

She sat down on the steps of the German building which still faces the lake, relic of a vanished city. The portal was locked behind her, and empty halls waited the summer lounger and sipper of iced drinks. White specks of gulls rode afloat on foam ridged water. The lake was eating up an extension of its shore which it had built in gray sand hills of ice. It dashed high, running along the margin in sheeted stooping phantoms that fell on their faces as they died.

On her left, wooden piles running out to sea were gloriously incrusted, [redacted] ruined foundations of old marble palaces.

Marian fronted the east, nesting her head in her fur collar. The day was chill, and the steps under her deadly cold, and she felt humble and depressed, secretly mourning those defiant early days when she was working towards her child and had no room for any other thought. She saw, coming towards her out of the grayness of lake and sky, with the motion of a white bird, some object that resolved itself into letters, and stood a name:"Heber:"-- one bubble instant before it disappeared.

"Heber:--I saw the letters distinctly:--the Other One's name is Heber!"

Scud slipped low, dragging the surface, and rolling over and over in cloudy scrolls.Out of these satin evolutions which disclosed and framed it,came a face of fine and noble texture, with pale hair. It gazed steadily into distance, expectant and calm, and clouds veiled it from her sight.

She knew it was the Other One. The face was as distinct as any natural object around her. What had been an influence rather than a person, a spirit rather than a being of flesh and blood, became instantly differentiated as man. A divination of masculine prowess followed the appearance of the face. The roar of the lake had not been out her ears [redacted] an instant.She felt keen exhilaration; the blood throbbed in her body almost audibly.Again rapturous peace subtle as eastern perfume acted upon her senses.

Under her yielding acceptance of name and face as something done to her spirit, there was a hard headed Marian who reasoned that she was not in a normal mental condition. The long strain of living, and idolatry of her child, followed by travel abroad which had prevented her striking healthy root in any community, might easily affect her in unusual ways. Yet [redacted] stubborn belief that angels are sent to help mortals, and that infinite stores of good lie around us everywhere, unseen and potent as electricity, remained the groundwork of her mind.

There was a club of writing men and women, artists, sculptors, and musicians, [redacted] called the "Little Compartment," that gathered in a studio at the top of a tall building, between four and six on Friday afternoons. Sitting in this cosy den at five o' clock, Marian forgot everything but the people around her. She sat at a table pouring coffee, on a stage lined with eastern rugs, the shaded footlights in front of her. Two critics leaned on the back of the settle, agreeing in the number of lumps their cups required, but at war over a book; and two eastern publishers, keen men, foraging for novelty, were passed from group to group. [redacted] being flotsam that the club peculiarly claimed and drew in. Every moment there was a new arrival. A Canadian poet with a golden mustache sat by a novelist in a feather hat with rolled up brim, and told her stories of his province. At the end of the long studio, made cheerful by a hum and the tinkle of cups and spoons, a shaggy apostle of realism [redacted] camped on the wall bench with a woman poet fine as porcelain; and the poet's sister, a laughing girl with dark eyes, begged them to collaborate, and give her a

new kind of a book to review. Everyone was for moving about to swap bits of news and experience with everyone else.

A couple of shaded crimson lamps , like great roses, made a Titian glow upon armor, old draperies, and the sage walls, on casts and bronzes and pictures. At the end of a screen by the door stood a tall tripod from which mounted the wavering blueness of incense.

Marian was laughing at the quips around her. The kettle steaming over the spirit lamp , sent out its little puffs. She glanced at Dorothy sitting in front of the screen, with graceful virginal outline cast into relief, and chin tilted upward to give attention to a bald musician. Around the end of the screen came a man holding his furred ~~great~~ top coat on his arm and his hat in his hand. His face, expectant and calm, was of fine and noble texture, with pale hair.

It was the Other One.

II

The new comer met her eyes before he looked at any other person in the room. Marian did not that moment realize that she was a conspicuous figure, cast up by the row of footlights. She gave back a dilated stare, feeling her blood ebb in consternation. Through buzzing ears she heard a woman near her asserting,

"Conventionality is the highest result of civilization."

Fresh cups were brought to her table by a maid; and one of the men behind her exclaimed--

"At last! I was afraid Heron wouldn't get here. His train goes at six."

"Who is the last arrival?" Marian inquired.

"Don't you know?"

"I never saw him before."

"I thought perhaps you had. He comes to the Little Compartment whenever he passes through the town on a club day. That's John Heron, the Oriental scholar."

"John Heron?"

"So christened. You may not have heard of him. He's been digging for pleasure, without publishing, these many years. He doesn't have to dig for a living like some of us. I'll bring him up here as soon as he can be pulled out of the hands he has fallen into."

"But an Oriental scholar must be very formidable. I am afraid of him."

"On the contrary, such studies bring a man near the world's childhood, according to my observation, and make him singularly gentle toward the rest of us. You see he isn't hurrying at all: yet I happen to know he takes the overland train in less than an hour. He sails for Japan next week."

"When did he come into the city?"

"This morning; from New York."

The Oriental scholar had laid aside his hat and top coat, and was in the midst of friends. For the first time in her life conviction pierced Marian Brodhead that she was crude; that the necessity to work laid upon her at the end of childhood must have rubbed off the glamourous bloom and grace retained by women reared above the attrition of care. She wished like a victim that she had been made for boundless friendships, and not for idealizing. Across the room she knew that man for one alive to the forces of the universe; a chariot-rider, not a foot-pad on the highway of the world. His presence enlarged her life. As she ventured to look at him again she saw him steadily watching her. The influence was beyond all common sense.

"At any rate," Marian defended herself," his name is not Heber. I have heard and seen strange things, but the name [redacted]

coming to me was certainly Heber."

In terror of the Other One, now that he had arrived, she recalled her hard days and painful achievements, and cast them up for a breast-work in front of her self-respect. While talk went on, having to her ears only the chink-chink, chink-chink of a dancing-girl's tambourine, Marian saw Dorothy bringing the man to her. They ascended the stage, followed by his friend who had told her about him.

"Mama," said Dorothy, "Mr. Heron wants to be introduced to you."

The daughter ran her critical eye over the stranger's manner of approaching her mother. All Marian's lines were simple and sincere, without the Gallic woman's efflorescence; and in browns, the color of her hair. She had a pink rose in her girdle. Her face flushed and dimpled. Dorothy perceived triumphantly that the Oriental scholar was less at ease than her mother.

He took the place offered him on the settle, and Dorothy sat down opposite with the critic. She regarded Heron's pale hair and clean shaven face with the satisfaction of a girl who has helped to corner a lion.

"I have long been hoping to meet you," he said to Marian, as she gave him his coffee. Dorothy's eyes shone with pride.

"You see now, Mr. Rich," she remarked to the critic," what it is to write books instead of tearing them to pieces."

"Don't I write books myself?--keeping in mind not to please the public inordinately: for it is sure to turn and rend what it has over-praised. And aren't you of the ungodly young generation that tears them to pieces?" he retorted. "Why then this vaunting tone?"

"I suppose it's because I never expect to be anything myself but a daughter. So I brag about my mother."

"My amiable weaknesses might pass unnoticed," suggested Marian.

"She hasn't any weaknesses, Mr. Heron. Mama isn't ever superstitious."

"It is Miss Brodhead, I understand," said Rich, "who points her shoes at night in the direction she wants her dreams to take!--and carries a mascot in the shape of a crook wound with maroon, for her favorite foot-ball team, every time they play."

"You are easily imposed upon."

"Maybe. But I pin my faith to one thing I have heard: and that is that every woman in this world disapproves of the way every other woman wears her hair and puts on her clothes."

"How did a man find that out?"

The presence of whom Marian was intensely conscious took advantage of the rush of talk around them to speak to her in lower tones. They were side by side.

"I have something important to tell you, madame," he said. "May I see you at your home tomorrow?"

She met the points of light framed by the iris of his eyes, and divined it.

"You know something about my husband!"

"Yes."

Living free so many years Marian had ceased to regard her condition under the law as a married woman. The dungeon of her early wedlock

[redacted] now re-inclosed her as if she had taken a plunge down an oubliette. Wan from the shock, becoming in feature and expression again the little girl who had been deserted with the little baby, she answered,

"You will find me at the Strand hotel."

"At what hour may I call?"

"At any hour you name."

"May I see you at eleven in the morning?"

"If you wish."

She made a sign to Dorothy, and an obeisance to the two men, as she rose.

"What, Mrs. Brodhead! You're not going?" said Rich.

"I am obliged to go. My place will be filled in a moment."

Dorothy did not speak to her until they stepped out upon the pavement. It was a night of mist, and the vistas of avenue lights were parallel processions of halos. They crossed the street, Marian holding Dorothy's arm and pressing to her child's side.

"Mother, are you ill?"

"A little less than well, Dorothy."

"But you were so rosy awhile ago!"

"I want you to take grandmother to ride before eleven in the morning. Mr. Heron is coming to see me."

"I thought he had done it! What did he say to you? --And how can he come at eleven in the morning when he is to take the train for the Pacific coast at six tonight?"

"I don't know how he will arrange his plans. What I do know is that he asked to come at eleven tomorrow to tell me about your father."

Dorothy's arm tightened on her mother's. They paused, two figures in cloud at the entrance of a wide stone subway leading to the glitterin g station. The city's roar was on one hand and the lake's restless pulse on the other. [redacted] Cable cars with gongs made din on the next avenue as they rushed cyclops-eyed and menacing under an elevated track where ghostly trains shot back and forth.

"Mama, I have wanted to ask so many things!"

"And I could tell you nothing."

"Does Mr. Heron know him?"

"Mr. Heron merely said he had something of importance to tell me."

"Is my father living?"

"I don't know. O Dorothy, love me! Please love me a little!"

"Mama, you are shaking like a leaf! You know you are the dearest mother in the world! We are sweethearts--we are chums! How can you ask me to love you as if I didn't!"

"Take care of me tonight!"

"I will, darling!"

"For after all I am nothing but a child! I have never ceased wanting my mother since I was taken away from her!"

"I'll be a mother to you, cherub! Wait till I get you home--I'm going to undress and put you to bed and wash your face and brush your hair and sing you to sleep."

When they reached their own rooms Dorothy undressed and put Marian to bed, washing her face and brushing her hair. She smoothed the pallid cheeks with firm young hands. A fog horn sounded far out across the water. The grandmother could be heard in her chamber, rousing at intervals, and exclaiming.

Laughter came into Marian's eyes. "Perhaps age is beginning its ravages on me. I shall soon be bobbing my head and swapping mournful recollections with grandmother."

"I don't believe you will ever turn into a real old woman, chummy. What should we do," breathed Dorothy," if he were to come back, mother?"

"I don't know, Dorothy. "

A muttered whisper from the other chamber penetrated to their ears. --"If I had never let her marry that man her poor baby would have its mother yet!"

"I'm an ignorant moral tramp," Marian grieved," lost out in the mist, bewildered with the phenomena of living. My one sure portion of good in this world is a noble child. And I should have made and strongly guarded her social standing. Instead of that I have picnicked from one country to another with her, and let her do unconventional things."

"No girl ever had a lovelier time. Now chummy darling, you drop it all and go to sleep!If I undertake to be a mother to you I intend to be obeyed."

In the life we live the events of yesterday are immediately forgotten in the events of today.With her back to the past and her face

to a cloudless morning when gulls like white butterflies wavered across sea and sky, a young girl readily turned any task into a festival. It was Saturday. Fairfax came in and took charge of the grandmother's ride. She was growing accustomed to his arm on the steps and his presence in the carriage, giving her security. The young man, so nearly ready for the serious business of life, was installing himself protector of the family of women.

"So fortunate it turned out a fair day," said Dorothy."We forgot last night in the fog that grandmother can't endure dampness. Why doesn't the boy come to tell us the carriage is ready?"

"I'll ring again," said Fax.

A succession of imprecations and the pounding of a cane could be heard in grandmother's room where she sat muffled in furs and waiting.

"She doesn't know she has eavesdrappers, poor dear,"compassionated Marian. "When I am a wreck on the shores of time I hope nobody will ever judge me as a whole ship. We must bring her out and divert her."

The grandmother accordingly came into the parlor on Marian's arm, recognizing the presence of the other two with an uneasy eye.

"Are the children ready, daughter?" she inquired."I have been refreshing my memory with psalms and hymns. Whenever time hangs heavy, as it often does in my wakeful nights,I find it a great comfort to repeat psalms and hymns."

The two young people exchanged looks and swelled with silent mirth behind her venerable back.

"It was n't psalms that I heard!" whispered Dorothy to Fax.

"It wasn't hymns that I heard!" whispered Fax to Dorothy.

"Daughter, you will take your death cold. Where are your warm clothes?" the grandmother remonstrated, looking at the long white dress which Marian trailed upon the floor.

"I'm not going this time," she answered.

A clock on the bookcase struck eleven, and Dorothy nervously rang once more, and directly opened to a rap.

"I thought you were dead," she remarked cheerfully to the bell-boy standing splendidly erect in his uniform.

"Yes 'm," he grinned, with the negro's enjoyment of raillery. "Did you ring?"

"We rang," Fax admitted," but so long ago we have forgotten what we rang for. It was in your grandfather's time. Does there happen to be any tradition in your family of a carriage ordered in the last century for this number?"

"Yes, sir. Carriage is ready."

"Goodbye, sweetheart." Dorothy kissed her mother's cheek and looked abounding courage into her mother's eyes. Fairfax gave his arm to their elder, and the three were gone in a cheerful bustle, leaving Marian alone.

Directly a card was brought to her, bearing the name--"John Heber Heron."

"Bring the gentleman up," she said; and stood looking at the name--John Heber Heron, until he knocked.

She opened the door. Their eyes met across the threshhold, exchan-

ging years of scrutiny.

"Good-morning," she spoke.

"Good-morning," he answered.

"Will you come in?"

He had left his outdoor garments in the check-room below, and bare-headed entered her apartment. Still they looked at each other, unable to withhold eyes from eyes.

Marian indicated a seat. Heron placed one for her, and stood, with his hand upon the back of his own chair.

"Did you," he inquired, "receive a message from me last July?"

Her face whitened, and became alabaster flesh in its lucent expression.

"You are the Other One!"

"Did you first call to me that night, crying out--'I have been cheated, and now I am going to be robbed'?"

"I said that!"

"Your face appeared to me nearly submerged in waves, swollen with blood, the eyes dilated. You threw up your hands. It was a strong cry that you made."

"But you didn't answer me at once."

"I did. I said--'Wait for me--I am coming!'"

"That was the message," she assented.

"Where were you then?"

"Here in this house."

"What day was it?"

"The fourth day of July; after sunset."

following day, the fifth of July.

"That is right. It was the [redacted] on the other side of the world where I was."

"In what exact spot were you?"

"In an old [redacted] temple not far from [redacted] Tokio. [redacted]."

"You are the Other One," repeated Marian. "I have known six months that you were somewhere in the world."

"I have known for years that you were somewhere in the world," answered Heron.

She expanded, visibly blooming, and they smiled as at some unusual manifestation of nature.

"Now everything will be easy!" she exclaimed. "Last night I was bewildered, and you said that to me"--

"I saw my mistake."

"But what is right will be done now, and you will help me as you always would have helped me. You say you have known for years that I was somewhere in the world. What did you call me?"

"By your name. I called you Marian."

"How did you know my name?"

"That is a long story," said Heron. "Will you sit down [redacted]?"

They sat opposite each other, the woman resting her head against a pillow, the man leaning forward. She had satisfaction in his self-mastered face, sensitive to every light of expression, and his [redacted] head with its pale hair. The masculine strength of his presence, and his dress, even to the buttons in his cuffs, item by item added themselves to the sum of fulfillment. Marian seemed to have known the

whimsical curling of this man's mouth corners, from her earliest childhood.

"Every week for years, I have written letters to you; and kept them for you."

"During the last six months," she exclaimed, "I have kept a journal to you! But how did you know about me so long before I knew about you?"

"The one who was sent between us came from you to me."

"You mean---"

"Yes."

"Tell me: Where is he?"

"Gone into the next world."

Marian closed her eyes.

"He is dead?"

"He is dead."

"When did he die?"

"Ten years ago, at sea. He was buried at sea. He was crossing in the steerage. I looked down and saw him stretched on the steerage deck. He looked up and saw me. I went down to him, I didn't know why, except that I had to go. And he began to talk about you , and told me his whole story."

"I want you to know," spoke out Marian," that I never blamed the man I married , for anything. He did right to desert me. I committed the unpardonable sin against him. I did not love him. In marriage there can be only one unpardonable sin, and that is not loving. He was always a stranger to me. But his child is not a stranger!"

"He begged me to find you, and gave me every clue that might identify you. I was to say that he left you for your good. He thought your family would take you and the baby home if he were out of the way. After he took the step he saw the meanness of it."

"I wish you had told him--if you had only known--that the little girl he married grew into what is derisively called a good woman--the kind that is laughed at for aggressive motherhood and sincere toil. Did you stay by him?"

"I did. The poor boy rested against my shoulder when he died. I stood by the captain at midnight when the usual services were read, and the body dropped into the sea. "

"Which ocean was it?"

"The Atlantic. He was trying to reach the African gold fields. I was bound on a six years' journey of research. I wrote a letter which did not reach you: it came back to me. My stay was prolonged. And when I came to America again, you were abroad. We have no doubt passed each other and nearly touched many times."

Heron left his chair and walked about the room, picking up and laying down a book, a paper-cutter, and or any object which came in his way.

"I can't tell you how this grew upon me. From the first you seemed in my care. At an early age I had become absorbed in studies which took me out of the influence of women of my own race. Your image, dim and childish , as he pictured it, grew and developed year by year. Yet I had the instinct of waiting [redacted] until the clue distinctly revealed itself. I have looked for you in every

place I have passed through. At first I did not myself understand. I called it [redacted] responsibility about that poor boy's last message which I had been unable to deliver.

"The time of knowledge seems to date from my discovery of your printed work. Unconsciously you talked to me in that. I knew as I know now that we belong to each other. Finally the returned letter was supplemented by almost daily additions. If you care to read that budget you will read [redacted] me. You may have my life searched at once: it is yours.

"I have a series of pictures of your face, cut from book catalogues. The poor boy gave me the one he carried: a round unmounted photograph."

"Yes," said Marian, unclosing her eyes, "that is the one which was found in my father's watch, in South America, after he died."

"Thus I traced your growth. Whatever is ours must come to us across all time and obstacles. The fifth of last July, about noon, I was making notes in the old [redacted] temple I told you of, when I heard your voice uttering that strangled cry, and saw you in some mental stress that was like drowning. I ran out on the hillside, answering that I was coming!"

"Do you know I saw your name--the name Heber-- and your face, coming towards me out of clouds over the lake yesterday morning?"

"Heber is my intimate family name: my mother called me Heber."

"So I knew you when [redacted] you entered the Little Compartment last night!"

"I am the Other One?"

"You are the Other One."

Heron paused smiling in his walk.

"Ours may be a story of the artistic temperament, of which the world knows about as much as an ox knows about the sacrament. But the experience may be possible to anyone. Life has so many unseen forces raying in every direction, and latent as unused electricity. "

Standing at a little distance he extended his open hands, and Marian met them [redacted], walking with him into the deep bay of the windows.

Gulls were riding like many white canoes upon the placid hemisphere of water.

"Oh, you ought to see that lake sometimes," she said, "when waves like colossal light greyhounds vault over the sea wall! I go out to the iron balcony at the end of the corridor almost every morning, and say the Gloria."

"Let us say it now."

As one voice they repeated together--

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

THE QUEEN BEE

I said to myself- "Here I am in this room which all the world is watching; a man like those other men, American born; young and strong and physically well made as any of them:--yet secretly isolated, and marked for their hate."

The room was a court-room, with all the windows at one end. At the other, folding doors closed upon a great corridor. Seven bailiffs had been continually parading the aisles, carrying staves like wooden curtain poles with gilt acorns at the top. Any of the crowded spectators who tried to stand up they thumped on the head.

"Sit down, or I'll knock you down!" they threatened in the stress of the hour. People obeyed them without resentment, callous to everything but the importance of being there.

Even the bailiffs now relaxed vigilance, however, for the jury was out. We knew what the verdict would be. But so tense and awful a climax had been reached that a nation held its breath in that room. The judge

sat motionless against a weird and stormy background; for the mid afternoon turned dark. All faces in the court-room faded to pallor.

The prisoner was guilty. He had not asked for defence:--and when my turn came I should not ask for defence. Lightnings of universal hatred had swept over him two days. Witnesses spoke of him as "that man," or "that fellow."

"What man?" the counsel each time inquired.

"Him. That one."

"You mean the prisoner."

"Yes; the prisoner."

I saw myself sitting in his chair, with my head tilted to the left side, and my body fixed like bronze. The cowardice of men who dared not touch or speak to the accursed thing, made me smile. Some of them took advantage of the relenting bailiffs, and went up the middle aisle to stare at the prisoner as at a wild beast who could not understand speech. The enormity of his isolation had been foreseen by the one he removed. That one had said--"Don't hurt him!"

I had a knife in my left breast pocket where I could reach it on the instant:--the inarticulate tongue which speaks for those who talk little and suffer much. I wanted to rise and say to the waiting court, "A man more or less makes no difference. Dying must be light work compared to living in conditions almost unendurable."

Yet it would rush over me that I was young and strong, and physically well made for the joys of life--which I was so near leaving!

The tingling magnetized air swarmed with my past. I saw my college years, before any fight with the world began. I saw even one of the chaps that we used to pull out of bed by his heels, while he mumbled--"Let me be, fellows. I always get my best sleep while I'm lying awake in the morning!" I saw another boy who came to college handicapped as "Fragrant Percy;" because in his juvenile days he had written as an exercise which must contain that word--"The horse is fragrant."

I saw strenuous doing and experiencing in my man years--victory, defeat: victory, defeat:--victory!--and yet, at last, was it not defeat, since the law I defied would have its will of me? No! it was the pinnacle of all my victories!

The piece of Government machinery, a member of the Cabinet, whom I had found means to follow into that hardly accessible room, turned and sighed on the chair in front of me. He was a high mark. Fortune delighted to honor him. His eyebrows proturuded at the world in two aggressive gray spikes. He was hale and elderly and benevolent as to outward appearance. But I was not there to consider his humanity. He was something for me to watch, to follow, to pick off the board of destiny. Whether his portly bloat was distended by blood or gold dust, concerned me not at all. Looking at the prisoner he murmured an unexpect- sentence which pierced me.

"He hasn't a friend in the world! What a position!"

I thought I was the only one in the court-room capable of any com-

passion. Not for one minute would it do to [redacted] recognize a human strain in this piece of Government machinery.

I left a seat which many a citizen would have bought that moment at a high price. The Cabinet member turned, looked up, and said kindly,

"Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

I thanked him, and told him I was not ill. The ghastly light of the afternoon must have lacquered my face.

Outside a redness shone in the corridor; where line after line of police kept the waiting crowd at bay.

The jury was filing in. Both doors were set open, and I stood aside, giving the law the right of way for the last ime,

A number of women had been admitted to the court-room; but an unexpected group, to be drawn within the circumference of that trial, stood by the rotunda railing. Some of them I recognized, and lifted my hat. You were not surprised to find your most remote neighbor in Buffalo at that time. One of them I knew best and least of all. The life of a sweet and lofty-minded woman spreads around her, the blossoming of civilization's chief flower. At this climax, when the very air was magnetized by unseen forces, such a meeting had a thousand times the effect of ordinary encounters.

I had often called her a woman of ice and snow, but in my hidden consciousness I knew her for the Queen Bee in this world's hive. I had not seen her for a year; and she was the last person I desired to see now. She must not witness what I was going to do. Unreasonable anger

rose at her presence; though it was the presence I missed day and night, hour by hour, as the one vitalizing force that might have turned even my defeats to victory.

I said to myself in this world where families are sorted as by a rag-picker--the white together, the colored together--and ties are made by the blind and foolish grasping of men and women, and riveted by law, the Queen Bee was ensnared in her own mesh, and I in mine. Yet we belonged to each other, whether she ever owned it or not. She had the religion which men affect to despise in women; though they find no real consolation in women without it.

The Queen Bee met me with the unconscious courtesy of that type brought up in the vast plenty of a gracious house.

A peculiar change worked in me the instant of encountering her. The year which lay between us was tried by the fire of her presence. My fraternity, that had seemed above common human standards, turned suddenly hideous. What I was going to do myself, took a butcherly aspect! I had come out of the court-room strung to the last tension, numb to personal consequences of my deed: and the touch of her glove let me down, made me feel!

She never could look at the world as I looked at it. She never could see that a few must be sacrificed to the good of the many. She knew nothing of the hell of existing society.

I kept my head, and lured her away from her friends toward the doors which had again closed.

"Why are you here?"

"I am waiting for my husband," she answered."He is at this trial."

"Let me take you out and put you in a carriage."

"Thank you, I will wait here."

"But this is no place for you."

"I am the best judge of that," said the Queen Bee.

Deliberate as the court took pains to appear, the doors must soon open, the prisoner must be brought out;and the Cabinet member would come very close to my unsuspected hand in the crowd.

The pallor of the hour lay on her face while she noted it on mine.

"You are very pale. I never saw you as you are today."

I hazarded to tell her--"There is something in my breast that drains blood."

She looked startled.

"It seems to me this is no place for you."

"I am the best judge of that," I gave back her retort."You know I like my own way."

"Anyone who saw your chin would know that."

"I have an important errand here. It must be done in a few minutes. And I don't want you here while I do it. That's the plain truth."

She looked back at her friends, who were talking with husehd voices as we talked ourselves, at the cordons of policemen, and again at me.

"What are you going to do?"

"Simply an awkward job, requiring neatness and dispatch."

"You are very haggard," she said." Do you feel it, too--the awful force which seems to come out of space and drive men to murder?"

"It doesn't come out of space," I told her."It comes out of the soul--like the rising of God--and cannot be repressed--by hisses--by acts of Congress--by popular hatred--by mobs! It has to strike--and strike--and down law which says 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not' to Nature!"

"That's anarchy."

"Well, I was always an anarchist. Didn't I make that plain to you long ago?"

"You were always quick to take the part of the under dog," she said "But you were never capable of"----

I knew her thoughts went as mine did, to the prisoner within the doors, sitting with his head tilted to one side, in an attitude of bronze.

"Anarchy is not assassination," I assured her," except in the popular mind."

"But anarchy is lawlessness."

"The law is nothing to me. I would have taken you in spite of the law, if I could have got you."

"You hurt me."

"Women love to be hurt," I said brutally;" and to sacrifice and crucify themselves. Men don't."

The Queen Bee's lines of face and throat, and her dress which accorded with and expressed her, might have been as far away as heaven from me:she stood with her eyes cast down in [redacted] exquisite patience. I was realizing how impossible it is to separate anybody from the

vital output he builds around himself:-- the rich man from his money; the statesman from his statecraft; the lofty-minded woman from the integrity which safeguards her.

"There may be a disturbance here," I urged, "when the doors open and the prisoner is brought out. The people are so enraged at him. I think it best for you and your friends to go quietly out at once."

The Queen Bee, looking at the closed doors, said,

"Do you know this tragedy which has shaken the world, seems to fill the air with such influences that the mind is abnormally stimulated.

"I was thinking a man and woman might stand where we stand;-- a man and woman, who, before they ever met, had made ties which kept them from each other. Yet they might be so invisibly bound together that wherever they stood in the world, they would be conscious of each other; and in a time like this, be able to read each other's thoughts.

"The woman might naturally keep the law, and the man might naturally break it.

"I was thinking if the man--by what roads I don't know--came to the point of striking--as another assassin--from our class--a blow--like the second shock of the earthquake more terrible than the first---how that blow must pass through the woman!

"He might have partially forgotten her; the outside world belongs to men. And in her life she might be considered a very happy and successful woman.

"But I was thinking she might pray every night--'O God, bring my own to me across all obstacles when it is right for me to have

him. O God, help me to build, and not tear down, in this world! O God, a maimed spirit is worse to bear than hunger and rags. But I will keep the law.'

"She might be such an idiot as to carry an old letter, or some scrap of paper on which he had written, like a plaster next her flesh, to draw out the unseen ache.

"She might say to the man---in a moment of his deadly peril--such words as all good people must despise her for. The hidden anarchy of her life, which every day she beats down under law, might confess itself at his side.

"She might say to the man--"The best of me belongs to you, and can never belong to any other. I have a right to the best of you. I have a right to demand that you shall come to me when you do come, untarnished. But whatever you do, my part is in it, and I share the penalty!"

The Queen Bee had not turned her eyes from the doors. Waves on waves of light seemed to run over me, relaxing every tense muscle, making my breast rise and fall with the longest, deepest breath I ever drew in my life!

I said--"O God!" It was the sum of all aspiration.

Whether we stared at the doors awhile longer, or they opened directly, I cannot remember. But there was the prisoner, Leon Czolgosh, coming down the aisle, manacled to his guards. A red light from the corridor fell over him like the glow of a furnace. All the people in the court-room leaped on their seats at one dash, and looked down at him,

where he walked as in a deep gorge of stony faces. Strangely seared and crimsoned, erect, with his eyes on the floor, he marched betwixt cordons of police to an under-world of stone.

It was no longer myself coming out manacled and condemned. Some divine love, bearing in her breast the crown of thorns which Christ bequeathed to women, might have intercepted his arm!

The crowd poured out behind him, pushing the Cabinet member against me so that he probably rubbed the knife I had intended to plant in his body. He was the safest man in the United States. I have called him a Cabinet member. He was not a Cabinet member. He asked pardon, and recognized in passing, a face that had persistently followed him.

"Feeling better?" he inquired.

"I'm all right now, thank you," I answered.

The Queen Bee, carried on her own way, once more gave me her hand, and went with her husband.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

Venturing forth when shadows were stretching from the west across that confluence of waters, they emptied their canoe from its watery and wiped it out with the hempen sack. But Massanippa still shook her head at it.

"Madame, I am afraid this canoe will not carry us well. Can you swim?"

"No, Massanippa. I never learned to do anything useful," replied Claire.

"We might make a raft of these heavy timbers. But, Madame, the canoe would take us swiftly, and a raft is clumsy in such swirls and cross-waters as these. You must take one of the cups in your hand and dip out the water while I paddle. Shall we wait until tomorrow?"

"Oh, no," urged Claire. "We have lost one day for it. If the canoe

will carry us at all, Massanippa, I believe it will carry us now."

They accordingly put their supplies back into the bag, but Massanippa cautiously wound all the ropes around her waist and secured them like a girdle. She brought the paddle from Jouaneaux's house, and perhaps with regret closed for the last time the trap door above it.

Woods, rocks, islands and water were steeped in a wonderful amber light. The two girls sat down close by the river edge and ate a supper before embarking. Then Massanippa launched the canoe and carefully placed herself and Claire over the keel.

"Unfasten your cloak and let it fall from your shoulders, Madame. You see my blanket lies in the back. We must have nothing to drag us under in case of mischance."

So, dipping with skilful rapidity she ventured out across the current.

They fared well until far on in their undertaking. Directly the little craft oozed as if its entire skin had grown leaky, but Claire baled with desperate swiftness, the paddle dipped from side to side, flashing in the sun which now lay level with the rivers.

Massanippa felt the canoe obey, turned it toward the nearest island, and tore the water with her speed.

"Madame!" she cried, her cry merging into one with Claire's, "O Massanippa, we are going down!"

They were close to the island's nibbled side when a bubbling and roaring confusion rent Claire's ears, and she was drenched, strangled, and still gulping in her death until all sensation passed away.

Life returned through hearing:

her head was filled with humming voices, she was fixing back the water which had been forced upon her, and lying across a dock bracket by Massamippa. In the midst of her chill misery she noted that clouds were settling on the river, and all that cheerful ruddiness of western light was gone.

"Madame, are you able to get up the rocks now?" anxiously spoke Massamippa. "We must hide on this island tonight."

"How did we reach it?" Claire gasped.

"I swam, and dragged you."

"Then here had been the end of my expedition but for you, Massamippa."

"Then was the end of our supplies. All gone, Madame, except the rope I put around my waist, and they would have drowned me with their

neither if the island had not been almost under our feet. It is well we ate and filled ourselves, for the saints alone know when we shall get breakfast."

Claire turned her face to the rock.

"My packet of linen and clean camphor, Mesamisse!" she regretted.

"The cloak and blanket were of more account, Madame. The Frenchman's boat played us a fine trick. But we are here. And we have still our knives and tinder."

Before the lop northern twilight had double-eyed itself into night, they crept up the island's rocky side, explored its small circumference, and found near the western edge a deep hollow, the socket of an uprooted tree. Into this Mesamisse piled all the loose leaves she could find, and cut some branches full

of tender foliage from the trees to shelter them. Had her tinder been dry she dared not make a light lest she be seen from the river.

Drenched and heavy through all their garments, they nestled closely down together and shivered in the chill breath of night. An emaciated moon lent them enough cadaverous light to make them apprehensive of lurkers on the making waters. Sometimes they dozed, sometimes they whispered to each other, sometimes they startled each other by involuntary shivers. But measured by patient breath, by moments of endurance succeeding one another in what then seemed endless duration, this second night of their journey passed away, and nothing upon the island or the two rivers terrified them.

Just at the pearl-blue time

of dawn, canoes drew on the south-
ward sweep of the St. Lawrence.

Claire touched Massanippa, and
Massanippa nodded. They dared scarce
by breathe, but watched along the
level of the sward, careful not
to see a feature above the dull
leaves.

Nearer and nearer came the
canoes, a splash of unskilful
paddling grew distinct; familiar out-
lines projected familiar faces.

"Oh, it is Dolland!" Claire's
whisper was a strangled scream.
"There are the men of the French
expedition! There is my ——"

"Hush!" whispered Massanippa.
"Madame, do you want them to see
us, and turn and send us back
to Montreal?"

"O my Dolland!" Claire clasped
her own hand over her mouth while

she sobbed. "Drowned and wretched and homesick for you, must I see you pass me by never turning a glance this way?"

"Hush, Madame!" hissed Massa-wippa, adding her hand to Claire's. "Some one like a bird over water."

"This is our one chance to reach him," struggled Claire. "Oh, the woods, and the seas, and the Iroquois — they are all coming between us again!"

"It is no chance at all, Madame. I know what my father will do."

"O my Dollard!" groaned Claire in the dead leaves. "O do not let him go by! Must he flit and flit from me — must I follow him to triumph space forever when we are dead?"

Almost like dream-men, muffled about by mists, their alternating

paddles making no sound which could be caught by the woman on the island living so keenly in her ears, the expedition passed into the mouth of the Ottawa. When they could be seen no more Elaine lay in dejection like death.

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WIDE AWAKE.

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H. BENCKE, LITH. N.Y.

SHE HURRIES BY THE SCARLET FLOWERS,
SHE HOLDS HER DOLLY FAST.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 23. JUNE, 1886. NO. 1.

THE APPLES ON THE CRANE.

(At the Red Pump Tavern, 1856.)

M. H. Catherwood.

OUR house was three stories high, and there was not such another on the big prairie. And we had a barn pretty nigh as big, with deer antlers on each end of it; and a chain pump painted so ornamental that our place took the name of "the Red Pump Tavern." Father didn't allow to set up a stand for travellers, but so many came by and it was on the country road, and the mail hack always stopped with us; so, finally, he took money for it just to keep from being eat up, but he never put a sign out, and lots and lots of folks set down to meals and was welcome and never paid a cent.

Some said father was a mighty proud overbearing man to build three stories high, when timber had to be hauled so far onto the prairie, and new settlers mostly lived in two little bits of rooms. But he said he came there to make a home and had the means, so he fixed it up as much as he could to look like his old place in Ohio. And mother never put on airs; she was as neighborly with them that had rail pens for stables as she was with the grandest people. Us children went to school barefooted in the summer, except when rattlesnakes were the very worst, and we always took dinner enough for half a dozen young-ones besides ourselves.

It was fun to skip around the slews, up to your shoulders in yellow and red and blue and white flowers. The prairie in summer looked like awful big smears of color. There would be acres of yellow sensitive plant close around the slews, and acres of pink wild roses, besides sunflowers and nigger-heads, and purple flags and wild red larkspur, and white lamb's-tongue lily. You could not remember the half of them. And along in August the tall rawzum weeds begun to ooze out clear lumps of gum that you could pick off and put in your mouth till you had all you could shut down on; the best-tasted stuff a boy ever did find wild, if it is ill manners to chew gum. On our place, too, wild plum trees grew in groves, like a bunch of flowers on a bare table. The cattle kind of harbored in them in fly-time, and a boy never wanted to stop short of a bucketful of wild plums even when he knew two were enough to give him

the ague. They were rich yellow on one side and purple red on the other, and tasted like summer wind and warm sun and pure delight in life all rolled solid around one puckery seed. I do not know what else to compare them to.

Summer times we had lots of travellers going in carriages; but, winter, the folks came by in bob sleds or jumpers; or if it was muddy they did not come unless they had to. The prairie looked lonesome in snow, like a mighty big cake with our buildings stuck into the middle; and the wind whooped out of the north enough to sweep your life away. At night the stars were so bright they flared, and they seemed as nigh as the ceiling. You couldn't hear any thunder-pumpers such times; but the wolves would bark; and Jo wanted to shut the sheep up safe. We lost lambs by their getting stuck fast in slews, sometimes, when we herded them off on the prairie, but I never felt as bad to find a little stray head in the mud as I did to see blood and fleece on the snow. Father had good pens, though, all covered.

Our dining-room was one half of the whole lower floor, and had posts across the centre. We had a big fireplace at one side, and a stove where mother and Ellen did the cooking; it was next to the pantry. The rest of the lower floor was our storeroom where we kept hams and flour and kegs of corned beef and molasses and sugar and dried fruit. It smelt good; salty and sweet. The preserves and honey and cider and apple-barrels were there, too. Travellers always came into our dining-room, unless they wanted to stay all night in the bedrooms each side of the parlors upstairs. The stairs went up from a little front hall and landed you right in the south parlor.

We children would rather sit by the fireplace and roast apples than go upstairs to bed anytime. So one dreadful cold night mother was called to a sick family away across the prairie, and father had to take her in the sleigh. They started after supper and allowed to stay till morning, and left us with Ellen and Augustus. Augustus was the tallest hired man you ever saw; he had long fingers and long feet, and liked to have a good time. Ellen was our girl that we took to raise. She always liked me, and used to slip me lumps of sugar. I liked Ellen; she had such rosy cheeks.

It had quit snowing and the road was broke across the prairie, but you could hear any sound for miles, and frost stayed on all the window-glass and door latches.

Us children got the milkpan of apples and set it on one end of the long table by the brass candlestick where a candle was always ready to light if travellers stopped or father wanted to read. We never wanted a candle ourselves. There was a back-log as big as a man, and a fore-stick pretty nigh as heavy, for father hauled wood from his own timber lot, plenty of it, along in the fall. We had brass andirons in the parlors upstairs, but big dog-irons in the dining-room fireplace. Coals as big as your two fists would get bedded up, and yellow sheets of blaze go a-roaring backwards, and there was a brick hearth nigh as large as the pantry floor where you could sit and toast. Emeline had a little three-legged stool, but D'ryus and me liked the high-back settle that father made like the one they used to have at Grandfather Adams's in Massachusetts where father was raised, before they ever came to Ohio. You could turn the back down and make a good table, or stand the table-top up and there you had a high-backed seat as warm as a hen's nest, for mother had a long fat cushion tied onto it.

Us children tied strings to the stems of our apples and hung them to the crane. You know what a crane is — an iron arm built into the chimney and swinging on a pivot so you could turn it out or in. It had chains and hooks to hold pots by, but we pushed the chains and hooks back when the apples wanted to roast. The apples would hang there, and swing and turn and hiss and swell; they would not be still a minute, the heat acted on them so. I never since tasted apples like them we used to hang to the crane.

Emeline was our baby and had tow hair and blue eyes rather white, that stuck out when you told "Peggy's Gold Leg" or "Little Snowdrop." She knew all about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, the three Hebrew children, and was five years old. But D'ryus he was eight and his eyes were black. He could stick on Elic our wild big horse and wasn't afraid to go into the barn after dark. I was two years older and a great big fellow, the biggest one of our children; I made a hand plowing corn and tending sheep in the summer. Ellen said she did like light-headed blue-eyed boys the best, specially if they had square foreheads. They always stayed good-natured.

For D'ryus and her spatted some; he said she never had a cross word for March but kept them all for him; and he was glad she'd only get her setting-out when she was married instead of sharing the property with the children.

Ellen was a good girl and mother put dependence on her. But right after the supper work along came a lot of young folks in a sled for her and Augustus to go to a singing in the schoolhouse. They had four horses and eight strings of bells, and they all came in, laughing and talking, to warm; and stamped lots of snow on our white dining-room floor that Ellen never seemed to notice like she would if the boys had tracked it in.

Augustus was for going to the singing right off, but Ellen said she couldn't go; mother always expected her to keep house when she was away, and the children would be alone. They all said the children might go, too; but Ellen told them father forbid leaving the house entirely empty. Then they teased her and said she would only be gone an hour or so, and some got her things and some pulled her, and when I saw how bad she wanted to go, I spoke out and declared:

"We can stay here by ourselves, Ellen. I'll take care of the children till you get back."

D'ryus blamed me when they had carried her out to the sled and started, and mother said next day it was a fearful wrong thing for Ellen to do, if she did have us lock the house tight after her. But I never could have her blamed about it, and what would I have done with more women-folks on my hands?

Little Emeline stuck her eyes out when she heard the bells dying away, and says:

"O, Marchy, what if a black man or a big bear comes!"

"Well, if he does he can't get in," says I, "so he won't get any of the apples on this crane."

D'ryus had two, and Emeline had two, and I had two. We'd put on one apiece for Ellen and Augustus. So there they all swung, singing little steamy songs to themselves, and we did not want to let them roast so tender the stems would pull out.

The fire made that whole dining-room nearly as light as day, and it was so nice that when we heard some one rapping and rattling I felt sorry for an outsider in the cold. I don't think the sled-load had reached the schoolhouse, and it was only a mile away, before that pounding begun, and we jumped up from watching our apples. D'ryus said he heard it at the front door before, but didn't let on, and now it was at the back door, and a voice calling over and over for pity's sake let a freezing woman in. I couldn't parley long when I heard that, but just turned the ketch and the button, and undid the bolts and let her in. We were so used to having travellers that I felt somehow I ought to when there was a call, but I wished I hadn't the minute that woman got up to the fire. She looked so beardy and rough, and had on a man's comforter and boots along with her dress and shawl, and acted so funny, we never could feel certain whether it wasn't a man; for she had long black hair hanging out of her hood.

The apples kept swinging while she turned around before the fire and warmed her big hands and grinned at us.

D'ryus spunked up and talked to her, but Emeline got on my lap, and I begun to consider what would be the best thing to do, for her looks were bad at the start. Of course we handed her a chair, and she said she had walked over from Ash Grove to take the mail hack, and would stop for supper and breakfast. I didn't say anything, but I thought it was queer, when the mail hack only ran twice a week and wouldn't be along for two days more. D'ryus told her Ellen would be in pretty soon to get her some supper, and after that she acted in a hurry. D'ryus was smart.

I wanted her to think we were not alone but I could not tell any big story about it, and thought and thought and thought.

The apples on the crane took her attention while she was warming her soles, and she says, "Whose apples are they?"

"They're ours," I told her.

"Well, if you'll give me one," she said, "I'll tell you how to turn the rest of them into gold."

I thought that was simple, so I told her we didn't want any gold; we never run after any pots at the foot of the rainbow.

"I'd go quick enough if there was any money there," says D'ryus. And out speaks little Emeline, hugging my neck with one arm:

"*I* know where there's money; pretty *gold* money, and it's my father's, too."

I tried to squeeze her and hush her; but D'ryus was mad and shook his head at her.

"You don't know any such a thing!" says he.

"I do, too," says Emeline.

"Of course she does," says the woman, laughing.

"She don't, neither," says D'ryus. He often got boxed for contradicting. Emeline stuck out her lip at him. I whispered — "sh!" to her, but she was bound to prove to D'ryus that she did know, and said:

"It's in my father's canvas belt in that desk in the store-room, for that's where he keeps it all the time."

"Except when he wears the belt," D'ryus says. "And he wore it to-night, didn't he, March?"

I turned red in the face, and felt the blood heat in my cheeks. Father hadn't put on the belt at all. He hated to keep money that way, too, but he had to keep it some place.

"You children talk too much," I says, "about things you don't know anything about."

"Hum, sonny!" says D'ryus, "you're only two years older than I am."

"No fussing," says the woman, speaking up as if we belonged to her. "What is it the little song says about birds agreeing in their little nests? The fire is so bright and comfortable, let's have a nice play. You all go into that pantry a minute, and I'll turn the apples on that crane to pure gold while you're out."

"You can't do it," says D'ryus.

"You'll see," says the woman. "I can do lots of tricks and that's the easiest of them all."

"Well, March," D'ryus says, "you go upstairs with Sis, and I'll go out the back door. It's too cold to stay long, but we'll see if she can do it in five minutes."

Father said D'ryus had very quick wits for a little chap, but I did not see what he was driving at for ever so long. The woman grinned, and D'ryus went out of the back door. But instead of intending to come back he cut down to the stable and got black Elic out of his stall and rode him with the halter down to the schoolhouse. He run into the singing bareheaded and nearly froze, hollering for Augustus and Ellen to come home as quick as they could put.

I started upstairs with Emeline. At first I thought I would hide her on the third floor where it is so high it makes your head dizzy. But there wasn't time to feel my way so far, though the snow through the windows kept it from being very dark. So I shut her in mother's room under mother's bed. I pulled off my boots and told her to keep quiet. I would not let her be scared, but I had to put that woman out of the house.

Then I crept downstairs and found the stair door locked with the ketch turned up; but that woman didn't know us children had a trick with that ketch. I worked it still awhile and felt it giving, and then I give a burst and stepped into the dining-room.

The apples on the crane they hung there without anything being done to them, and the end of the poker was in the bed of coals getting red hot. I didn't see anything of D'ryus, but the storeroom door was open and out comes that woman with the lighted candle. She'd been trying father's old desk, and maybe she was going to burn a hole in it with the poker. I thought of the silver spoons in our pantry, but the baby had not told about them, and I got downstairs so quick she had not done much except fasten the back door.

As soon as the woman saw me, she put the candle on the table and ran and grabbed the poker. She knew well enough I didn't believe her about the apples, and she says right out:

"Where's the key to that desk?"

"I won't tell you," I says. It was always in the pantry among the spoons, for I heard father speak to mother often about taking care of that key, and mother telling him the key was as safe as her best spoons, and that was all any key could ask.

"If you don't tell, I'll burn you with this poker," says the woman, coming at me.

I backed, but, "I ain't going to tell you," I says.

"If I burn your sister you'll tell quick."

"You go out of the house," I says. "We don't want you about."

Instead of Emeline's being hid upstairs under mother's bed, she set up a scream, and there she was behind me. She had slipped off her shoes and followed, to be close to me, for Emeline kind of hung to me. She was our baby, and the only girl we had.

The woman stuck the poker right down at Emeline, and she would have burnt her, too, with a free good-will, but the first thing I knew it was knocked across the dining-room, and the woman was jouncing me around and I was hanging on till

Ellen and the singing-school folks broke a window light and screamed in, and little Emeline got the door open for them.

And just as soon as I let go that woman was gone. She jumped into the sled and drove the four horses like prairie fire runs; two of them were hurt when folks found them in the timber, and one bob was smashed to kindling wood. The singing-school load had to stay all night at our house; and Augustus went right straight after father and mother because Ellen felt so bad.

I had a burn through my sleeve pretty well toward the bone. But all the young folks took apples and cider and none of them wanted our apples on the crane; so I felt pretty comfortable when I sat down again with the children and divided up. Our apples were sizzing done, full of juice and sweet as could be. Ellen had salved my arm and cried a plenty before mother got back and did it over again. And father was so pleased with the way D'ryus and I did he never got tired of telling it to travellers.

So I did not see any use in making a fuss about it, or blaming Ellen, or putting it on Augustus.

THE TALK OF THE TWO.

(*On Coronation Day, June* 8, 1884.)

Lallie M. B. Pratt.

AND all at once the loyal cannon spoke
Across the hazy, old-world, terraced town*,
In bloom with British flags, where dust and smoke
Have settled down.

Toward Camden and Spike Island looking out,
Two children in the foreign sun lay curled:
"Oh listen, will you? What's the noise about?
It shakes the world."

"The world don't mind it very much, I'd say.
It doesn't sound much louder than a bee!
Why, I can hardly hear it. Any way,
It don't shake me!"

"I'll tell you now just what it all must mean,"
Said little six-years-old. "I think it's — war."
"No, it's — the English, for their gracious Queen
And Governor!

"This is the very day she first put on
The crown. And, if the Irish like or not.
Somebody's got to wear it till it's gone,
And that is what!"

"Well, what day did the President, you know,
Put on his crown?" "To hear you talk like that!
The President's a gentleman — and so
He wears a hat.

"You know the crown. We saw it in the Tower."
"But was it gold, or only shining brass
(We had to look at it for half an hour!)
And painted glass?"

"The glass was only diamonds. But the gold
Is sure enough. And it won't do to touch."
"It's shut up in a cage." "It is so old,
It can't stand much!"

"I wish the President wore one." "He dare
Not." "But, it's prettier than a hat."
"You don't think any man alive would wear
A thing like that!

"The Queen's a lady. Don't you know that yet?"
"I'd think that even the English wouldn't care
To have a lady for the Queen! I'd get
A man — somewhere!"

"The men are all in Egypt? (I suppose
The English think they know what they're about.)
And General Gordon's — where nobody knows,
And can't get out!"

*Queenstown, *Ireland.*

CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, JUNE, 1886.

[Copyright, 1886, by D. Lothrop & Co.]

PREPARING FOR THE FEAST OF DOLLS.—"THE FAVORITE"	F. H. Lungren	12
THE APPLES ON THE CRANE. A Tale of the Red Pump Tavern, 1856.	M. H. Catherwood	13
THE TALK OF THE TWO. Poem	Sallie M. B. Piatt	17
YORK GARRISON, 1640. Ballad. Five Full-page Illustrations by W. L. Taylor.	Sarah Orne Jewett	19
A TENDER HEART. A Story of the Burning of Corlaer. Illustration by Hy Sandham.	Mary E. Brush	23
RING-AROUND-ROSY. Picture	F. H. Lungren	30
ROYAL GIRLS AND ROYAL COURTS. VII. The Royal Girls of Denmark.	Mrs. John Sherwood	31
"RAGGED SAILORS." Verse	Laura Hope Fisher	34
THE CREW OF THE CASSABIANCA. Chapters I., II. Serial Story. Illustration by F. T. Merrill.	Charles Remington Talbot	35
A LITTLE MAMMA. Verse. Illustration by Margaret Johnson.	M. E. W.	41
SOME NANTUCKET CHILDREN. I. Uncle John's House. Two Illustrations by F. Childe Hassam.	Anne Mitchell Macy	42
A TRAGEDY. Verse. Illustration by author.	L. J. Bridgeman	46
BOBBIE'S VERSES. Verse	Virginia Dare	47
BEAR *VS.* BIRCH-BARK. Illustration by E. H. Garrett.	Charles G. B. Roberts	47
PAMELA'S FORTUNE. Chapters I., II. Serial Story	Lucy C. Lillie	51
A FRUIT SELLER OF THE LONDON STREETS. Picture	Joseph L. Smith	55
JAPANESE GIRLS AND BOYS. Illustration by F. H. Lungren (*Frontispiece*).	Edward S. Morse	55
YOUTH IN TWELVE CENTURIES. Hadasseh, of Tiberias: 90 A. D.; Gamaliel, of Jerusalem: 70 A. D. Two Illustrations by F. Childe Hassam.	M. E. B.	58
A CYCLE OF CHILDREN. VII. The Little Lady of England. Illustration by Howard Pyle.	Elbridge S. Brooks	60
A PARABLE. Poem	Mrs. M. F. Butts	64
THE TRUE BO-PEEP	Susan Archer Weiss	65
NOTHING TO DO. Poem	H. R. Hudson	66
"A NIBBLE." Full-page Picture	George Foster Barnes	67
PEGGY AND HER FAMILY. Chapter I. Little Folks' Serial. Six illustrations by F. Childe Hassam.	Margaret Sidney	68
A CHILDISH LESSON. Poem	Kate Putnam Osgood	71
MUFF'S LIGHT-BREAD	Adelaide Cilley Waldron	72
ON SUNDAY MORNING. Poem	Mrs. Sara M. Chatfield	73
TANGLES	F. E. Saville	74
PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS. (*American Series.*) IX. Henry David Thoreau: and other "Out-of-door" Writers. Illustration: Portrait of Henry David Thoreau	Amanda B. Harris	137
MY GARDEN PETS. IX. Slave-making Ants. Three Illustrations by E. H. Garrett.	Mrs. Mary Treat	141
SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME. (*Foreign Series.*) IX. The Little Princess Thyra.	Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont	143
SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK. IX. Dante, the Poet.	George E. Vincent	146
STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES. IX. A Siamese Hair-cutting.	L. M. N.	148
WAYS TO DO THINGS. XLIV. How to See a Dandelion	Frederick LeRoy Sargent	149
XLV. Dolls' Mittens. Four diagrams by F. L. S.	Mary C. Hungerford	149
SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. IX. Poems and Places	Oscar Fay Adams	152
C. Y. F. R. U.	Superintendents C. Y. F. R. U.	

Correspondents are requested to observe that MRS. G. R. ALDEN'S (Pansy) address will be Chautauqua, N. Y. until further notice.

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20 CTS A No. JANVARY 1888 2 DOLS A YEAR

WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

With Compliments of
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PRESS OF BERWICK & SMITH, BOSTON

Cat Isabel

M. H. Catherwood.

THERE was once a little girl who had a live baby of her own, and she could do just as she pleased with it. Not a borrowed baby whose actual owner hovered near ready to snatch it from peril; nor a brother or sister — whose crib has been known to grow mountainous when it required steady and devoted rocking. It was a nice smooth furry creature that *minded her*.

The little girl wore a short-waisted dress belted under her arms, and long flapping pantalettes. When anybody called the name "Lucy," she pushed back her slat sunbonnet and replied, "Ma'am?" She lived years and years ago, and her home was on a wild rose-covered and sweet-scented prairie, swept by wind and made glaring by too much sunshine.

Lucy enjoyed life. She had a rag doll. The rag doll had a charcoal face and two changes of raiment. Its arms were fastened straight across its body, and their perpetual spread added a smiling and open expression to its countenance. Lucy had a pet fawn, too, fleet and slender, with a bell upon its neck. She also claimed a share in half a dozen greyhounds and as many more calves: and in the home pasture there roamed a pretty colt, spoken of in the family as "Lucy's filly." She had a tiny basket made of gilded lead, holding candy marbles and a silver five-cent piece. There was the school, moreover, where it was a social privilege to "stand up and spell down," and to study the same books over every term.

But none of Lucy's other delights were equal to "the live doll." The live doll's name was Isabel. The real coat of Isabel was of gray and white fur, and she had as pink a nose as ever dainty cat carried, and eyes as blue as ever closed around a cat's elongated pupils at midday.

Even when Isabel was a kitten, Lucy began to dress her in doll-clothes. Isabel wore skirts and dresses, capes and bonnets. Her soft pointed ears shook a pair of earrings which Lucy had made with beads and silk thread. The first time Lucy put shoes on Isabel's hindfeet and gloves on her forefeet, there was some disagreement. But after Isabel had scampered all over the house, walked with her back up, walked three-cornered, and hissed at the bits of yarn covering her claws, she concluded to wash each bit with a careful tongue, and consider it the same as her fur.

WITH HER BACK UP.

She stood on her hindfeet and let Lucy lead her by the paw. It was delightful to see the tip of her tail curling out beyond her dress, and her eyes blinking gravely within the rim of her bonnet. Isabel's bonnet was an openwork-straw trimmed around the face with flowers, and tied by ribbons under her chin.

Lucy had a cradle just large enough for her which had belonged to Lucy's mother in Vir-

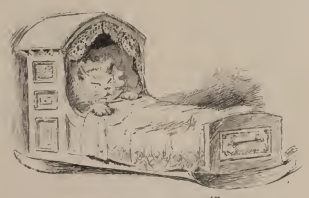
ginia, and had rocked several generations of dolls. When Lucy put her in the cradle and said "Go to sleep, Isabel!" the cat closed her eyes and lay quite still. She rarely crept out of the cradle until Lucy came to take her, though Lucy sometimes forgot and left her lying there an hour at a time. And it was funny to see Isabel sit up suddenly at sound of any gnawing or scampering which might mean mice. Then her whiskers stood out, and keen suspicion replaced the sleepy blueness of her eyes.

BONNETED.

Sometimes Isabel went hunting in a dress which Lucy had carefully made for her, and came back with it all awry or torn. The gate-posts were large logs, and she would sit on the top of one of these, washing her face and hands and shaking her earrings, while her dress flapped in the prairie wind.

Mrs. Buckingham used to come up to see Lucy's mother every afternoon: and Lucy's mother never failed to give her the open and hearty Virginia welcome, though Mrs. Buckingham's society often became monotonous.

People for miles around loved to go to Lucy's house. You were met at the gate, and everything about the homestead was yours to use while you were there. A larger table than the family could surround was kept spread for constantly-expected company, and company was constantly coming. I have thought that perhaps this gentle hospitable atmosphere had much to do in taming Isabel from her original cathood.



"GO TO SLEEP, ISABEL!"

Lucy would put Isabel's nightgown and night-cap upon her cat-child and lay her down in her little cradle, cover her with a calico quilt as big as a handkerchief, and sit with her foot on the rocker listening to Mrs. Buckingham's discourse. Lucy's mother sat knitting, or she had sewing which Mrs. Buckingham would help her to do. The pleasant summer weather droned outdoors, and Mrs. Buckingham droned indoors, and Isabel appeared to listen to it all, scarcely as much as flicking her tail outside her cradle. She purred a low sing-song, opening her eyes to blink at the talker, or at Lucy who sat on a three-legged cricket storing up every word Mrs. Buckingham let fall.

The Buckinghams were tenants and lived at the end of the lane in a house so small you wondered how they got in and out. Mr. Buckingham was a huge bushy man who wished the world well, but disliked to help it along by any hard work. He said he had poor health, but every evening when he came to Lucy's house to supper, he could eat more biscuits, venison and honey than any man in the family, and shake the smoky rafters with the roar of his laugh.

ON THE TOP OF THE GATE-POST.

Mrs. Buckingham was a tiny shell of a woman evidently cast up out of seas of adventure. Every afternoon she recollected some new tale of hardship, and Cat Isabel's mamma listened with a thirst which more profitably might have imbibed fables from the spelling-book.

"I wasn't but eight years old," said Mrs. Buckingham, "and the woman I lived with treated me like a niggah. I never see the outside of the city of Richmond till this lady took me away. This lady lived next door, and she used to pity me and say if I was her little gal, I shouldn't as much as wet my fingah.

CAT ISABEL FISHES IN THE CREEK.

"So it was fixed for me to run off with the lady when she come back Nawth. The lady bought me a trunk full of nice clothes, but she put a caliker on me and blacked my face and hands, and I stood in the carriage behind her like I was her little niggah-gal, when we drove past the house.

"The woman was in her door and see us, but *she* didn't know me. 'Law!' she says, 'what a pretty little cullud-gal that lady has!'"

These Sindbad adventures of Mrs. Buckingham's, which always seemed to land her nowhere in particular, still had the effect of rousing Lucy to deeds of daring.

She went deer-hunting and took Isabel with her. She did not call the greyhounds, or distinctly state that she was going deer-hunting, and her only weapon was a split stick with which she could fling pebbles or bits of wood. But Lucy half expected to find down in the wild prairie grass a tiny spotted fawn asleep. She knew it would fling its slim legs out and fly from her in an instant, but she meant to grab it before it could unwind itself from a sleepy ball. So many hunters had found fawns, and the pet she already had, came home in that way.

Or she took Isabel to the creek fishing. On such occasions her mother went with her. They sat in a row on the creek margin under a steep bank; Lucy's mother, serious and kind, but having little taste for dipping the end of a fishing-pole into water; Lucy, expecting something surprising and flinging her line up among the branches every few moments; and Cat Isabel staring with disapproval into the muddy stream. Cat Isabel had her tackle; a bent pin, a piece of yarn and a willow wand. She sat upon the wand and the pin hung into the water. But she generally yawned, or washed her whiskers, until the first fish was caught. Then it was hard indeed to hold Cat Isabel in place.

Perhaps Cat Isabel did not always like to settle down for the night in her cradle beside the foot of Lucy's trundle-bed. Of summer nights she could hear the frogs and all outdoor things holding great jubilee, and she used to sit up in her nightcap and look disconsolate and fiery-eyed as if she wanted to be in it. But on winter nights the fireplace was loaded with ruby logs. Isabel could see her shadow on the floor. The wind screamed across the prairie, and she knew there was nothing outside for her — nothing but frozen tangles of slough-grass and one waste of snow for miles and miles.

Then a fat and comfortable smile seemed to settle on her face. She would close her eyes and purr and purr until the nightcap became almost a halo around her face, and her head rested steadfast upon its little pillow. The prettiest dreams a cat could dream must have passed before Isabel's eyes.

SHE SITS UP IN HER NIGHTCAP.

And Isabel herself, so long a vanished creature, may seem like a dream to Lucy now, in the grown-up world, where cats like Isabel do not dress and parade.

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE CHILDREN.

Ah, if our souls but poise and swing—
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,

We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear.

—Longfellow.

IT was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes that looked friendlily into yours and a mouth that smiled cordially if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad as was he. She had a thoughtful face, perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

Frances A. Humphrey.

SO much has been said, of late, in the newspapers concerning the dispute between our country and Great Britain relative to the "fisheries," that I am sure you will be glad to know what it is all about. Of course you know already that there are a great many people at and about Gloucester, on Cape Ann, who make their living by fishing. It really is an immense industry. A large number of vessels are owned there, which go out to "the banks" after cod and mackerel and halibut.

The "banks" are great tracts of shoal water, where the fish chiefly congregate. The largest of these banks is the Grand Bank, which lies off the southern coast of New Foundland. The Western Bank is off the Nova Scotian coast, while Jeffreys Bank and Georges Bank are off the coast of New England.

Fishing on these banks is dangerous business and many brave men lose their lives every winter in this hazardous occupation. The vessels are owned on shore, but sometimes the captain owns a share in the vessel he commands. The sailors are paid a proportional part of the profits of the voyage.

So much, in brief, for the fishing business itself. Now, about the troubles. As I have said, the largest fishing territory is off the coast of the British provinces. Naturally our fishermen wish to go to those banks. When peace was declared between our country and Great Britain, after the War of the Revolution, a treaty was made by which it was agreed that our fishermen should continue to enjoy the right to take fish on the banks of New Foundland and along the Canadian coast; but they were not allowed to go ashore to dry fish, except at places where no people live, without the permission of the inhabitants.

In the year 1818 another treaty was made; by this the American fishermen were allowed to take fish on the southern coast of New Foundland, from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands and on the western and northern coast from Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands; also on all the shores of the Magdalen Islands and on the coasts and bays from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, through the straits of Belle Isle and northwardly along the coast, so

CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, JANUARY, 1888.

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FRONTISPIECE: Miss Maud Howe and her dog Sambo. From the Painting in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.	B. C. Porter	90
THE ORGAN-MAN. Poem	Graham R. Tomson	91
THE BULL AND THE LEAPING-POLE	Charles G. D. Roberts	92
WHEN PIPING WINDS DO BLOW. Poem	M. E. B.	95
THE FOSTER-CHILDREN OF WASHINGTON. (*Children of the White House.*) Sixteen Illustrations from Paintings, Photographs and Drawings.	Harriet Taylor Upton	96
MY OWLET. Poem. Illustration by George Foster Barnes.	Clara Doty Bates	104
MY UNCLE FLORIMOND. Chapter II. Serial Story	Sidney Luska	105
ARITHMETIC. Rhyme	H. R. Hudson	111
AN A. B. C. LESSON. Picture	E. H. Garrett	112
A JOURNEY TO PEKING. (*Around-the-World Stories.*)	Olive Risley-Seward	112
TWO LITTLE BIRDS IN BLUE. Poem. Illustration by W. L. Taylor.	Mary E. Wilkins	118
CHRISTMAS MINCE-PIE	Susan Archer Weiss	119
FROM BLOSSOM TO SEED. Full-page picture	E. Parker Hayden	121
WARWICK BROOKES AND HIS PENCIL-PICTURES. Second Paper. Thirteen Illustrations from pictures by Warwick Brookes; also fac-simile of autograph letter by Gladstone.	T. Letherbrow	122
A RETORT. Verse	Philip Burroughs Strong	129
THE CRUISE OF A COVERLET. II. Farragut's Flagship, the Hartford. Four Illustrations from photographs.	Jessie Benton Fremont	129
THE WEALTHY PASHA. Rhyme. Illustration by the Author.	L. J. Bridgman	134
THOSE COUSINS OF MABEL'S. Chapter II. Serial Story. Illustration by W. L. Taylor.	M. E. W. Sherwood	135
MY FRIENDS, THE DOGS. Seven Illustrations, including the frontispiece from a painting by B. C. Porter.	Maud Howe	139
WHEN DOES SPRING BEGIN?	Charles Barnard	145
A CAT ISABEL. Seven Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman.	Mary Hartwell Catherwood	148
THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE CHILDREN. A Straw, *Frances A. Humphrey.* — The Fisheries Troubles, *E. J. Carpenter.* — Bryant's Word-Pictures, *Amanda B. Harris.*		150
TANGLES	F. F. Saville	152
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. (*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*) Illustration: A Page of Arabic.	Oscar Fay Adams	25
MORE ABOUT CRYSTALS. ("*Diamond Dust.*") Eleven Illustrations by the Author.	E. D. Walker	28
IN FROSTY WEATHER. Verse	Mary E. Wilkins	31
COCKED-HATS. (*Ways To Do Things.*) Illustration and seven diagrams by the Author.	W. T. Owen	33
A HOME-MADE JIG-SAW. (*Ways to do Things.*) Illustration and five diagrams by the Author.	Charles W. Miller	33
MORE ABOUT THE HINDOOS. (*Our Asiatic Cousins.*) Three Illustrations from old prints and photographs.	Mrs. A. H. Leonowens	35
HIGH-CASTE SWEETMEATS. (*A late Experience in India.*)	Rev. Edward A. Lawrence	39
PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN. (*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)	Oscar Fay Adams	40
WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE		(*At Front of Magazine.*)
C. Y. F. R. U.		(*At End of Magazine.*)

St. Ignace Enterprise

OUR TOWN, OUR COUNTY, OUR HOME.

ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN. JULY, 1897.

PERE MARQUETTE IN ST IGNACE 1671

SAINTE MARIE BREAKING ICE

WOMAN'S EDITION.

THE FORT MACKINAC ISLAND

STRAITS OF MACKINAC

Enquirer Union & Company Grand Rapids

St. Ignace Enterprise

OUR TOWN, OUR COUNTY, OUR HOME.

ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN, JULY, 1897.

SOUVENIR EDITION

— OF —

The Enterprise,

— ISSUED BY THE —

Ladies of the First M. E. Church,

REV. W. C. HICKS, Pastor.

EXECUTIVE STAFF:

MRS. T. L. EVERETT, Editor-in-Chief.
MR. A. B. STANDISH, Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Dr. Caroline Conner. Mrs. J. D. Houston.
Mrs. M. F. Stellwagen. Mrs. E. M. Mallett.
Miss F. Bachan.

Introductory.

To all into whose hands the WOMAN'S SOUVENIR EDITION shall come, the editors extend greeting.

Our aim has been to issue a paper containing information on points of interest for present reading and future reference. Whether we have succeeded in doing this or not, is not for us to judge, since only few people can be correct judges of their own work.

That it contains imperfections is true; and none, more than the editors, are conscious of its shortcomings. Where so many matters of public and historic interest must be dealt with, all in the compass of one magazine, perfection need not be expected.

One thing we shall be credited with however: We have tried to do our best, and with the consciousness of having done this, this edition is sent forth on its mission. We would ask for a careful perusal of its pages; also would we call attention to the words of our advertisers. The advertisements will be of interest to all, whether residents of our city, county or more distant parts.

To those who have so kindly contributed to its pages, to our business manager, to our publisher, who has borne with our inexperience in the work with most exemplary patience, to each and all, who by their help have made the WOMAN'S SOUVENIR EDITION possible, we extend a heartfelt "thank you."

To those who are in search of farming lands, there are 11,840 acres open to homesteaders in Mackinac county.

City of St. Ignace.

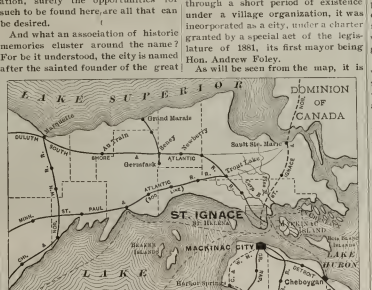
"Home of my heart, I sing of thee.
Michigan, my Michigan!"

The city of St. Ignace possesses much of interest for the tourist, the business man, the student of history, and the health-seeker. The tourist will find much here to study and enjoy; if he be a health-seeker, the rare purity of our breeze-swept, wave-washed shores, will work wonders in his behalf; if looking for natural beauties and scenery, they are to be found in this locality; if desirous of spending a well earned vacation after hard toil, of obtaining needed rest and recreation, surely the opportunities for such to be found here, are all that can be desired.

And what an association of historic memories cluster around the name? For be it understood, the city is named after the sainted founder of the great Jesuit order, received its name from no less a person than the revered Pere Marquette, the intrepid missionary, who came to our shores, and founded the mission of St. Ignace, two hundred and twenty-six years ago. Truly the student of history cannot fail to be deeply interested as he visits scenes and places famous in the annals of the great northwest. Here, to the "forest primeval," came those fresh from the most cultured, polished and artistic civilization of the old world; here was witnessed the establishment of the christian faith in these parts, situated on the famed straits of Mackinac and is the nearest point of the upper to the lower peninsula of Michigan. It forms the southern terminus of the Duith, South Shore & Atlantic railway (the old Detroit, Mackinaw & Marquette railway), and connects with the other side of the straits by means of the car ferry steamers of the Mackinac Transportation company, prompt and convenient connections being made at Mackinaw City with the Michigan Central and the Grand Rapids & Indiana railways. It has a magnificent harbor and is reached during the it being one of the earliest outposts of civilization in what was at that time a remote and unknown portion of the great unexplored continent. To descend to more utilitarian consideration, we may urge that the business man will find much here to engage his attention; he will do well to investigate the advantages proferred to the man of capital for establishing business enterprises of more or less magnitude.

Though as we have pointed out St. Ignace had its origin so long ago, it may be said to have first assumed business importance, and to have become a place of consequence with the advent of the Detroit, Mackinaw & Marquette railway, about sixteen or seventeen years ago. After passing through a short period of existence under a village organization, it was incorporated as a city, under a charter granted by a special act of the legislature of 1881, its first mayor being Hon. Andrew Foley.

As will be seen from the map, it is



situated in the midst of a region of country unsurpassed for its beauty and fertility, and is the natural outlet for the products of the rich agricultural country which surrounds it.

Among its leading industries may be mentioned its saw mill, its shipping docks, etc. It is the shipping point of large quantities of fish, lumber, cedar ties, posts and poles, pulpwood and other products of the upper peninsula.

The farming lands of the vicinity are being brought under cultivation and open to sale on easy terms. It is the county seat of Mackinac county and its handsome court house adds much to the appearance of the city.

The municipal management of the affairs of St. Ignace entrusted by the people to citizens selected for their local patriotism and interest in the welfare of the town, compares faverably with that of any other city in Michigan.

We have an excellent system of water works; the water supply, drawn from the depths of the lake, at a point where a constant current ensures its absolute freshness, is unexcelled.

An electric light plant, also owned by the city, furnishes lighting for the public streets and for the leading business houses.

Its system of schools, under the able control of a board of education and of a superintendent of acknowledged educational and administrative ability, are superior. The religious needs of the community are well supplied. The Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopal bodies have each their home of worship.

The various orders and societies, which include lodges of the Masonic order, Knights of Pythias, Maccabees, Foresters, Oddfellows, the various church societies, all unite in making life agreeable to the summer visitors as well as the residents.

Property can be leased or purchased at reasonable rates and upon liberal terms, and to those seeking desirable sites for summer cottages we would call attention to our bluffs with their beautiful outlook. Our climate is salubrious and healthy, its bracing atmosphere and invigorating breezes are simply life-giving to the tired and worn business and professional man. And this leads us to consider the claims of St. Ignace as a summer resort. From the sweltering head of the large cities to the south of us the

change to the climate of the straits region come as a delicious dream.

Whether desirous of health, scenic beauty, or pastime, the summer visitor can be accommodated here. Close by is the for-famed Mackinac Island. Boats are constantly plying between these places during the day; then, there are the fishing grounds of Les Cheneaux, as well as the inland fishing resorts, like Brevoort lake and Carp river and other well stocked lakes and streams.

Lovely walks and drives are to be found all around in the immediate vicinity; romantic and picturesque nooks constantly meet the eye and appeal to the lover of nature.

A walk or drive along our beautiful shores or over our commanding bluffs with their pleasing views is sure to bring pleasure and appetite. The nights here are cool, a blanket being by no means despised, as a general rule all through the summer, and there is an enjoyable absence of mosquitoes and other noxious insects.

We invite you then to St. Ignace and we feel assured that once persuaded to come, you will come again.

mitted to memory; stories of heroic deeds are told and read to the children. The meaning of Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday and Memorial Day are taught. The child's better emotions are aroused and exercised, and thus he is made to appreciate noble deeds and noble thoughts and take delight in "whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report." Considerable nature study is carried on in the primary grades. By means of this the child's powers of observation are awakened. It is made the basis of much of the language work.

The penmanship of the lower grades shows a marked improvement of late. The vertical system was introduced at the beginning of last year. It is found that the children acquire it more readily; it is more legible, and at the close of the year there are fewer poor writers than under the slant system.

THE GRAMMAR GRADES.

The work of these grades becomes more technical. However, the object of all teaching: the building up of character, the making of good citizens, is constantly kept in mind. In order to carry out this idea the course of study is made as interesting as possible, so as to hold the boys and girls in school. More historical stories are given to arouse the imagination and interest. It is found to be the best method of cultivating right feelings, and hence, of training the moral nature.

The object of the language work of these grades is to give the child correct forms of speech, and by daily use to so fix these forms in the mind that they may become a habit. Considerable attention is given to the committing to memory of some of the best poetry and prose. Dr. Hinsdale of the U. of M., says: "Selections of poetry should be committed to memory, to be recited, to be sung, to be made the subject of conversation. This exercise may be conducted on a generous scale; it may convey some knowledge, but especially will it develop and refine the vocabulary, provided the selections are properly made. Furthermore, it will develope taste. Beautiful poems committed to memory in childhood will be a perennial wellspring of cultivation and delight."

The result of this general work cannot be shown by examinations or percentages, but it will be found in a purer language, a higher taste and a finer spirit.

The work in arithmetic is made as practical as possible. Much supplementary work from actual business is used.

Geography is taught by the topical method and as much history and civil government combined with it as is possible.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Any school is known by the product it turns out. St. Ignace has reason to be proud of its high school. It is annually turning out young men and women that are destined to become the best of citizens.

The work in English is carried through all the grades, and during the senior year a critical study of English and American literature is made. The aim is not to teach ABOUT English or American literature, but to teach the literature itself.

The work in general history is also carried on during the senior year.

The work in physics is confined largely to the text book, but some home-made apparatus serves to make it more interesting.

Arithmetic is finished in the ninth grade and algebra and geometry follow in the tenth and eleventh.

At present two years of Latin is taken up by those so selecting.

While the St. Ignace high school is lacking in laboratory and library, it is hoped that these may, in the near future, be enlarged.

It is difficult to measure or report what is accomplished in the real work of a system of schools. The success cannot be shown by statistics, printed outlines of study, or the cost of school buildings. These indicate in a general way the attitude of the community towards education, but in what degree the spirit and character of the children are influenced by their school life is quite another matter.

To train and mould the character of children may be called the great work of the schools, and in view of this relation to the children it is difficult to compare the work of one year with another or with that of other cities.

There are, however, gratifying indications that these important ends of school work are earnestly borne in mind and striven for in the work of the St. Ignace schools. Go into any department and the chances are that you will find the work of the teachers, in the main, charged with these high purposes. The development of character, in a broad sense, is in the minds of the teachers. The school must make good citizens, intelligent, honest, and self-reliant. This, I believe, is the object of public education in a country where the people govern.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. IGNACE.

The Schools.

The schools of St. Ignace compare favorably with those of any other town of its size in the state. For convenience in description they may be divided into primary, grammar and high school departments.

PRIMARY GRADES.

The impressions a child receives during his first years in school being the most lasting, great care is taken that only the best in language, literature and nature is placed before him. The correct forms in language are constantly in use, while the incorrect forms are gradually weeded out. The importance of creating a taste for the best literature is kept in mind from the first grade up.

Short poems and extracts are com-

☞ Stop with Jim, at the Dunham House. He can make your stomach and your bones feel as comfortable as any $2 house in the city.

Chas. H. Eby,

Has opened a new bakery between Murray Bros. grocery and J. B. Clark's meat market. You will always find on hand Cream, Rye, Graham and Home-made Bread. Cakes of all kinds made to order on short notice. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

———ST. IGNACE, MICH.

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD WARD SCHOOLS.

The Churches.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Although as early as 1840 services were held under the direction of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in the vicinity of St. Ignace, no attempt at organization was made until 1879. In the summer of that year a few earnest women organized a Sunday school and a request for preaching services was made. In the fall of the same year Rev. John Bettes of the Detroit conferene, visited St. Ignace, preaching a few sermons in an old school house. At the annual conference of 1880, St. Ignace and adjacent territory was made a part of the Alpena district and Rev. A. J. Richards was appointed presiding elder of the new field. At the urgent request of E. B. Chamberlain and Dr. W. W. French a supply was sent, but for some reason or other, perhaps unwilling to brave the hardships connected with the opening up and development of the new charge, he did not long remain. In the winter of 1880 and 1881 a few earnest men and women resolved to erect a house of worship. A lot was donated by the late Amable Goudreau on Goudreau alley, and on a cold day in February the work of building the new church was commenced. At sundown the following day the "First Methodist Episcopal church of St. Ignace" 20x40 feet in dimensions, with six half-sized and three full grown windows and a good place for a door, was erected.

Soon after the erection of this new church another supply was sent, but remained only a month. For a short time the people were discouraged and there was some talk of abandoning the enterprise. But "No," a few said, "it is not the policy of Methodists to abandon," and a successful attempt was immediately made to rid the building of a $70 debt, which had been incurred in its furnishing.

First Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Ignace, built February, 1880.

First Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Ignace, 1897.

In May, 1881, the presiding elder sent Rev. J. B. Lambley as a supply, who remained the balance of the conference year. He was followed by Rev. J. B. Russell, who remained until April, 1883. During his pastorate the present church edifice was erected. This edifice stands upon a beautiful site on the corner of Maloney and Mary streets, overlooking East Moran bay and is free of all debt. Rev. G. C. Squire was the next pastor and remained until Sept., 1884. It was during the incumbency of the last named minister that the present parsonage was built, which stands on the same lot as the church. Rev. Orrin Whitmore came as pastor of the church in Sept., 1884, remaing until his death in the spring of 1887. Rev. D. B. Johnson completed Mr. Whitmore's unfinished term. The next pastor was Rev. Timothy Edwards who served two years. He was succeeded in 1889 by Rev. Jas. Pascoe, who completed his full pastoral term of five years. During Mr. Pascoe's pastorate the church was reseated with modern pews and many other improvements made. Rev. E. A. Elliott succeeded Mr. Pascoe, remaining one year, going from this church to the Gratiot Ave. M. E. church, Detroit. He was succeeded by Rev. Frank Casper now stationed at North Branch, and he, in turn, by Rev. William C. Hicks, the present pastor.

This church has a full board of trustees and stewarts, and every department of its work is well officered. The Sunday school, so long under the superintendency of C. R. Brown now of Marquette, and M. F. Stelwagen of this city, is now under the care of A. B. Standish, and has an enrollment of 130, the average attendance for the month just passed being 95.

There is a fine and helpful Ladies' Aid society of which Mrs. E. M. Mallett is president; an Epworth League under the presidency of Miss Mary Van Norman; a Junior League of 70 members, the superintendents of which are Mesdames M. F. Stellwagen and W. C. Hicks, and a fine choir of which Mrs. E. Blowers is organist and Mr. G. H. Hauptli leader.

Noted for its earnest efforts along all lines of church work and its harmonious action in all things pertaining to the spread of the Kingdom of God, no more pleasant charge is there to serve within the bounds of the Detroit conference than the First M. E. church of St. Ignace.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The First Presbyterian church of St. Ignace, was organized in 1881. A chapel was then built for worship on Portage street at the head of Goudreau street. In 1883 another church was organized at the furnace, called the Martel Presbyterian church. The same pastor was engaged for both these churches. Rev. John Ferries came in 1884 and remained as a faithful and efficient pastor for nearly twelve years, when in June, 1896, he accepted a call to a church in Midland, Mich. During the time of his pastorate the Martel and First Presbyterian churches were consolidated and both congregations worshipped at the chapel on Portage street. In 1895 it was decided to build a new church, and a contract was given for the construction of the present beautiful edifice which stands on the same ground where the chapel stood; modest, but modern in its structure, seats of the latest pattern, circular in form, and floor raised at the back of the main auditorium.

The lecture room is separated from the main room by sliding doors. The building is fitted throughout with the finest of colored glass windows of most pleasing patterns.

A fine bell is in the tower and a good furnace in the basement, which extends under the whole building.

The church was dedicated in August, 1895, being just five months in building, and through the untiring energy and faithfulness of the building committee, led by the pastor, Rev. J. Ferries, the church was free of debt and dedicated.

Rev. J. F. Parsons is the present supply. The church is in good and growing condition with a membership of about 85. It is a strong factor in the city for good. Elders—C. S. Carr, W. B. Vance, J. M. Campbell and D. McNab.

Connected with this church is a flourishing Sabbath school under the management of E. H. Hotchkiss, a competent and faithful superintendent.

The choir is one of the drawing attractions of the Presbyterian, church being composed of select musicians trained under the leadership of A. G. Hulbert.

A large and wide-awake C. E. society is also connected with this church, Miss Minnie Bissell, president, the Junior C. E. society being under the efficient guidance of Mrs. J. F. Parsons, assisted by Miss Bessie Carr.

This church has also a large working Ladies' Aid society, Mrs. W. B. Vance, president.

The church is supported by pledges and voluntary contributions. Its seats are free. The public is most cordially invited to the First Presbyterian church, corner of Portage and Joseph streets, St. Ignace, Mich.

MRS. C. S. CARR.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Congregational church of St. Ignace, was organized on the 5th of September, 1880. The following extracts from the records of the church may be of interest, showing who were the participants in a formation of the first protestant church of St. Ignace:

Sunday, Sept. 5th, 1880—After religious service in the school house conducted by Rev. Leroy Warren and Mr. C. C. Oatis, persons interested in the formation of a church remained to consider the matter. The confession of faith and covenant, as found in Roy's manual, page 26, was read and approved by those present. The meeting then adjourned until half past three o'clock p. m. At the afternoon meeting the following persons were present and declared themselves ready to unite in the formation of a Congregational church:

Julius M. Fields, Wm. McKinney, Mary J. McKinney, Frank Hulbert, Mrs. Diantha Hulbert.

From this small beginning the church soon increased its membership to upwards of thirty.

Rev. Albert Livermore, whose hearty laugh and genial smile many who read this item will recall, was the first pastor.

In November, 1880, the first church building, a rude board structure, was erected on State street, a short distance south of where the Sherwood house now stands, and regular services were held there until the fall of 1882, when the present church edifice was completed.

For some time after its organization the congregation was composed quite largely of members of other church denominations, and in subsequent years these have gone out from it and assisted in organizing the other protestant churches of the place. The following is a list of the pastors who have served the church from its organization to the present time:

Rev. Albert Livermore, Rev. W. C. Allen, Rev. Chas. Newberry, Rev. R. Wrench, Rev. C. E. Taggart, Rev. Chas. Tuttle, Rev. Thos. Parker, Rev. G. Wilder.

For the past two years the church has been without a pastor.

C. CONNER.

Mackinac county offers a good field for investment to men with small capital, in its great area of hemlock and hardwood timber. As yet, but little hemlock bark or logs have been removed, and the county contains millions of feet of that timber to be had on reasonable terms at points easy of access. The same may be said of the hardwood, but there is much more of this than of the hemlock.

☞ We have not time to write long ads., but we wish to let you know that the Dunham House is always in the lead. Call and see us.

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THE LEADER IN BEST QUALITIES AND THE LOWEST PRICES IN

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Just place a trial order and be convinced. Special attention paid to out of town orders. Prompt delivery.

'Phone, 16. State St. and Goudreau Alley.

St. Ignace, Mich.

Father Marquette in St. Ignace M... 1670.

Antique Reminiscences of St. Ignace.

By Rev. J. A. Kelt.

Asked to contribute something written to the special Women's Edition of the Enterprise, about to be issued, I thought it not out of place to treat of the places and things, visited and seen by the many tourists coming to our shores and city during the heated terms of July and August. Any day during these two months the many boats bring passenger tourists from all over the United States and Canada in quest of the old church in which hangs the now famous Old Picture; and, Father Marquette's Grave.

The Grave, its History, Church and the Picture together with the Matrimonial, Baptismal and Interment Records dating back to 1675 will form an interesting subject.

A modest enclosure of a small patch of ground, a marbe shaft of not large dimensions, mark the last resting place of the famous priest and explorer. The question asked by many visitors is, "Is this really Father Marquette's Grave?" The question naturally is based on the appearance of the Grave, rather than any real information they may have of it. "Beyond a doubt," is the answer that settles any notion of disputing it. There seems to be no disposition to follow up any lengthened talk on the subject; so the matter rests. The visitors come, see, and, it is a matter for themselves to decide whether really convinced or not by what they came for namely, to see for themselves. These places are Historical.

Railroad and Steamboat Lines have largely advertised St. Ignace through Father Marquette's Grave and the old Picture, besides the contributions to newspapers of the many who took notes here. The yearly increasing crowds attest with what success St. Ignace has thus been made popular.

The sources of their information are various: Parkman's History, the Jesuit Relations, Rev. Fr. Werwyst's O. S. B., now translated in English, and, I may mention with special local pride, the hand books of Fr. Werwyst, O. S. B., Lieutenant Kelton, Doctor J. R. Bailey, productions of men who have passed many years of their life on Mackinac Island and here, and were fondly and deeply interested in its and the antiquaries of St. Ignace. The scope of the works of Bailey, Kelton and Werwyst embraces within its reach St. Ignace and its environments, whilst duly emulating the neighboring Island of Mackinac, truly and justly the "Gem of the Lakes."

The name of Father Marquette is on every lip, fills the mind of every visitor that seeks these shores. From St. Ignace he departed on his voyage of discovery of the Mississippi river, 1670, and to St. Ignace he was brought back dead. His Grave is the visitors objective point. It is a short drive or walk from any of the boat landings. The surroundings are of the most modest and retiring kind. The mind travels back and associates the present site of the Grave with the dead past. The connecting link between the past and the present is the discovery of Father Marquette's Grave in 1878, by the learned, and now deceased, Very Rev. F. Jacker. His name and researches will ever be inseparably connected with Father Marquette's grave.

Father Jacker was known as an ardent student of hislory, especially in what appertained to these shores, and the scenes of his active missionary life. Zeal for the salvation of souls, a mind penetrated with love for the Indians, and all that appertains to their welfare, he most ably carried on what had been so eargerly begun by the Saintly Bishop Baraga, a most devoted and apostolic man.

The narrative would be wanting in thoroughness if I did not mention the name of the very venerable, the Very Rev. John Chebul, still living, and in active duty now at Grand Marais.

Their (the missionaries) learning and devotion to religion were enhanced by their knowledge of the Indian tongue, this knowledge giving them advantages not possessed by others of Indian traditions. The Indians themselves listened with delight to their language as spoken by Frs. Baraga, Jacker and Chebul, and to them is to be attributed much of the knowledge that we have of early Indian traditional lore. We wish to make special mention of our reverence for Father Chebul, known and beloved by all, irrespective of creed or nationality, and looked upon as the last of the survivors of that eminent missionary band who devoted their labors and their learning to the salvation of the Indian. Father Chebul, has borne the labors of the missionary life with a zeal truly apostolic. The name of Father Chebul is a loving household word in St. Ignace.

The advancement along intellectual lines has been greater in St. Ignace than its material prosperity, though the latter has not lagged. The people of these shores are intelligent, shrewd and matter-of-fact people. Schools and churches abound, and I say with pride, a loyalty to American Republican institutions, that will compare favorably with more populous communities. In their midst is the Grave of Father Marquette. Duly every Memorial Day, the Grand Army of the Republic, the citizens, school children and the reverend ministers of our City Churches proceed in a body to the spot, and lay a wreath of flowers of early May of this northern region upon the grave of the "Soldier of the Cross," as Marquette is lovingly named by our citizens. The great mass meeting of two years ago, August, '95, is still remembered, participated in by all the citizens, men of national renown, and presided over by Governor Rich of the state of Michigan. The speakers that took part were men of renown and learning who held their thousands of listeners enthralled by words of history, carefully collated, of Marquette and his great deeds of exploration. One speech was devoted entirely to the proofs of the identity of his last resting place. It was a notable gathering and the interest of the occasion was intensified, that the meeting was held in sight of the Grave of the Great Explorer, and in full view of the bay through which the Indians bore his remains to the little Church that once stood on the site now occupied by his Grave, the first Church erected on these shores to the known and living God. I may mention a notable episode, so befitting the occasion, the elegant address of Father Chebul in the Indian tongue, and the rapturous greeting of the Reverend Missionary Father by the descendants of the Chippawas who were present.

The occasion was the greatest of its kind ever held in the memory of Father Marquette. The great dailies of the country receiving and publishing special correspondence of the proceedings. It was a red-letter day in

THE LATE REV. EDWARD JACKER.

ST. IGNATIUS' CATHOLIC CHURCH.

St. Ignace. The object of the meeting was faithfully carried out, the organization of a board of trustees, looking to the foundation and erection of a suitable monument to Marquette.

Written history of the Jesuit relations gives us day and date of the burial of Father Marquette's body in St. Ignace. It was in the basement of that little Church, the house of his Brother Jesuits, near whom it was his wish to be buried. Whilst it would be interesting to dwell on the particulars of Father Marquette's last voyage and discovery, on the perils, dangers and fatigues incident upon it, we shall merely say in passing, Marquette died on the 18th day of May, 1675; that he was buried on the spot where he died on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan at the place now called Ludington, at the age of thirty-eight years. His body remained in that Grave two years. The Kishkokan Indians, instructed in the truths of Christianity by Marquette himself opened his Grave, took out the body and prepared it according to their custom, by scraping the flesh from the bones and drying them in the sun, putting the bones in a birch bark box set out on their journey to St. Ignace. The "Relations" states positively that in the funeral cortege there were nearly thirty canoes; that as the cortege approached St. Ignace Father Nouvel, who was the superior of the house, went to meet them with Father Pierson, and accompanied by all the French and Indians of St. Ignace. They caused the convoy to stop and made the ordinary interrogations, to verify the fact that the body which they bore was really Father Marquette's. Then before landing Father Nouvel entoned the De Profundis in sight of the thirty canoes still on the water, and all the people on the shore. After this the body was carried to the Church observing all the ritual prescribed for funeral ceremonies. The body remained exposed under a pall all that day which was Sunday, Monday, 8th of June, 1677. The next day when all the funeral honors had been paid it was deposited in a little vault in the middle of the Church, where, as the Relations say, the bones of Marquette repose, as the "Angel Guardian of our Ottawa Missions." They also say that the Indians often come to pray on his tomb. This account is taken substantially from the "Relations."

I may be allowed to observe here that the Grave of Marquette, except to the Indians, had been in obscurity until the year 1878. The fact of the burning of this early Church by the Jesuits, and the abandonment of the Mission give rise to many surmises of the early history of these shores. The reason given is that the labors of the Fathers had proven unfruitful and unavailing, and their lives were in serious jeopardy. It cannot be argued that this state of affairs arose from conditions among the Indians themselves, among whom the early Missionaries were kindly received, and hence no danger from the Indians alone; but from the fact that in the early Records still extant, the term slave, or in French, esclave, is used in the matrimonial and baptismal records, we deduce the fact that St. Ignace was used as a French Penal Colony. Traditions among the Indians seem to verify this. Brutality added to savagery in the amalgamation of the two races made St. Ignace a very undesirable place for the spreading of the gospel. This is not authenticated, but is given merely as an opinion.

DEATH OF PERE MARQUETTE.

The other true reason given for the burning of this early Mission Church by the Jesuits was to prevent its desecration by the Pagan Indians who remained in St. Ignace after the large bulk of the Christianized Indians had emigrated at the instance of Cadillac, to Ponchatrain, his new post.

Be this as it may, the important part remains, that the Church was burned by the Fathers and the Mission of St. Ignace abandoned about the year 1705. We would rather incline to the latter reason, based, as it is on some facts, than the former, a mere conjecture; and seeing too it would give a coloring to the idea of self-preservation on the part of the early Missionaries than of the spirit of self-sacrifice, which would neither be fair or just to them.

Now to the discovery of his Grave. This honor belongs to the late Very Rev. Fr. Jacker. We justly associate with him the names of Mr. Patrick Murray, Jr., and Mr. Peter Grondin. Father Jacker was impelled in his desire to discover Marquette's Grave by reading of the Jesuit Relations and his thorough knowledge of Indian traditions. One of these traditions among the local French and Indians was that the shore of East Moran Bay was the site of the first Jesuit Chapel, and the Grave of the Great Priest. A large cross was even known by the French and Indians of that time to have stood on or near the beach of this bay, and the tradition was that the cross marked the site of the Old Church that once stood there. This led Fr. Jacker to a close study of the Jesuit Relations, and verified by La Honton's History, in his mind it was a settled fact that the Old Mission Church in which Father Marquette's bones were buried was no place else but St. Ignace.

Much inquiry, investigation, search, based on this knowledge was indulged in. The inhabitants of St. Ignace were stirred up to an unlimited degree to assist Father Jacker in the search for the Grave. Incidental discoveries of the remains of an old Indian village on the Bluff, and the indication of a cemetery led them to investigate more closely. The discovery was at length made in this wise: Peter Grondin occupied in clearing ground on claim 19, for Mr. Patrick Murray, Jr., discovered a rude foundation 36x40 feet in size, the smaller side facing the lake. I should say that the Old Church was exactly the shape of the present Catholic Church. The old foundation consisted of flat limestones covered with soil. Fr. Jacker says there were no traces of a chimney in one of the buildings, which, to his mind, proved it to be a church. Immediately adjoining it to the West there were traces of another larger building consisting of three compartments, having three fire places, one of them looking like a blacksmith shop from pieces of broken implements and evidences of the presence of a forge. Now the whole plan looked like the Mission of the Jesuits, Church, house, sacristy and workshop. The presence of the blacksmith shop and forge was plainly discernable. The fact was established that Marquette's bones reposed in a birch bark box, in the cellar of the old burned Church. The fact established that the old site was discovered; were the bones or remnants of the birch still to be found? The site was discovered on May 4th, 1878, and Monday, September 3d, the excavations were started. The fact brought a crowd, two hundred at least, people of the city and neighborhood, some visitors and tourists, to witness the results. Fr. Jacker and others still living who assisted in this work of excavation say that a ditch was dug across the area of the new discovered Old Church.

THE DISCOVERY OF PERE MARQUETTE'S GRAVE.

But they discovered no disturbances in the sandy and gravel soil to indicate the appearance of a subterranean basement, etc. So it was decided to dig into a hollow place in what was supposed to be the Church, feeling sure that if the remains were buried there some trace of them or the birch bark box would be found.

Now we may say North of the Bay there are traces of a fortified hill. As La Hontan has not mentioned it at the time of his visit to St. Ignace, nor shown it on his map, it is presumed it was not built in 1688. He mentions the existance of the Old Church. His exact words are: "Some sort of a church was at St. Ignace." We give credence to the place in the Jesuit Relations that that was the exact spot of the Church. The measurements made after the discovery in 1878 correspond exactly from the water-line of the Bay with those of the Relations. That they were digging into the cellar of the Old Church was beyond a doubt. The first discovery on digging were two half-decayed corner posts and pieces of plank, and other debris of a wooden building destroyed by fire—nails spikes, a door hinge, broken glassware, blackened pieces of mortar. Finally after further excavation, near the Western end of the cellar, they discovered a piece of birch bark, and with it were other pieces of birch bark of smaller dimensions, more or less scorched. The space in which they found underneath the floor of the cellar was evidently dug out for burying something. Mixed with the sand and these pieces of burned bark were many small pieces of apparently pure lime quite soft and damp. The supposition is that this lime were the evidences of the birch bark having been covered with a layer of lime. At last at a depth of about one foot and a half under the floor of the cellar there appeared a large and strong piece of bark, scorched on the upper surface only. It rested on three small decayed sticks, and was plainly still in the first position in which it had been laid. This piece was about one foot and a half in length, and below these pieces of bark the ground evidently had not been disturbed. There were found with these, two fragments of bone. All the people that were there, and those that are living are witnesses to the truth of this. Father Jacker says he was away from home the next day, but he was surprised, on his return by a young man of the place, Joseph Marly, now dead, having with him a handkerchief full of blackened sand and dust, scraped from the bottom of the cellar, and at some little distance from the deeper hollow and containing over thirty small pieces of bone from the different parts of the human frame, such as the skull, hands or feet, and spine. They all looked like pieces dropped out of large bones and cracked by the heat. An examination made of them by experts proved them to be human, very old, and acted upon by intense heat. There was no doubt of these having been taken from that cellar, because at the time they levelled the ground for the erection of the present monument others of an exactly similar kind were found. These are the proofs of the discovery of the Old Church, the Grave in the cellar, and what are presumed to be, the bones of Father Marquette.

The question is often asked, "Might not the Jesuits have removed the remains before firing the building, and taken them with them?" There is no written account of such procedure; besides, it would have been contrary to their custom. They left the bones of their fallen martyrs where they laid them to rest. Besides, the name and fame of Marquette were not so great in those days as they are now.

The present Church, the second built in St. Ignace, is sixty years old. No doubt there are some few in St. Ignace who remember the building of it, the older among the people. Besides the living witnesses, the next best and the most authentic documents are the Church Records. These old Records in connection with the Church form very interesting matter for this sketch. There are three Records; the oldest at the Island in care of Father Miller dates back to 1695. The oldest Record in St. Ignace is presumably contemporaneous with the Church, and a continuation of the two older ones at the Island, and dates back to 1838; and, from this last I argue to the age of the Church at St. Ignace. The Resident Priest and, no doubt, the one who built the Church, was Rev. F. T. Bonduel. This makes the Church about 60 years old.

Speaking of the Old Records, they are a continuous History from the time the first Missionaries set foot upon those shores. The laws of the Church for the strict keeping of the Records are here clearly manifest. The Records show not only accuracy in their keeping, but a method and thoroughness. They are written in French, and are in a good state of preservation. From an entry made on the first page of the oldest of the three Records it is evident that there were others older in existence, but of their whereabouts no mention is made. The oldest Record of Baptism is under date of 1695. I copied this verbation from the Record: "Catalogues des Baptemes de la Mission de St. Ignace de Michili Makinak." "Extraits des anciens Registres commences le 28 Aout, 1695, Antoine Menard, fils de Maurice Menard." In like manner follow other names under date of 1700, as extracts from the older Record now missing. The regular Record that is kept begins about 1745, and is continued uninterruptedly to the present day. The oldest of these three books, the two at the Island, and one at St. Ignace, are in an excellent state of preservation, and barring any mishaps or accident by fire, are good for all time.

In addition to the Records there are other valuable pieces of antiquity possessed by the Church of St. Ignace. Besides the venerable Silver Chalice used in the Divine Service, the Statue of the Blessed Mother, Old Vestments, etc., let me call attention to the old Oil Painting in the Church that has attracted such wide attention. This Picture is celebrated: first, it is associated in the minds of the people with Father Marquette himself, and the labors of the early Missionaries, and the various legends related about it. Then on account of its intrinsic worth as a master-piece of art, and lastly, on account of the deep religious veneration of the local faithful and others, who in a true spirit of piety give it that worshipful respect which is given to Pictures of a Sacred Subject, a practice that has always been in strict accordance with the universal teachings of the Church Catholic. Of this I may say that in degree, the worship is subjective, whilst relatively objective. First, as to the subject of painting, it is not Father Marquette. That the subject is a Jesuit is beyond dispute. Whether St. Aloysius or St. Ignatius, two Great Saints of the Jesuit Order, is not for the writer to decide, but merely to reflect the opinion of others, and to give his own impressions. Regretfully this is the result of the absence of authentic data, or positively written accounts of the Painting, its antiquity or its subject. Yet the writer of this inclines to the opinion that the Subject of the Painting is St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jesuit Order, whose Life and History are so well known in the Sixteenth Century. Then the Patron Saint of the Church is St. Ignatius. Whilst everything about the Picture argues its being St. Ignatius, a man of apparently mature age, Nobleman, Soldier, Courtier that he was; even the famous book of the Exercises of the Jesuits lying in front of him, sufficiently indicative of the authorship of the book. The attitude of the Saint is deeply and heroically religious, intensity of action fully displayed in the rejection of all that makes a worldly man, and takes on sanctity, a true Disciple of our Divine Lord, and a model of humility and austerity. I rather think that it is this feature of the picture, a spirituality hallowed by its antique mystery that attracts. Of its merits as a masterpiece, declared so by so many who know, the writer cannot professedly discourse, except to say that the impressions of it are well founded along well defined lines. Its antiquity, from its appearance of frailty, marks a venerable age dating back to to the Sixteenth Century. It has hung in St. Ignatius' Church for 60 years before generations of Worshippers as a object of devotion and a masterpiece of art.

TOMB OF PERE MARQUETTE.

The writer knows of no authentic Picture of Father Marquette. The Painting in the Russell House recommends itself to our fancy, because it is like what we suppose Father Marquette looked: a Youthful, Enthusiastic, religious, Ardent, a figure truly Heroic. It is ideally pleasing and imposing. It is a Modern Painting, reflecting the past, amid scenes truly captivating—Father Marquette leaving St. Ignace to explore the Mississippi River, and the figures of the Indian Chiefs surrounding his canoe, and pointing out and directing the course, all of which is suggestive and the coloring excellent. It makes an interesting group, and the picture is very popular. With a just regard to Historic accuracy we refrain from further comment.

What is written here of these Historic Personages and things is submitted most humbly to the public as the writter's own impressions, subject to any correction that Historical truth may warrant and all for the greater Honor and Glory of God.

The Slanderer.

The slanderer steals character, and I should be glad to see the day when we shall refuse to admit the slanderer to our home as we would refuse to admit the thief. If we discover a fire in our neighbor's house, we have no hesitation in immediately crying, "Fire, fire!" and immediately putting it out. The slanderous tongue acts in fire the course of nature, and it has set on fire the course of hell.—Rev. W. A. Gardner, Christian, San Francisco.

If you want a nice quiet hotel, whercat to spend your summer vacation, write to the Dunham House and have them save you a room.

MACKINAC COUNTY'S COURT HOUSE.

Mackinac County.

Mackinac county extends along the north shore of Lakes Michigan and Huron, at the eastern end of the upper peninsula, from and including seventy-two miles west of the meridian of Michigan, to six miles east of it, and is length, therefore, seventy-eight miles. Its breadth varies, but is very narrow when compared with its length, being about eighteen miles in its widest point. The disadvantages of its elongated and irregular shape are more than compensated for by the magnificence of its coast line, and by the exceptional water and shipping facilities it enjoys.

At one time the county of Mackinac was not of its present limited proportions. It included the whole of that part of the upper peninsula that belongs to Michigan. This territory, it will be remembered, was given to this state as a compromise for a few acres of disputed swamp land claimed from Ohio along the state boundary, and such was the prevailing notion of this unknown country, it was felt at that time that Michigan had the worst of the settlement. But time has worked wonders here and elsewhere, and without tiring the readers with unnecessary reptition of the development of the resources of this despised land, it is sufficient to say that the result has been the necessary creation of new counties from time to time until they now number fourteen, and Mackinac their parent, remains, territorially speaking, but a shadow of its former greatness. That it still has considerable size will be seen from the previous reference to its extent of coast line.

St. Ignace, as stated elsewhere, is the county seat, and here there is a fine brick structure for a court house, also containing the offices of the county officials, and the jail. It stands on its own ample grounds; and its handsome and attractive exterior adds much to the appearance of the city.

The county outside of the limits of the city of St. Ignace, is divided into twelve townships, the names of which, with their respective supervisors for the present year and postoffice address, are as follows:

Hendricks—Arthur Gamble, Epoufette; Garfield—James Nickel, St. Ignace; Bois Blanc—S. S. Evans, Cheboygan Sherwood J. McFadden, Cedarville; Brevoort—H. H. Ryerse, Moran; Holmes—Jas. Doud, Mackinac Island; Marquette—T. Morrison, Pickford; Moran—Chas. Leveille, St. Ignace; Portage—Walter Smith, Germfask; Newton—O. Newton, Gould City; St. Ignace—Robert Johnson, St. Ignace. Cedar—Chas. Hessel, Hessel.

We have given the postoffice address of each supervisor and we are authorized to state that any enquiry addressed to them in regard to their respective localities will be cheerfully answered.

The lands of Mackinac county vary from the sand plains of the "cut over" pine barrens to the heaviest of clay soils. But mostly they are loamy and admirably suited for farming purposes.

The timber industries were and still are enormous. First there came the cutting of the vast quantities of pine that were found within the borders of the county, the lumbering of which gave work to hundreds of men and made things lively in the past. But the pine is mostly all cut; that which remains is so small in amount and so scattered that it may be practically said that the pine industry is exhausted.

With the decadence of the lumbering of the pine, however, another product of the forest came into importance, and the getting out of unlimited quantities of cedar in poles, posts, ties and shingle timber has assumed stupendous proportions. As the traveler passes along the line of the "Soo" railway in the spring, he will see at intervals along the road huge piles of this timber towering many feet high, awaiting shipment.

The cedar swamps have supplied a means of wealth undreamed of only a few years ago. Now there is hardly a locality in the county where cedar is not a staple product, and where not only those engaged in lumbering it, but also hundreds of small farmers and settlers, make good money in producing it for the market.

Then there is pulp wood. This is another industry of recent growth, and it is only within the past few years that there has been any demand for it. But now large quantities are got out every season, and the call for it is increasing. There is a wealth of timber suitable for such purposes and the prices paid are remunerative.

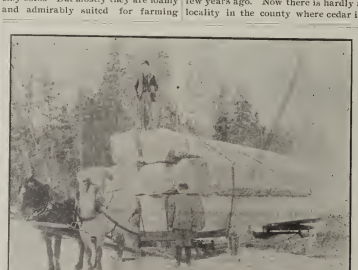
In regard to these forest products, it may be said that to the settler they are really a greater advantage than the pine. The growth of pine was enormous, and its very extent caused it to be monopolized by great concerns, who purchased it by hundreds and thousands of acres in a body. With cedar and pulpwood, whilst these lands are owned in great tracts also, yet there is so much scattered over small holdings that united becomes quite an object; a market is therefore offered to all by the cedar buyers and small producers can sell readily, even in the smallest quanties, to larger operators or dealers. The man with a few hundred ties can find a ready sale. Formerly this was not the case with pine. A man with only a few ties or a few thousand feet of timber, could not obtain proper value for it as the large operators wouldn't bother with such trifling quantities.

So far, hemlock bark has not been, to any extent, sought for in this vicinity. But there is an immense supply of it in the county and there is no doubt that a call for it will soon come, as the matter of tanneries is being agitated considerably all over the upper peninsula, and several are being established.

The principal point to be dealt with here is, What attractions does Mackinac county offer to the home-seeker and settler? What inducements are there for him to seek to establish a home here. Is there a reasonable certainty of his being successful?

The hundreds of settlers, homesteaders and farmers throughout the county, who are today in comfortable circumstances, despite the "hard times," answer the last question affirmatively. First let us take our inducements. Land is cheap, very cheap. It should be understood that much of the pine here was scattered through hardwood and mixed timber; the land was bought for the pine; now that has been lumbered and the owners are willing to sell at almost any price. Such lands are of excellent quality, well watered, well timbered—the pine only having been taken—and having splendid and most productive soils. They must not be confounded with the pine plains, or barrens, where the only timber was the pine itself and the soil is sand. The lands we speak of are good, hardwood lands and can be bought from $2 per acre up.

But what can be done with the crops when raised? We answer, there is a ready sale for all the products of the farm. Hay, oats, potatoes, vegetables, and all root crops do well here and the produce finds ready sale. The cedar camps need considerable supplies; and either by water from the lake shore, or by rail along the D., S. S. & A. and



A WINTER SCENE IN MACKINAC COUNTY.

ALONG THE D. S. S. & A. RAILWAY IN MACKINAC COUNTY.

"Soo" railways, both of which pass through the county, shipment to market is easily made. In the north-western part of the county buyers are found who supply the lumber camps and the miners farther north.

And stock raising is coming in vogue. Beef can always be sold, and it brings cash. Raising cattle has the double advantage of being a good, profitable business and the products of the farm are consumed at home, and the waste returned to the land as manure. Everyone who knows anything of farming knows how desirable this is. It will not do to go on selling potatoes and grain and nay off the farm for an indefinite period.

In that part of the county in the vicinity of Pickford, particularly, stock raising has gained quite a hold, and now butchers deem it worth their while to make periodical trips into that country to buy of the farmers.

For lack of grist mills, wheat has been grown but sparingly, but wherever there is a mill, it is raised most successfully. There is no doubt the time will come when this will be a great wheat country. The ground, covered with a good depth of snow, does not "heave" with the frost in the spring. When the snow goes off the frost is out of the ground and plowing begins. Wherever wheat has been tried the yield has been most encouraging. The Allenville farmers, who now have large clearings, are anxious for a grist mill to be started, and so indeed are all the farmers of the county. Not only one, but several mills, scattered throughout, are needed. There is no doubt there are several locations where a grist mill would do well, and should any reading this be sufficiently interested, we recommend him strongly to make investigations.

The crops we have named grow very rapidly, which compensates for the season being a little short. And the yield, in the experience of all, is enormous, if the crops are given half care.

Then the water is excellent; good springs of pure, wholesome water abound. Hardly a "forty" is without one or more of them. Small creeks are innumerable. There are lakes, large and small, in abundance, stocked with fish: pickerel, bass, perch, etc.; brook trout are plentiful in the streams. Deer will visit your turnip fields, and graze in your pasture.

The climate is bracing and healthy. There is no malaria here to sap the vitality. The cold during the winter is not so severe as is usually supposed—those who come here say it is not so cold as they were prepared to experience it—and fuel, it must be remembered, is to be had for the cutting.

We have spoken of the lands particularly which had the pine cut off. We do not mean it to be understood that all the lands of the county are in that class. Those are good and are within reach of the poorest, because any man with an axe can, if he is unable to pay cash down, easily make arrangements whereby he can purchase entirely on deferred payments, and go on clearing up his land. There is also a better grade of lands, covered with the finest of hardwoods, mostly maple, with rich alluvial soil that is teeming with fertility. These lands range in price from $4 all the way to $10 per acre, according to quality and location. These can generally be bought on easy terms.

An odd government lot, available for homestead entry, may be found; there are still a few thousand acres of government land scattered through the county. There are no state swamp lands, but the school lands, "section 16," are open in several towns, and in Portage there are several sections of school lands specially reserved also for sale at $4 per acre—half down and half on time at 7 per cent interest.

Of course we could say much more, but our chief aim is to arouse interest, and that will be followed with enquiry and investigation, which will reveal information sought by each individual for himself.

"Corn! Can you raise corn?" Why, of course. Acres of corn are raised in Mackinac county every year. And ripened, too, mind you. Of course we mean the northern, hardly varieties. It grows all right, matures and ripens here. Sweet corn, for table use when green, grows well in the gardens and is much raised.

Every year thousands of apple, plum and other fruit trees are planted out in Mackinac county. They are all doing well. The farmers are satisfied that it is all right here for fruit trees, and are going right on steadily planting them. Ten or fifteen years more will find some very extensive orchards here in full bearing.

Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries all small fruits in fact, are most prolific here. Their flavor and quality are such as to make them especially suitable for canning purposes. People who have put down much fruit, say that the berries from this region are far superior to those grown farther south, for preserves. The writer has heard many matrons, eminently qualified to give an opinion, remark this.

Following is the list of officers for the county of Mackinac:

Judge of probate—Charles Conner.
Sheriff—Bruno Leclerc.
Prosecuting attorney—P. N. Packard.
Clerk—Isaac Corp.
Treasurer—P. J. Murray.
Register of deeds—John R. McLoed.
Surveyor—M. McElroy.
Drain commissioner—Sam Logan.

The Gros Cap Drive.

Nothing is so charming at a resort as a nice, pleasant drive. Mackinac Island is justly proud of her enchanting driveways and cool, shady walks. One of the pleasantest drives in the neighborhood of St. Ignace, and one that compares favorably with any of which the Island boasts, is the Gros Cap drive.

Striking out from St. Ignace westerly across the narrow peninsula upon which the city is located until the shore of West Moran bay, in Lake Michigan is reached, the road runs along near the shore, passing through thick shades of cedar and other timber growth, and now and again emerging to present a variety of picturesque views and landscapes that it would be hard to excel. The road is dry and hard and good for travel, and the breezes from the water contribute to the health and the pleasure of those who take the trouble to enjoy it.

Sudden popularity is one of the severest tests of character that can come to a great man. A little man is always the loser by being lifted up. The only effect exaltation can have on him is to shrink him, and make him look ridiculous. Saul, the son of Kish, was a strapping big mule driver, but he made a very small king. Saul of Tarsus, was not large in stature, but he was a giant for God wherever he went. A man must be great in soul to stand the test of being lifted up.

SHERWOOD HOUSE, E. SHERWOOD, PROP., ST. IGNACE.

GROUP OF BICYCLISTS FROM M. HOBAN'S LIVERY ON THE BOULEVARD, MACKINAC ISLAND.

Old Ignace Pelotte.

In one of the account books kept by the American Fur company at Mackinac Island, seventy-five years ago, the following item is given under date of Thursday, September 6, 1827:

Ignace Pelotte.....$ .25

We are not told what it was that he purchased and we shall probably never know, for Ignace died on Monday, February 15, 1897, at the age of 93 years, probably the last survivor of those whose names are inscribed on the books of the company that once held away from Detroit to the Mississippi.

Ignace Pelotte was not, properly speaking, a "voyageur," for he never made any of the long journeys of the fur traders into the far west and north; but he had made summer cruises in the bateaux and canoes of the company to Green Bay and Sault Ste. Marie, and he had many very interesting reminiscences of the fur trade and the war of 1812.

The Record correspondent called on him one day in last October and found him living in a little house facing the water on the southernmost point of Mackinac Island. Around it were the gay cottages and hotels of a fashionable summer resort, but Pelotte's house was low and old-fashioned and stood well back from the street, sheltered by a row of pinnah trees. In front of it and across the road lay the broad, white beach where the Indians used to set up their wigwams when they came to receive the money which was given them annually by the government in payment for their lands. Beyond were the Straits of Mackinac, where Pelotte used to see the long, narrow boats of the voyageurs pass in and out of the harbor, or the bark canoes of the Indians, as they paused to make offerings to the spirits whom they believed to inhabit the Island; the straits that are now busy with great steamers and tall schooners and beautiful yachts.

Surrounded by the life of the end of the century the old man was spending his last days in telling to his visitors his quaint story of the century's beginning. Yet the contrast between his early life and the present could not always have been so great as it seems, and there must have been times when he could almost imagine himself back again in the early '20's; for when the winter sets in and the summer people have gone; when the fleets of steamers and sailing vessels have vanished and the straits are locked with ice, then the scene from the windows of his house cannot be so very different from that of eighty years ago.

Grandpere Pelotte had been growing feebler for a long time and when I entered he was lying upon a bed in an adjoining room, but he came out to meet me and gave me a cordial greeting when I introduced myself, for he had known my father forty years before. He was bent and shrunken and his hair was very thin and gray, but his mind and memory seemed as bright and clear as those of a man of 60. In his manner was something of the courtesy, almost courtliness of the French nobility from whom some of the Island people are said to be descended.

I asked him to tell me about the trading trips to Green Bay and the Sault.

"We was gone every spring about a mont'," said he in his broken English. "We used to go in de bateaux. We bought sugar and everyt'ing to trade with de Injun. Mr. Deraux he was one of de clerks. We always had a clerk with us."

"Did you go out again when you got back?"

"Oh, no; we used to work here. I been work here all de while for de company."

"What did you have to eat on the voyages?"

"We have some lye corn an' a little piece tallow an' a big kettle. That was all we had. That was pretty tough. Some time we had to row all day an' den sometime we had pretty good sail—take it easy. We had some light canoe, bark, was about twelve men in it with paddle; one paddle one side, one another. Singing! We used to go through the Sault, sing every kind of songs."

"Did you have tents to sleep in?" I asked.

"Our teuts was de sky," said he, with a dramatic gesture. "When it was storm we go up de river, take all our sail an' trow it over de boat an' sleep in dere. Whenever de weather was rough we try to make a harbor somewhere up de river. Dey had 100 Injun in one camp an' we would go dere for de furs. De camps was all along de shore."

"Did they give the Indians money?"

"Oh, no—whisky—calico—all de kinds of clothes dey want. Den we carry the mail to de Soo in a little feesh boat—an' some passenger. Sometime when de weather was good we had to travel all night. We used to go in de winter for furs to Forty Mile point an' to Cheboygan, with dogs an' a train-au-gallse."

The train-au-gallse, or traine, as it was often called, was a sort of toboggan drawn by dogs or men and used for carrying the mails and other freight. I asked him a few questions concerning the leading men of the fur trade—John Jacob Astor, the principal owner of the American Fur company, Mr. Stuart and Ramsay Crooks, the agents at Mackinac.

"Long, long ago," said he, "when de company change here, de boss of de company, English, died, you know, an' dere was a man, Mr. Bartlett, from Montreal, he was trade with de Injuns, an' den Mr. Astor got it. Mr. Stuart was de boss here. Den he went up to Chicago. Den he die somewhere an' dey brought him here in de steamboat, an' we all went to see him. He was in his coffin—had a big glass—nice coffin.

"Did you know Ramsay Crooks, too?"

"Oh, yes; Mr. Stuart was here first, den Mr. Crooks. I see Mr. Astor here, too. He come here once."

"What did Mr. Astor look like?" I asked, but this staggered him a little. Evidently his recollections of the New York millionaire had become rather misty.

"He great big man," said he; "good-sized man. He was pretty good large, too, I guess."

Pelotte gave me a rather fragmentary account of the uneasiness which was felt at the Island just before the breaking out of the war of 1812; of the arrival of the British, the surprise and surrender of the American garrison and the flight of the villagers to the

old distillery west of the town, where a guard was placed over them and they were protected from the Indians.

"Dere was a man name Mr. Dousman. He use' to give some goods to de merchants to go up in de Mississippi to trade with de Injuns. In de spring dey come back with de furs for de boss. We see great many Injuns coming. Dey had bark canoe—good-sized canoe. Dey pass here. Some stopped, would go straight to de merchant, get settle up with de ol' man for de furs. He feel uneasy 'bout it. He went off in small boat to see what dey was doing, Mr. Dousman did, and up to Goose island he met de British an' de Injuns, an' dey took him prisoner, an' dey brought him to British landing. De ol' man had his furs dere—cattle, horses. Dey (the British) brought de cannon up behind de fort where dey make parade. Dey was all dere in de morning when dey got up here. Dey (the Americans) couldn' do not'in'. You see dey had to give up; dey retreat. We all had to go to de ol' distillery. Some one came an' tol' us to go. I guess it was Mr. Davenport brought de news. Some one tol' us to run away from town. We had to move in a hurry."

In 1814 the Americans sent a fleet of small war vessels to Mackinac for the purpose of recapturing the island, and I asked old Pelotte if he saw them.

"Yes," said he, "my fader was an ol' man an' he use' to feesh—go to de nets in de morning soon as daylight. Dey started one morning. Some one tol' him dere was too much fog. 'We can't find our nets.' He say yes. He had a big pole an' a flag, an' dey went off beyond Round island. He see some stick sticking up in de fog, an' de vessel was all anchor up dere. He bro't de news; dey see lots of vessels, an' dey take all de family up to de fort an' put dem in de big cellar—all de families. All at once we see de vessels' mast an' sail. De fog was gone.

"When dey get away off in de lake dey begin to shoot. Dey couldn' reach de fort. Dey reach de government field an' we see de cannon balls make de mud fly. Den dey went off to British landing. You go in de woods a little piece by British landing an' dere is an orchard. Before you get to de beach dere is a little hill. Dey all lay down dare, de Frenchmans did, an' some went on a little further to de hill. On de vessels dey begin to shoot again. Jus' bit de limbs of de trees. Dere was lots of Injun dere, too, an' dey all lay down. One of dem went off on de top of de hill. Dey tol' him, 'You better hide yonrself or dey'll keel you, but he went off on de hill an' dance dere an' holler like dis," and the old man raised his hand to his mouth and gave a long quavering call, somewhat resembling the cry of a loon.

"Dere came an iron bullet an' keeled him."

Then followed a description, too realistic to be quoted literally, of the "keeled" Indian's mangled remains, torn by the cannon ball and decorating the bushes and trees.

"Dey (the Americans) came ashore. De first shot killed Major Holmes (an American officer). Dey retreated. De British retreated an' when Maj. Holmes was keel his army retreated, too. If dere had been a smart hofficer dere to take the head of dem dey could have come right to de fort; no trouble at all. Dey carry de major's body a good piece an' w'en dey come to de brush dey hide him an' went off in de vessel. By an' by we see all de vessels coming back again an' all t'row de anchor. Hafter awhile we see de yawl come ashore with one of de guards with de white flag. He say he want to get de major's body. Dey tol' him: 'Yes, we will go with you.' So dey fin' de major's body, but, oh—somebody had took off all de stuff he had on, his gol' watch an' red seal an' all his clothes.

"De British hofficer up at de fort he say to de people: 'If you have got dat stuff I want you to take it back or I will hang you.' Dere were five or six half-bred dere, an' one say day have got all de stuff. Dey gave it all back. Den dey take de major's body away on de vessel. By an' by we hear de cannon on de vessel; dey was shooting. An' some say: 'Oh, dey t'row de major overboard,' but that wasn't so. Dey took him down to Detroit. James Lasley tol' me dat dey took him down to Detroit."

I asked Pelotte if any of the Indians who came with the British, made trouble for the villagers.

"No," said he, "dey had a kind of chief, Mr. Dixon, to keep dem in order. It was Dixon brought some of de Sioux from 'way out west. I see dem dance here. Some of dem had buffalo heads on their heads. Oh, dey look wild!"

Among other things, Pelotte told me of a ball that was given in the great hall over the Fur company's store when William Henry Harrison was elected president of the United States.

"I recollect I went to one ball; was a good ball, too. When de first president was elect. Wasn't Mr. Harrison de first president? I don't know. When he was elected we had a big ball. Dey knocked de head off a barrel of whisky an' hammer nails all aroun' it, an' hang cups on dem. Take all we want."—Correspondence Chicago Record.

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St. Ignace Enterprise, St. Ignace, Mich.

Ed. Jones, Publisher.

Devil's Kitchen Cobbler.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

Early in the Mackinac summer Owen Cunning took his shoemaker's bench and all his belongings, to that open cavern on the beach, the Devil's Kitchen, which was said to derive its name from former practices of the Indians. They roasted prisoners there. The inner rock retained old smoke-stains.

Though appearing a mere hole in the cliff to passing canoe-men, the Devil's Kitchen was really as large as a small cabin, rising at least seven feet from a floor which sloped down toward the water. Overhead, through an opening which admitted his body, Owen could reach a natural attic, just large enough for his bed if he contented himself with blankets. And a north-of-Ireland man prided himself on being as tough as any French voyageur who slept blanketed on snow in the winter wilderness.

The rock was full of pockets, enclosing pebbles and fragments. By knocking out the contents of these, Owen made cupboards for his food. As for clothes, what Mackinac Islander of the working class, in those days of the Fur Company's prosperity, needed more than he had on? When his clothes wore out, Owen could go to the traders' and buy more. He washed his other shirt in the lake at his feet, and hung it on the cedars to dry by his door. Warm evenings when the sun had soaked itself in limpid ripples until its crimson spread through them afar, Owen stripped himself and went bathing, with strong snorts of enjoyment as he rose from his plunge. The narrow lake rim was littered with fragments which had once filled the cavern. Two large pieces afforded him a table and a seat for his visitors.

Owen had a choice of water for his drinking. Not thirty feet away on his right a spring burst from the cliff and gushed through its little pool down the beach. It was cold and delicious.

In the east side of the Kitchen was a natural tiny fireplace a couple of feet high, screened by cedar foliage from the lake wind. Here Owen cooked his meals, and the smoke was generally carried out from his flueless hearth. The straits were then full of fish, and he had not far to throw his lines to reach deep water.

Dependent on the patronage of Mackinac village, the Irishman had chosen the very shop which would draw notice upon himself. His customers tramped out to him along a rough beach under the heights, which helped to wear away the foot-gear Owen mended. They stood grinning amiably at his snug quarters. It was told as far as Drummond's Island and the Soo that a cobbler lived in the Devil's Kitchen on Mackinac.

He was a happy fellow, his clean Irish skin growing rosier in air pure as the air of mid-ocean. The lake spread in variegated copper lights almost at his feet. He did not like Mackinac village in summer, when the engagees were all back, and Indians camped tribes strong on the beach, to receive their money from the government. French and savages shouldered one another, the multitude of them making a great hubbub and a gay show of clothes like a fair. Every voyageur was sparring with every other voyageur. A challenge by the poke of a fist, and lo! a ring is formed and two are fighting. The whipped one gets up, shakes hands with his conqueror, and off they go to drink together. Owen despised such fighting. His way was to take a club and break heads, and see some blood run on the ground. It was better for him to dwell alone than to be stirred up and left unsatisfied.

It was late in the afternoon, and the fresh smell of the water cheered him as he sat stitching on a pair of deer-hide shoes for one Leon Baudette, an engagee, who was homesick for Montreal. The lowering sun smote an hour-glass of light across the strait which separated him from St. Ignace on the north shore, the old Jesuit station. Mother-of-pearl clouds hung over the southern mainland, and the wash of the lake, which was as pleasant as silence itself, diverted his mind from a distant tum of Indian drums. He knew how lazy, naked warriors lay in their lodges, bumping a mallet on stretched deer-hide and droning barbarous monotones while they kicked their heels in air. If he despised anything more than the way the French diverted themselves, it was the way the Indians diverted themselves.

Without a sound there came into Owen's view on the right an Indian girl. He was at first taken by surprise at her coming over the moss of the spring. The shaggy cliff, clothed, like the top of his cave, with cedars, white birch, and pine, afforded no path to the beach in that direction. All his clients approached by the lake margin at the left.

Then he noticed it was Blackbird, a Sac girl, who had been pointed out to his critical eye the previous summer as a beauty. Owen admitted she was not bad looking for a squaw. Her burnished hair, which had got her the name, was drawn down to cheeks where copper and vermilion infused the skin with a wonderful sunset tint. She was neatly and precisely dressed in the woman's skirt and jacket of her tribe, even her moccasins showing no trace of the scramble she must have had down some secret cliff descent in order to approach the cobbler unseen.

He greeted her with the contemptuous affability which an Irishman bestows upon a heathen. Blackbird was probably a good communicant of some wilderness mission, but this brought her no nearer to a north-of-Ireland man. Though his speech was less rich than that of the south, Owen was by no means tongue-tied.

"Good-day to the quane! And what may she be wanting the day?"

Blackbird's eyes, without the snake restlessness of her race, dwelt unmoving upon him. Owen surmised she could not understand his or any other kind of English, being accustomed to no tongue but her own, except the French which the engagees talked in their winter camps. She stood up-

right as a pine without answering.

It flashed through him that there might be trouble in the village; and Blackbird, having regard for him, as we think it possible any human being may have for us, was there to bid him escape. With coldness around the roots of his hair, he remembered the massacre, at Fort Michilimackinac—a spot almost in sight across the strait, where south shore approaches north shore at the mouth of Lake Michigan. He laid down his boot. His lips dropped apart, and with a hush of the sound—if such a sound can be hushed—he imitated the Indian war-whoop.

Blackbird did not smile at the uncanny screech, but she relaxed her face in stole amusement, relieving Owen's tense breathing. There was no plot. The tribes merely intended to draw their money, get as drunk as possible, and depart in peace at the end of the month with various outfits to winter posts.

"Begorra, but that was a narrow escape!" sighed Owen, wiping his forehead on his sleeve. He was able to detect the deference that Blackbird paid him by his visit. He sat on his bench in the Kitchen, a sunny idol in a shrine, indifferent to the effect his background gave him.

His mouth puckered. He put up his leather-stained hand coyly, and motioned her unmoving figure back.

"Ah, go 'way! Wasn't it to escape you and the likes of you that I made me retrate to the shore? Naythcr white, full haithen, haif, nor quarter made apply. To come makin' the big eyes at me, and the post swarmin' wid thim that do be ready to marry on any woman at the droppin' of the hat!"

Mobile blue water with ripple and wash made a background for the Indian girl's dense repose. She could by lifting here eyes see the pock-marked front of Owen's Kitchen, and gnarled roots like exposed ribs in the shaggy heights above. But she kept her eyes lowered; and Owen stuck his feet under his bench, sensitive to defects in his foot-wear, which an artist skilled in making and mending moccasins could detect.

Blackbird moved forward and laid a shining dot on the stone he used as his table; then, without a word, she turned and disappeared the way she came, over the moss of the spring rivulet.

Owen left his bench and craned after her. He did not hear a pebble roll on the stony beach or a twig snap among foliage.

"Begorra, it's the wings of the say-gull!" said Owen, and he took up her offering. It was a tiny gold coin. Mackinac was full of gold the month the Indians were paid. It came in bags from Washington, under the escort of soldiers, to the United States agency, and was weighed out to each heir despoiled of land by white conquest, in his due proportion, and immediately grasped from the improvident by merchants, for a little pork, a little whiskey, a little calico. But this was an old coin with a hole in it; a jewel worn suspended from neck or ear; the precious trinket of a girl. On one side was rudely scratched the outline of a bird.

"Begorra!" said Owen. He hid it in one of the rock pockets, a trust in the savings bank, and sat down again to work, trying to discover Blackbird's object in offering tribute to him.

About sunset he lighted a fire in his low grate to cook his supper, and put the finished boots in a remote corner of the cave until he should get his pay. As he expected, Leon Baudette appeared, picking a barefooted way along the beach, with many complimentary greetings. The wary cobbler stood between the boots and his client, and responded with open cordiality. A voyageur who gave flesh and bone and sometimes life itself for a hundred dollars a year, and drank that hundred dollars up during his month of semi-civilization on Mackinac, seldom had much about him with which to pay for the necessary mending.

Leon Baudette swore at the price, being a discontented engagee. But the foot-wear he was obliged to have, being secretly determined to desert to Canada before the boats went out. You may see his name marked as a deserter in the Fur Company's books at Mackinac Island. So, reluctantly counting out the money, he put on his

MACKINAC ISLAND BATTLE FIELD, 1814.

shoes and crossed his legs to smoke and chat, occupying the visitor's seat. Owen put his kettle to boil, and sat down also to enjoy society; for why should man be hurried?

He learned how many fights had been fought that day; how many bales of furs had been packed in the company's yard; that Etienne St. Martin was trying to ship with the Northern instead of the Illinois Brigade, on account of a grudge against Charle' Charette. He learned that the Indians were having snake and medicine dances to cure a consumptive chief. And, to his surprise, he learned that he was considered a medicine man among the tribes, on account of his living unmolested in the Devil's Kitchen.

"O oni," declared Leon. "You de wizard. You only play you mend de shoe; but, by gar, you make de poor voyageur pay de same like it was work! I hear dey call you Big Medicine of de Cuisine Diable."

Owen was compelled to smile with pleasure at his importance, his long upper lip lifting its mshaven briatles in a white curd.

"Do ye moind, Leon me boy, a haythen Injun lady by the name of Blackbird?"

"Me, I know Blackbird," responded Leon Baudette.

"Is the consoomptive chafe that they're makin' the snake shindy for, married on her?"

"No, no. Blackbird she wife of Jean Magliss in de winter camps."

"John McGillis? Is it for marryin' a haythen wife he is?"

"O oui. Two wives. One good Catoliqne, Jean Magliss, he dance every night now with Amable Morin's girl. The more weddings, the more dancing. Me," Leon shrugged, "I no want a woman eating my wages in Mackinac. A squaw in the winter camps—I assez."

"Two wives, the bog-trotter!" gulped Owen. "John McGillis is a blayguard!"

"Oui, what you call Irish," assentcd Leon; and he dodged, but the cobbler threw nothing at him. Owen marked with the awl on his own leather apron.

"First a haythen and then a qurtherbride," he tallied against his countryman. "He will be taking his qurtherbride to the praste before the boats go out?"

Leon raised fat eyebrows. "Amable Morin, he no fool. It is six daughters he has. O oui; the marriage is soon made."

"And the poor haythen, what does she do now?"

"Blackbird? She watch Jean Magliss dance. Then she leave her lodge and take to dc pine wood. Blackbird ver fond of what you call de Irish."

Owen was little richer in the gift of expression than the Indian woman, but he could feel the tragedy of her unconfirmed marriage. A squaw was taken to her lord's wigwam, and remained as long as she pleased him. He could divorce her with a gift, proportioned to his means and her worth.

When Leon Baudette departed, Owen prepared and ate his supper, brewing himself some herb tea and seasoning it with a drop of whiskey.

The evening beauty of the lake, of coasts melting in general dimness, and that iridescent stony hook stretched out from Round island to grapple passing craft, was lost on Owen. Humid air did not soften the glower which grew and hardened on his visage as he made his preparations for night. These were very simple. The coals of drift wood soon died to white ashes in his grate. To close the shop was to stand upon the shoemaker's bench and reach for the ladder in his attic—a short ladder that just performed its office and could be hidden aloft.

Drawing his stairway after him when he had ascended, Owen spread and arranged his blankets. The ghosts that arose from the tortured bodies in the Kitchen below never worked any terror in his imagination when he went to bed. Rather, he lay stretched out on his hard cradle floating over the stars, his wild security, the thousand night aspects of nature which he could make part of himself without expressing. For him the moon cast gorgeous bridges on the water; the breathing of the woods was the breathing of a colossal brother; and when that awful chill which precedes the resurrection of day rose from the earth and started from the rock, he turned comfortably in his thick bedding and taxed sleepy eyes to catch the wanness coming over the lake.

But instead of lying down in his usual peace when the new was made to suit him, Owen wheeled and hung undecided over the edge of his loft. Then he again put down the ladder and descended. He had trod the three-quarters of a mile to the village but once since the boats came in. Now that his mind was fixed he took to it again with a loping step, bending his body forward and grasping his cap to butt through trailing foliage.

As he passed the point and neared the post, its blare and hubbub burst on him, and its torch light and many twinkling candles. He proceeded beside the triple row of Indian lodges which occupied the entire water-front. At intervals on the verge, every evening fires were built, throwing streamers of crimson flicker on the lake. Naked pappooses gathered around these at play. But on an open flat betwixt encampment and village rose a lighted tabernacle of blankets stretched on poles and uprights; and within this the adult Indians were crowded, celebrating the orgy of the medicine dance. Their noise kept a continuous roll of echocs moving across the islands.

Owen made haste to pass this carnival of invoction and plunge into the swarming Main street of Mackinac, where a thousand voyageurs roved, ready to embrace any man and call him brother and press him to drink with them. Broad low houses with huge chimney stacks and dormer windows stood open and hospitable; for Mackinac was en fete while the fur season lasted. One huge storage room, a wing of the Fur Company's building, was lighted with candles around the sides for the nightly ball. Squared dark joists of timber showed overhead. The fiddlers sat on a raised platform, playing in ecstacy. The dark, shining floor was thronged with dancers, who, before primrose color entirely withdrew from evening twilight, had rushed to their usual amusement. Half-breeds, quarter-breeds, sixteenth-breeds, Canadian French, Americans, in fancy that the northwest was able to command from marts of the world, crossed, joined hands, and whirled, the rhythmic tread of feet sounding like the beating of a great pulse. The doors of double timber stood open. From where he paused outside, Owen could see mighty hinges stretching across the whole width of these doors.

And he could see John McGillis moving among the most agile dancers. When at last the music stopped, and John led Amable Morin's girl to one of the benches along the wall, Owen was conscious that an Indian woman crossed the lighted space behind him, and he turned and looked full at Blackbird, and she looked full at him. But she did not stay to be included in the greeting of John McGillis, though English might be better known to her than Owen had supposed.

John came heartily to the door and endeavored to pull his countryman in. He was a much younger man than Owen, a handsome, light-haired voyageur, with thick eyelids and cajoling blue eyes. John was the only Irish engagee in the brigades. The sweet gift of blarney dwelt on his broad red lips. He looked too amiable and easily entreated, too much in love with life, indeed, to quarrel with any one. Yet as Owen answered his invitation by a quick pass that struck his cheek, his color mounted with zest, and he stepped out, turning up his sleeves.

"Is it foight ye want, ye old wizard from the Devil's Kitchen?" laughed John, still good-natured.

"It's a foight I want," responded Owen. "It's a foight I'm shplin' for. Come out forninst the place, where the shhobbein' Frinch can hiss a man be, and I'll shpake me mind."

John walked bareheaded with him, and they passed around the building to a fence inclosing the Fur Company's silent yard. Stockades of sharp-pointed cedar posts outlined gardens near them. A smell of fur mingled with odors of sweetbrier and loam. Again the violins excited that throb of dancing feet, and John McGillis moved his arms in time with the music.

"Out wid it, Owen. I'm losin' me shport."

"John McGillis, are ye not an own cousin to me by raisin of marryin' on as fine a colleen as fiver sthepped on the north of Ireland?"

"I am, Owen, I am."

"Did ye lave that same in sorrow, consatin' to fetch her out to Ameriky whin yer fortune was made?"

"If did, Owen, I did."

"Whin ye got word of her death last year, was ye a broken-hearted widdy or was ye not?"

"I was, Owen, I was."

"John McGillis, do ye call yerself a widdy now, or do ye not call yerself a widdy?"

"I do, Owen, I do."

"Thin ye're the loire," and Owen slapped his face.

For a minute there was danger of manslaughter as they dealt each other blows with sledge fists. Instead of clinching, they stood apart and cudgelled fiercely with the knuckled hand. The first round ended in blood, which John wiped from his face with a new bandanna, and Owen flung contemptuously from his nose with finger and thumb. The lax-muscled cobbler was no match for the fresh and vigorous voyageur, and he knew it, but went stubbornly to work again, saying, grimly,

"I've shpilled yer face for the gu'nrls this night, bedad."

They pounded each other without mercy, and again rested, Owen this time leaning against the fence to breathe.

"John McGillis, are ye a widdy or are ye not a widdy?" he challenged, as soon as he could speak.

"I am, Owen Cunnin', I am," maintained John.

"Thin I repate ye're the loire!" And once more they came to the proof, until Owen lay upon the ground kicking to keep his opponent off.

"Will I bring ye the dhrop of whiskey, Owen?" suggested John, tenderly.

His cousin by marriage crawled to the fence and sat up, without replying.

"I've the flask in me pouch, Owen."

"Kape it there."

"But sure if ye foight wid me ye'll dhrink wid me?"

"I'll drink a dhrop wid ye."

The cobbler panted heavily. "The loikes of you that do be goin' to marry on a Frinch quarther-brade, desavin' her, and the father and the mother and the praste, that you do be a widdy."

"I am a widdy, Owen."

The cobbler made a feint to rise, but sank back, repeating, at the top of his breath, "Ye're the loire!"

"What do ye mane?" sternly demanded John. "Ye know I've had me throuble. Ye know I've lost me wife in the old countthry. It's a year gone. Was the praste that wrote the letther a loire?"

"I have a towken that ye're not the widdy ye think ye are."

John came to Owen and stooped over him, grasping him by the collar. Candle light across the street and stars in a steel-blue sky did not reveal faces distinctly, but his shaking of the cobbler was an outcome of his own inward convulsion. He belonged to a class in whom memory and imagination were not strong, being continually taxed by a present of large action crowded with changing images. But when his past rose up it took entire possession of him.

"Why didn't ye tell me this before?"

"I've not knowed it the long time meself."

"What towken have ye got?"

"Towken enough for you and me."

"Show it to me."

"I will not."

"Ye're desavin' me. Ye have no towken."

"Thin marry on yer quarther-brade if ye dare!"

To be unsettled and uninterested in his surroundings was John McGillis' portion during the remaining weeks of his stay on the island. Half savage and half tender he sat in his barracks and smoked large pipes of tobacco.

He tramped out nearly every evening to the Devil's Kitchen, and had wordy battles, which a Frenchman would have called fights, with the cobbler, though the conferences always ended by his producing his ration and supping and smoking there. He caused his cousin to show him the token, vacillating between hope of impossible news from a wife he had every reason to believe dead, and indignation at being made the sport of Owen's stubbornness. Learning in the Fur company's office that Owen had received news from the old country in the latest mail sent out of New York, he was beside himself, and Amable Morin's girl was forgotten. He began to believe he had never thought of her.

"Shure, the old man Morin and me had some wurds and a dhrink over it, was all. I did but dance wid her and pinch her cheek. A man niver knows what he does on Mackinac till he comes to himself wid a large family on his moind in the winter camps."

"The blarney of your lip doesn't desave me, John McGillis," responded his cousin the cobbler, with grimness.

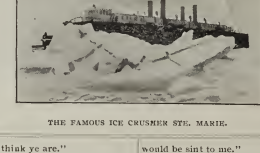
"But whin will ye give me the word you've got, Owen?"

"I'll not give it to ye till the boats go out."

"Will ye tell me, is the colleen alive, thin?"

"I've tould ye ye're not a widdy."

"If the colleen is alive, the towken



THE FAMOUS ICE CRUSHER STE. MARIE.

would be sint to me."

"Thin ye've got it," said Owen.

Poor John smoked, biting hard on his pipe stem. Ignorance, and the helplessness of a limited man who is more a good animal than a discerning soul; time, the slow transmission of news, his fixed state as a voyageur—all these things were against him. He could not adjust himself to any facts, and his feelings sometimes approached the swelling state. It was no use to war with Owen Cunning, whom he was ashamed of handling roughly. The cobbler sat with swollen and bandaged face, talking out of it silt, still bullying him.

But the time came for the brigade to go out, and then there was action, decision, positive life once more. It went far northward, and was first to depart, in order to reach winter quarters before snow should fly.

At the log dock the boats waited, twelve of them in this outfit, each one a mighty Agro, rowed by a dozen pairs of oars, and with centre-piece for stepping a mast. Hundreds of pounds they could carry, and a crew of fifteen men. The tarpaulin used for a night covering and to shelter the trading goods from storms was large as the roof of a house. Quiescent on lapping water they rested, their loads and each man's baggage of twenty or fewer pounds packed tightly to place.

The cobbler from the Devil's Kitchen was in the crowd thronging dock and shore. The villagers were there, saying farewells, and the voyageurs who were soon to go out in other brigades snuffed as war-horses ready for the charge. The life of the woods, which was their true life, again drew them. They could scarcely wait. Dancing and love-making suddenly cloyed; for a man was made to conquer the wilderness and take the spoils of the earth. Woodsman's habits returned upon them. The frippery of the Island was dropped like the withes which bound Samson. Their companions the Indians, were there also making ready the canoes. Blackbird stood erect behind the elbow of John McGillis as he took leave of his cousin, the cobbler.

"Do ye moind, Owen," he exclaimed turning from the interests of active life to that which had disturbed his spirit, convinced unalterably of his own widowed state, yet harrowed unspeakably, "ye promised to show me that word from the old counthry before the boats wint out."

"I never promised to show ye any word from the old counthry," responded Owen, having his mouth free of bandages and both eyes for the boats.

"Ye tould me ye had a towken from the old counthry."

"I niver tould ye I had a towken from the old counthry."

"Ye did tell me ye had a token."

"I have."

"Ye said it proved I was not a widdy."

"I did."

"Show me that same, thin."

"I will."

Owen looked steadily past John's shoulder at Blackbird, and laid in John's hand a small gold coin with a hole in it, on one side of which was rudely scratched the outline of a bird.

John McGillis's face burned red, and many expressions besides laughter crossed it. Like a child detected in fault, he looked sheepishly at Owen and glanced behind his shoulder. The faithful sunsettinted face of Blackbird, unmovable as a fixed star, regarded the battered cobbler as it might have regarded a great wanaiton when the island was young.

"How did you come by this Owen?"

"I come by it from one that had trouble. Has yerself iver seen it before, John McGillis?"

"I have."

"Is it a towken that ye're not a widdy?"

"It is."

The boats went out, and Blackbird sat in her Irish husband's boat, on his baggage. Oars flashed, and the commandant's boat led the way. Then the life of the Northwest rose like a great wave—the voyageurs' song chanted by a hundred and fifty throats, with a chorus of thousands on the shore.

When Owen returned to his Kitchen he found a robe of the finest beaver folded and laid on his shoemaker's bench.

"Begorra!" observed the cobbler, shaking it out and rubbing it against his cheek, "she has paid me a beavershkin and the spaipeen wasn't worth it. But she can kape him now till she has a moind to turu him ont herself. Whin a man marries on a haythen, wid praste or widout praste, let him shtick to his haythen."

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St. Ignace, Mich.

. . . . . And The People Have Found It Out.

Looking Backward.

By Caroline Conner.

The story of the lives and exploits of that hardy and picturesque race of men known as the Canadian voyageurs, is one which possesses peculiar interest for the readers of today, replete as it is with thrilling incidents, with acts of true heroism, and cheerful submission to hardships and privations which, at the present day, seem almost incredible.

So wonderful and rapid has been the march of progress and civilization during the past fifty years, that the story of the lives of these men reads like a romance of the far distant past, and we find it difficult to realize that there are living among us today those who were actual participants in that primitive life, who can speak from their own knowledge of its difficulties and dangers, its privations and hardships, its sorrows and joys.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit in their home at St. Ignace, not long since, the subjects of this brief sketch, Peter Grondin, Sr., and his wife Theresa, and to hear from their own lips the story of their lives; their experience as voyageurs in the great northwest, and their subsequent removal to Mackinac and St. Ignace. No attempt will here be made to repeat in full the recital of stirring events to which we listened, but a brief sketch of some of the more salient points of the narrative may prove of interest to others, although the charm of the soft French diction and the dramatic action of the narrators, can not be reproduced or even imagined.

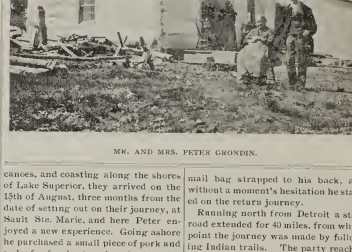
Peter Grondin, Sr., was born at Bay de Long on the westerly side of Hudson bay, ninety-seven years ago. His father was at that time in the employ of the Hudson Bay company, and at the age of ten years young Peter commenced to accompany his father on his voyages into the interior in search of furs; threading in their birch bark canoes the numerous streams which flow into the great bay, trafficing with the Indians and returning after months of absence, their canoes laden with their precious freight of furs. On one of these voyages they penetrated into the interior of the continent as far as Lake Winnipeg, and on another occasion they reached the headwaters of the Mackenzie river and, launching their frail barks on its sparkling waters, followed its course for several hundred miles toward the Arctic ocean. As the old man told of the hardships and dangers he endured in those incursions into the unbroken wilderness, he seemed to live over again the scenes through which he had passed nearly a century ago. His bent form straightened, his eyes flashed, and his voice grew strong.

"Oh, but it was beautiful!" he exclaimed, "the green banks of the rivers, the sparkling waters of the lakes and streams, with the myriads of fish, the great trees towering above us as we urged our canoes along." His father's contract with the company was for five years' service at $80 per year, and in addition, the following allowance of provisions for each man:

Fish, twenty-seven pounds per week; potatoes, one barrel per month; and of lard (a most precious commodity), a quantity sufficient when placed in one pan of the scales, to balance a musket ball when placed in the opposite pan. This amount must suffice for two days.

While the above allowance of fish and potatoes appear to be ample for one man, the case was different when a wife and children were added to the household, for while the family might increase in numbers almost indefinitely, the allowance or ration was never increased, but remained the same as for the single man. The only concession made by the officials of the company to the increasing needs of a family, being a supply of traps and snares, with which they were expected to supply their wants during the absence of the husband and father, by catching rabbits and other small game.

When Peter was sixteen years of age, his father decided to leave the company and return to Montreal, and on the 15th day of May, 1816, the entire family set out in their birch bark



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grondin.

canoes, and coasting along the shores of Lake Superior, they arrived on the 15th of August, three months from the date of setting out on their journey, at Sault Ste. Marie, and here Peter enjoyed a new experience. Going ashore he purchased a small piece of pork and a loaf of wheaten bread, luxuries which until that time, he had never tasted. At this point Peter decided to strike out into the world for himself, and he accordingly entered the employ of Henry Schoolcraft, and with him voyaged to Buffalo and other lake ports and saw the falls of Niagara. While at the falls his employer gave him 25 cents with which to fee a guide to take him to the landing beneath the falls. The old man laughed as he recalled the event and said, "I did not care to go down there, I took the money and bought some more pork."

Returning from Buffalo he landed at Mackinac Island, where he remained for some time, and here formed the acquaintance of J. A. F. Wendell. Leaving Mackinac Island he came to St. Ignace and was shortly after married to Theresa Chubenaux and together they built the log house in which they have since lived. Soon after settling at St. Ignace Mr. Grondin contracted to carry the mail from Mackinac to Detroit and return for the sum of fifty dollars. This was in the beginning of December. A sailing vessel was at the island bound for Detroit and on this vessel he took passage expecting that the vessel would return to Mackinac that season. The voyage to Detroit was uneventful, the mail was delivered, and the return mail, consisting of three large sacks, was soon received, and with his assistants Grondin hurried to the wharf to take passage for the return voyage; but to his dismay, on reaching the vessel, he saw the sailors busy stripping her preparatory to placing her in winter quarters, and was told by the captain that the vessel would not return to Mackinac until next spring. Here was a dilemma. But to the man who had traversed the northern wilderness from his earliest years, the situation was not a serious one. Accordingly, engaging another assistant, making three in the party, each with a mail bag strapped to his back, and without a moment's hesitation he started on the return journey.

Running north from Detroit a state road extended for 40 miles, from which point the journey was made by following Indian trails. The party reached Bay City on Christmas eve. The city at that time consisted of three log shanties; nevertheless there were warm and hospitable hearts within those rude huts, and Christmas cheer abounded. Our three friends were easily prevailed upon to remain with their kind host and assist in the observance of the day, he promising them that in return he would lend them a boat, with which they could cross the bay, and thus save several days' time and the toilsome march through the swamps, which they must otherwise endure in making the circuit of the bay. While crossing the bay in the boat (which was a small birch bark affair) a violent snow storm arose. The view of the shore was obscured, and the rising waves soon threatened to engulf the frail craft, whose occupants renewed their exertions, hoping to reach the shore before the seas should rise so high as to render their destruction certain. Yet it seemed in vain to strive. The water was constantly dashing into the boat faster than it could be bailed out. In order to lighten the boat everything movable was thrown out; first the dog, which belonged to one of the party; then the provisions—everything except the mail bags. Seeing the storm was increasing Mr. Grondin removed his coat and shoes, and had hardly done so when a monstrous wave broke over the boat and in a moment its occupants found themselves struggling in the icy water. Believing that they must be their store, Grondin let himself sink to the bottom and found, to his delight, that the water was but slightly above his head. He arose to the surface and called to his companions to persevere in their efforts. At that moment a huge breaker hurled one of the men upon the beach and in a moment all three were standing safe upon the sands. But what a plight they were in. Mid-winter, wet to the skin, a violent storm raging with no shelter, nothing to satisfy their hunger. Apparently their death was not less certain when they were being buffeted by the waves. But men of their stamp are always resourceful, and Grondin now produced a flint and then searched eagerly in his belt for the precious punk; but, alas! when found it was drenched and useless. As a last resort he opened his tobacco pouch, made of weasel skin, and to his infinite joy he found therein a small piece of punk which had remained dry and in condition for use. With the greatest care the spark was struck from the flint; in a moment it rested on the dry piece of punk; carefully they shielded it from the wind and snow. Gradually the spark increased in size. Laying dry twigs across it and blowing the tiny sparks gently, they eagerly watched the result, and, as the slender flame burst forth and darted its brilliant tongue through the dry branches, a shout of joy burst from the lips of the anxious watchers. Soon a roaring fire was blazing high, about which the wayfarers gathered and dried their wet garments, after which, securing the mail bags which had been washed ashore, the party pressed forward in search of food and shelter. For long weary days and nights they continued their toilsome march, through swamps and over frozen ice-ridges with which the shores of the lake were lined, and were on the point of yielding to the terrible fate which seemed certain to be theirs, when one of the party spied an object swimming in the water of the lake not far from the shore. Cautiously the half-famished men approached the object, and were rejoiced to find on a nearer view that it was a large deer. But, without boat or fire arms, how were they to capture the animal? After consultation it was decided to follow along the beach and thus prevent the deer from coming ashore, it being evident that it must eventually become exhausted. This plan was successfully carried out; but it was not until they had followed the struggling animal for nearly an entire day, that it became so exhausted that they were able to capture it. They were now supplied with food, and after resting and recruiting their exhausted strength, the

party once more set out for their march to the north, and after thirty days of travel and hardships almost incredible, they reached the site where Chebeygan is now located, and were there met by a party from Mackinac Island, which had been sent out in search of them. The remainder of the journey to Mackinac was accomplished without incident.

Since that time Peter Grondin has continued to reside at St. Ignace. His wife is in many respects no less interesting than her aged husband, and affords a striking example of the endurance and hardiness of the race to which she belongs. Although she is now ninety years of age, and has given birth to twenty-three children, she is still in full possession of all her faculties, and apparently as strong and hearty as the ordinary woman of fifty. Her eyes are bright and sparkling, she has never used spectacles and has no need for them, as she can thread a fine needle as readily as in her youth. She has a great fondness for snuff, and as her husband related the events of his life, she sat listening attentively and at frequent intervals had recourse to the beloved snuff-box, tapping it fondly and glancing raefully at the precious powder so rapidly disappearing.

I am not able to give the number of direct descendants of this remarkable couple; but they include representatives of the second, third and fourth generations and can not be less than 200 in number.

In and Kround St. Ignace.

No summer resort on the continent can boast of purer air, fresher breezes, or a more invigorating climate than St. Ignace. It possesses also some of the further requisites of the ideal summer home. It is easily accessible by rail or water, it has good hotel accommodations, fine livery service and nature has endowed it with great scenic beauty. Its driveways by bluff and bay are yearly becoming better known and more justly noted. From Graham's point through Main street and on to picturesque Castle Rock, is a drive of ever changing beauty.

Many curious rock formations will be noted, as, St. Anthony's which, when viewed from the correct angle, shows a huge face in profile; the Bear's Head jutting out from its setting of living green and lofty Castle rock, whose Indian name signifies "the oldest in the family" and over whose grim front legend has cast the witchery of a story of love and death. From Scobogonowis Heights one may get the most commanding view of the city, the water and neighboring islands.

Facilities for reaching other points of interest are of the best. Excellent service is given to and from Mackinac Island by the Algomah and Columbia. Pleasant steamer rides may be taken to the famous fishing grounds of Les Chencaux, by the boats Mary, Elva and Islander. Carp river, with its abundance of speckled trout, may be reached by water or by drive of twelve miles. Local devotees are "up and away by morning light" and home in the evening's cool, after a good day's sport.

A ride of twenty minutes by the D., S. S. & A. R. R. makes Allenville, where good carriage service awaits the traveler to Brevoort lake, famous for its bass and pickerel. This lake has of late years acquired a wide celebrity among fishermen and almost every morning train of the season carries some enthusiasts to its shores.

"Over there," said one of a group of tourists on board the Columbia the other day, "is as pretty a spot as my eyes ever saw." He indicated Graham's Point. "What is it like?" said another. "Simply idyllic, with its green sward and pebbly beach and many kinds of evergreen grouped as by a master hand."

We were glad to hear such words of appreciation from a stranger to our shores, though it only voiced the opinion of all who know the fairy spot, surely formed in one of nature's kindliest moods. No more desirable site could be found for a summer hotel or cottages than this point, so easy of access and in full view of all the craft that go up and down this great waterway, the Straits of Mackinaw.

St. Ignace offers great advantages.

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Fort Mackinac.

On a sultry June morning in 1763 four hundred Indian braves, Chippewas and Sacs, gathered outside the walls of Fort Michillimackinac to play a game of ball. At either end of the field a tall post was set up, the Chippewas choosing one and the Sacs the other, and each tribe strove to defend its own post and to carry the ball to that of the adversary. Back and forth the players surged, with the ball now in the hands of some fleet-footed runner and now sent whizzing through the air towards one goal or the other. Sometimes the Chippewas were in the lead and sometimes the Sacs, but suddenly, when the excitement was at its height and the air was full of shouts and cries from hundreds of savage throats, the ball rose higher than ever, curved slowly and fell within the wall of the fort.

The first Fort Mackinac, or Michillimackinac as it was then called, was not built upon the island, but stood on the southern shore of the straits where the village of Mackinaw City now stands. It consisted of a high palisade built of logs placed side by side in an upright position, surrounding the houses, barracks and other buildings. Before the ball playing began the Indians induced as many as possible of the officers and men to come outside and watch the game, and at the same time they sent the squaws, each one closely wrapped in her blanket, inside the enclosure. The gate stood open, and when the ball fell the savages rushed in as if in pursuit of it. No sooner were they inside than the squaws threw aside their blankets and produced from beneath them a good supply of tomahawks and other small arms which they handed to the braves, and in an instant the war-whoop was raised and the slaughter began. Some say that there were thirty of the white men and others that there were ninety, but it is certain that they were far outnumbered by the Indians as well as taken by surprise. A few escaped with their lives and were kept by the Ottawas, who had taken no part in the massacre, until the return of peace; but the greater part of the Englishmen were put to death.

For more than a year thereafter the fort was occupied only by the Indians and the coureurs de bois, but at the end of that time another detachment of English soldiers was sent it. In 1779 they determined to move to Mackinac Island, where there would be less danger of another attack, but some time was occupied in securing the consent of the Indians who lived upon the island, and it was not until the following year that the work was begun on the new fort that still looks out over the village and harbor from the brow of the hill, one hundred and fifty feet above the lake. Three years were required to complete it. The massive stone walls were surmounted by a palisade of cedar pickets about ten feet high, each picket protected by sharp iron prongs set in the top and by hooks fastened to the outside. Block houses were built at the three corners where attacks were most to be feared; and a small cannon was placed in each. Other cannon were mounted on the walls, houses were put up for the accommodation of the officers and men, the English flag was hoisted, and the troops moved in.

For thirteen years after the termination of the war of the revolution the British continued to hold the fort, but in 1796 it was given up to the Americans. When the war of 1812 broke out the United States government neglected to notify the commandant that hostilities had begun, and one morning he awoke to find one thousand men—British regulars, Canadians and Indians—gathered in the woods just behind the fort. His own force numbered less than sixty; and, worst of all, the people of the village were already prisoners and the Indians threatened to massacre them unless the fort surrendered at once. Resistance accmed worse than useless, and the American flag was hauled down without the firing of a single shot.

Two years later a fleet of small men-of-war was sent to recapture the island. At first they attempted to bombard the fort, but the hill upon which it stood was so high that they could not elevate their guns sufficiently to reach it. Failing in this, they passed around to the northwest side of the island and the troops disembarked at the same place where the enemy had landed, a broad, gravelly beach still known as British Landing. The troops then discharged their cannon several times into the woods to drive out any savages that might be lurking near by, and the men started on their march across the island. But this attack was very different from that of two years before. Then the British had come at night and without warning, but now the Americans came in broad daylight to meet an enemy fully prepared for them. They had hardly traveled a mile before they came upon the English soldiers and their Indian allies lying in ambush in the woods. There was a fierce battle, which, however, lasted only a short time, and then both sides retreated, each claiming that the other was getting the best of it. That ended the fighting at Mackinac. The Americans sailed away and the British held the island until the close of the war, when, in accordance with the treaty of peace, it was once more surrendered to the United States.

The cedar palisade that surmounted the wall stood till about forty years ago, when a portion of it fell down and the rest was removed. Many new buildings have been erected, but otherwise the fort has been changed but little in the one hundred and thirteen years that have elapsed since it was built. The stone walls are as solid as ever and are capped by the short cedar beams which were placed crosswise upon them to protect the masonry. In the great arched gateway the heavy plank doors are thrown back against the wall, and one of them has fallen to the ground. It is many years since they have swung to, but an old lady who lives on the island tells how, when she was a little girl, she once entered the fort by crawling under them.

Perched on the very wall, a little to the right of the gateway, are two of the old stone houses built by the British, with walls nearly three feet in thickness and immense stone chimneys five or six feet across. In one of them the park commissioners intend to establish a state museum in which shall be placed all the relics that can be gathered pertaining to American history. The three block houses are almost exactly alike. In the upper story of one of them a reservoir has been built which supplies the fort with water, but the other two are in much the same condition as when they were first occupied by King George's redcoats. The lower story is of stone, with a door and one small window on the side toward the fort. In one corner is a large stone chimney with an old-fashioned opened fireplace. Underneath is a small cellar, and overhead are the heavy beams that supported the weight of the cannon which was once mounted in the second story. The upper room is considerably larger than the lower one and its floor projects on each side some distance beyond the lower walls and is pierced with loopholes. Almost all block houses built for defense against the Indians were constructed in this way, with the second story larger than the first, so that if the savages gathered close around the building and tried to set it on fire, the inmates could shoot down into their midst through the holes in the floor.

The walls of this upper story are of wood instead of stone and in each side there is a large loophole for the cannon and a row of smaller ones for musketry. On one side of the chimney is a rude gun rack large enough to hold fifteen or twenty muskets, and resting on the beams overhead are a great iron rammer for charging an old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon and a swab for wiping it out after it was fired. Standing in an old block house, surrounded by the relics of a mode of warfare that has long since passed away, it is easy to fancy one's self carried back a hundred years into the past and listening for the Indian's war-whoop or the song of the voyageurs.

Fort Mackinac belongs to the state of Michigan now, and it is to be hoped that its new owners will take good care of it, for there is not in all the northwest another fortress with such a history.—William D. Hulbert in Young People's Weekly.

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FORT STREET. Mackinac Island, Mich.

The White Islander.

By Grace Gretchen Carr.

In the wooded northland country
Where the great lakes roll and shiver,
Where the chilling ice queen reigneth
Proudly, over isle and river,

Stands a noble, stately Island,
Like a monarch in its bearing;
Rugged cliffs and hanging arches—
On its shores the wild waves tearing.

On this Island dwelt Wawatam,
The brave Chippewas' great chieftain;
He was fierce, but brave and noble,
And by all his tribe believed in.

In his warm and spacious wigwam,
Hung with furs and costly ermine,
And the scalps of captured white men,
And the finest of the deer skins,

There lived he with his companions,
On this Island, "The Great Turtle."
His grandmother, old and learned,
Tilled the ground and kept it fertile.

Then she also caught the fishes,
Skinned the deer and tanned the musk-rat,
Squatting by her bright camp fire;
Or, at times, within the dark, sat.

In this home of brave Wawatam
Lived two happy free young people;
One, a boy in wisdom lacking,
Witless as the laughing ripple;

And the other, a young maiden,
Beautiful as sunrise golden;
Rose red cheeks and raven tresses,
Eyes like midnight stars bedecken.

She was happy and contented
Rambling with her foolish brother,
Gathering eggs and chasing squirrels,
Roaming all the Island over.

She was French, and not an Indian,
One could see this very clearly;
"The White Islander" they called her,
And she loved the Island dearly.

South and westward o'er the water
Stood, in view of all beholders,
The fort, Michilimackinac,
Garrisoned by English soldiers.

In his house within the fortress
Sat the handsome young fur trader;
This was Alexander Henry—
Dreamed he not of near invader.

As he sat there writing letters,
Often from the window glancing—
Saw the Indians, in their war paint,
Playing ball and wildly dancing.

In the fortress' walls close huddling
Sat the squaws, in silent waiting;
Blankets closely wrapped around them,
Thus the June heat aggravating.

All the fortress' gates stood open;
And the soldiers, lounging, idly
Watched the game. With sudden fury
Was the war whoop shouted madly.

Through the open gates the red-skins
Rushed to where the squaws sat waiting,
Quickly from them seized the weapons,
Not an instant they debating—

O, the horrors of that moment!
O, the screams and shrieks of white men!
O, the blood-flow and the scalping!
Thus the Chippewas did smite them.

Henry saw his life in danger—
From his door he rushed in terror
To a neighbor, a French person,
Who concealed him from this horror.

In an attic. Here he waited,
Hope and fear for triumph striving
In his breast. But soon the red-skins
Hunted out his place of hiding.

When the darkness closed about him,
Brave Wawatam left his Island,
Skimmed across the foaming waters
To his tribe upon the mainland.

Went he to the Frenchman's dwelling,
By the angry cries directed;
Saw the murderous knife uplifted
Against Henry, unprotected.

Quick as thought he stepped between them;
Being chief his word was mighty.
Back the Indians drew in silence,
For Wawatam's eye flashed brightly.

"This is my adopted brother,
Touch him not if life you value!
See! I bring you skins and wampum;
Let him go unharmed, I pray you!"

Eagerly they seized the treasures,
And Wawatam took his brother
Out into the storm and darkness;
To the beach they went together.

O'er the foaming, seething waters,
In their light canoe they bounded;
Through the storm and lightning flashes
Loud the pealing thunder flashes.

Soon a faint light in the distance
Guides them in their flight from danger;
And they safely reach the Island—
Welcome refuge to the stranger.

Here Wawatam hid the trader
In the Skull Cave on a cliff side;
Safe from all the savage Indians
Who might o'er the lake a skiff guide.

Food and comfort here were granted
By the kind hand of another—
The White Islander—Marie,
Aided by her foolish brother.

"Now I go back to the fortress,"
Thus the chief spoke to the trader;
"And this girl may be your sister,
For my future wife I claim her."

Now Wawatam leaves the Island,
Leaves the trader in safe keeping;
Goes his savage tribe to quiet,
Calm their hearts with murder beating.

And the days fly swiftly onward.
From his hiding place, the trader
Roams the lonely Island over,
With the boy and girl as leader.

Now this beautiful white French girl,
Like the sunrise in the morning,
Learns to love the brave young Henry,
And the chieftain's wild love scorning.

Not one word of love speaks Henry
To Marie, his guide and keeper;
For he knows the chieftain claims her,
Still his love is all in the deeper.

Now Wawatam, home returning,
Sees this love so deftly hidden;
Sees that Henry loves this maiden,
Although he had been forbidden.

Notices, with keen perception,
That the maiden loves the trader
As she ne'er had loved the chieftain.
Henry, now, is an invader.

Now he speeds across the water,
Vengeance in his dark eye gleaming;
Calls his savage tribe together,
Round his camp-fire, brightly beaming.

Tells them how the trader Henry
Has been false to him, his brother;
Stole his love from the French maiden,
And became, instead, her lover.

"You can have him now and welcome;
You can torture, scalp and burn him;
You can fill his bones with horrors—
His last hour, for now I spurn him!"

"Come!" They need no second bidding,
In fierce anger now they hasten
To the stake, where he must perish,
Piling brush and wood around him.

And before the pile is lighted,
The wild dance and war whoop sounded;
Wildly flourish they their hatchets,
And with torches now surrounded.

Meanwhile, from the wigwam watching,
"The White Islander" is hiding—
Sees her lover's helpless anguish,
Sees his fate is fast deciding.

To the priest within his chapel
Swift she flies on wings of terror,
Breathless, pants: "O, hasten, quickly!
Come with me and save my lover!"

Through the dimly gathering darkness
Speeds the maiden with the Father,
Guided by the shouts and war cries
To the scene of savage slaughter.

Here behold they in the firelight,
Faces wild and weapons gleaming;
See the flames fast creeping closer
Round the victim. Madly screaming,

"The White Islander" springs forward,
Springs amid the fagots burning;
Throws her arms around her lover,
All the chief's entreaties spurning.

Then the Father, following quickly,
Hurls the fire brands from the victim;
And with marvelous strength, the lover
Burst the cruel bonds that bind him.

Tenderly he lifts the maiden,
Holds her in his arms, securely;
Calls the priest to come and save her
From the fire's treacherous fury.

But the maiden, brave and fearless,
Will not thus from him be taken;
Henry now with joy enraptured,
Swings still her love unshaken.

To the priest then cries out clearly,
"Marry us, O, Holy Father!
And your blessing pour upon us,
For we live or die together!"

Thus amid the flames' bright gleaming,
And the red-skins cowering round them,
Awed by the Father's presence,
And the chief's face darkly lowering.

The good priest, with hands uplifted,
Marries thus Marie and Henry;
Calling blessings down upon them,
Careless of Wawatam's envy.

Ere the words are scarcely spoken,
Ere the Indians can recover,
Come the welcome shouts of white men—
Friends of Henry, the true lover.

Quickly they release the captive,
And the Indians awed and frightened;
Skulk away beneath the darkness,
And the dying embers brightened.

Gladly to their boats they hasten,
Hand in hand they walk together,
Guided to a home of safety,
And a happy life forever.

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Wild Flowers

OF THE STRAITS.

In one of his delightful essays, "Among the Wild Flowers," John Burroughs tells how he makes the acquaintance of one or more flowers nearly every season. A little further on he says: "I have never yet found the orchid, called Calypso, a large, varie-

gated, purple and yellow flower, Gray says, which grows in cold, wet woods and bogs, very beautiful and very rare. Calypso, you know, was the nymph who fell in love with Ulysses and detained him seven years upon her island, and died of a broken heart after he left her."

Mr. Burroughs gives a long and accurate description of her as she appears in floral guise, but he fails to mention the delicate perfume that belongs to this daintiest of all lady's-slippers, a perfume so faint that it is hardly noticeable in a single flower, but delightfully fragrant when a bunch of them is gathered. If Mr. Burroughs will come and explore the dark, cool, cedar woods that line the northern shore of the straits between St. Ignace and Pte. Le Barke he will find Calypso in all her beauty; but he must come in May or early June. A little later she gives up her watch for Ulysses and goes back to her mossy grave to wait till spring comes again and wakens her for another brief vigil. Evidently she does not expect her tardy lover among the summer tourists. Shy and modest though she is she will bear transplanting, and if placed in a garden, in some spot that is partly shaded, will spring up and blossom every year. In time the flowers in cultivated soil may even increase in size, though they are apt to lose something of their beauty and brilliancy of color.

Blossoming at about the same time is the tea-flower, or, as Gray calls it, the bird's-eye primrose, a dainty little flower having the fragrance of fine tea. It is pale lilac in color with a yellow eye in the center, and is a first cousin of the English cowslip and primrose. Close by are the marsh marigolds, commonly called cowslips in this country, brighter than the brightest gold dollar.

"O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!"

Here and there through the woods, from the side of Fort Holmes hill down to the cedar swamps, and in among the bushes that border the low, gravelly beach, the trailing arbutus opens its buds; first, of some say second, of the spring wild flowers. Among the winter's dead leaves and rubbish you find its dark, glossy, green foliage and catch a glimpse of something pink or white. Brush aside the litter till you reach the brown, hairy stem, and tear up from its hiding place the most famous and one of the most beautiful of American wild flowers.

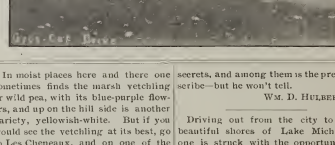
Somewhere, hidden away in the woods of Mackinac Island, Jack-in-the-pulpit is holding forth to a large but not very attractive audience; the hepatica lifts its blossoms of blue and white and pink, and trillium flaunts its white banners in the wind. In the maple forests on the mainland the spring beauties are opening and the Dutchman has hung out his breeches; the violet is blooming in low, damp places, and the wind-flower is lifting its frail, delicate blossoms.

Let us consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. An old Scotchman whom I used to know came in from the woods one day in the spring, and said to me: "The little wild things is beginning to come up through the dead leaves; then adder-tongues, is it, ye call them?" He was right, and the adder's tongue is the earliest of all the lilies in this northern climate. Its sharp-pointed leaves spring up long before the foliage is out on the trees, and instead of pushing aside the dead, matted leaves that cover the ground, as do most young plants, they pierce their way through them as needle pierces a piece of cloth. The adder's tongue is a perennial, and during the first year of its life it has but a single leaf and no flowers at all. Later it has two leaves, and from between them rises the slender scape with its large, bright yellow flower, that glows with color like a piece of solid sunshine. Solomon in all his glory could not compare with one of these. Its name seems a misfit and Mr. Barroughs suggests that it be called "troutlily," explaining that its grows beside the trout streams and that its leaf is as mottled as a trout's back.

The adder's tongue is the pioneer of the lily family, and after it comes the Solomon's seal, with its long, swaying stem tipped with a big cluster of small greenish white flowers; the false Solomon's seal, that grows where the woods leave off and the beach begins; and the wild red tiger-lily of the fields, which almost everyone is acquainted with. Still another member of the family is the clintonia borealis, named for Dewitt Clinton; it is a very graceful plant and the flowers are perfectly shaped, but the color greenish-yellow and not very striking.

In June come the cypripedinus, the queerest, the oldest, the strongest of all the wild flowers. Some botanists say that they are the only true lady's-slippers, and that Calypso has no real right to the name. Yet she, with her dainty little pointed slipper, fit for a fairy's foot, seems more deserving of it than does the larger and more rounded cypripedium, to which the name of moccasin flower, often applied to it in some localities, is perhaps more appropriate. There are six species of this orchid mentioned by Gray as inhabiting the northern United States, and at least four of them can be found near the Straits of Mackinac—the larger yellow moccasin, the smaller yellow moccasin, the showy moccasin, and the clefted moccasin. The first two are much alike and are bright yellow in color. The third is purple and white, an inch and a half in length, and the handsomest of the four; while the last, a long drooping pouch with a deep cleft down the middle, is perhaps the most peculiar. There are many other orchids to be found in the woods, among them the coral-root, the ladies' tresses, the rattlesnake plantain, the white-fringed orchid and the purple-fringed orchid; but the handsomest of all these is the arethusa, a sweet-scented rose-purple flower varying from one to two inches in length. The whole plant is not more than six or eight inches in height.

In "The White Islander" Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood makes mention of the Indian pipe, or corpse plant, as growing on the island of Mackinac. It is not uncommon in this region and can be gathered at any time from June to September. Gray tells us that it is also found in the Himalaya mountains. It is rather difficult to believe that the ghost-like little plant is a cousin of the trailing arbutus and the huckleberry, but they are all three classed in the same great family of the ericaceæ.



In moist places here and there one sometimes finds the marsh vetchling or wild pea, with its blue-purple flowers, and up on the hill side is another variety, yellowish-white. But if you would see the vetchling at its best, go to Les Cheneaux, and on one of the sandy islands you may, if you are lucky, find the beach pea, and gather from the same plant the large purple blossoms and the little, round, dark-brown peas.

How many people are acquainted with one-tenth of the wild flowers of this or any other region?

"Heigh-ho Daises and Buttercups!"

Every one knows where they are, for they are everywhere and the fields are yellow and white with them. The wild roses, the blue-bells, the asters, the golden-rod are almost as common.

The arbutus is in such demand that its haunts have been sought out and made public property. But who knows the grassy glade on the long, low point, where the yellow moccasins, the corcopsis and an odd little yellow daisy hold revel in such numbers that one might almost say of them as Wordsworth said of the daffodils:

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

* * *

And now my head with rapture thrills
And dances with the daffodils."

Who knows the shallow, sandy pools where the bladderworts lift their quaint little yellow bonnets on their tiny needle-like stems, while close by the ground is fairly purple with bluets and pennyroyal? Who knows the place where pine trees shade the cleft-ed moccasins as they nod their heavy heads in the wind; or the tamarack swamp where the great purple and white moccasins come trooping forth, the gayest of the gay, and the pitcher plant, red-veined like a toper's nose, shoots up its dark maroon-colored flowers? Where shall we look for the flowering wintergreen as it nestles close to the ground like a little rose-purple butterfly? The rocky hillside where the columbine hangs out its jewels of purple and yellow and red, the broad, low, stony beach where the fringed gentian opens its deep blue eyes to heaven, where are they? There are a few people who know all these secrets, and among them is the present scribe—but he won't tell.

WM. D. HULBERT.

Driving out from the city to the beautiful shores of Lake Michigan one is struck with the opportunities presented for profitable market gardening in the cleared lands lying near the city limits. The soil is good and easily cleared and to the man who understands the business of raising strawberries and other small fruits, and vegetables in variety, the field is an inviting one. It is well know that the vegetable crop of Mackinac county yield well and is of superior quality, and surely our own city offers market facilities of the best, not only for home consumption but as a distributing center.

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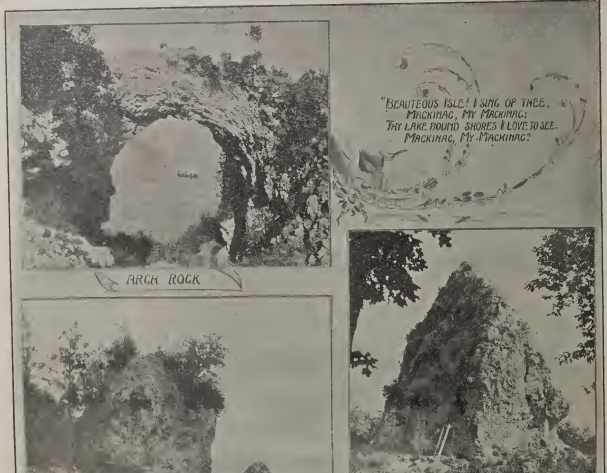

"BEAUTEOUS ISLE! I SING OF THEE,
MACKINAC, MY MACKINAC;
THY LAKE ROUND SHORES I LOVE TO SEE,
MACKINAC, MY MACKINAC."
ARCH ROCK
GRATIOT ENG. CO. CHICAGO.
SUGAR LOAF

Rabbit's Back.

There are many lovely views and picturesque nooks to be seen and reached by sail boat; "skim" up Rabbit's Back way, on a breezy day when wind and tide are both favorable. Try it.

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine and the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest."

If you sketch, carry away with you, beautiful Cliffside and the Bear's Head, or, near at hand, the bar house of the old northwest voyageur as seen through the row of English poplars on the beach, planted so long ago by the children (now old men), as one of them quaintly said: "Two by Louis and two by me to see whose luck would be best."

Then on past the famous Rabbit's Back where, if you wish to add a new experience to your list, you may land and have and exciting quarter of an hour climbing along the "ridge board" of this piece of nature's hand-work.

Next we will round the point into Benoit's bay with its magnificent gravel beds. Before us lies the broad expanse of Horse-shoe bay with its fine fishing grounds.

"Oh what is so rare as a day in June," sang Lowell, and with conviction we echo the sentiment as we slip out on the beach where "words and water meet," and gather to our heart's content the wild flowers that here lift their lovely heads during that delectable month.

TREES IN THE TOWN.

THEY BEAUTIFY THE STREETS AND PURIFY THE AIR.

Residents of Large Cities Are Forming Tree Planting Associations—New York the Latest In the Field—No Excuse For Their Absence In Towns.

The past few years has witnessed a decided movement, in the large cities especially, for the planting of trees in the streets and avenues. Medical authorities testify that they conduce to the health and comfort of the people, and all agree that they add greatly to the beauty of the town. Keeping trees healthy is something of a problem in large cities, but in the smaller cities and towns this drawback to beautiful streets does not exist. How beautiful are the trees! And who is there that does not feel their charm as he passes along a street lined on either side with stately oaks or elms, their tops bending gracefully toward each other and forming a living arch of green?

The Tree Planting association of New York came into existence the other day, and the mayor presided at its birth.

The object of the association is to plant trees in all the streets and avenues, to beautify the city and to improve the atmosphere. The scheme is to organize clubs for the purpose in every district and to leave to these auxiliary associations the actual work of soliciting the co-operation of householders and real estate men and of having the trees planted.

The nurserymen will advise what kind of tree should be selected for each locality, considering the nature of the soil, the width of the streets and all other matters pertaining to the subject. They will remove the old gas saturated soil, put in new, rich earth, cut away the necessary flagging and furnish improved iron tree protectors.

The trees recommended as being most suitable for growth in the city are Norway, sugar or silver maple, American white or Scotch elm, pin or red oak, American white ash, American sweet or common horse chestnut, hardy catalpa (Catalpa speciosa), tulip tree or tulip poplar (Liriodendron tulipifera), balsam, Lombardy or California poplar or cottonwood, American linden or basswood, lime or European linden, nettle, oriental plane, sweet gum, liquidambar, American plane tree (buttonball or sycamore).

Park Commissioner Stiles said that no one knows much about planting trees in cities, and that for the first few years the association will find its work largely a matter of experiment. The planting, he added, was the least part of that work, constant attention being necessary even after the slip has attained its growth.

"Perhaps," said Mayor Strong, "this movement started today may be more far-reaching that we anticipated. It will take a good many years, and we may not live to see it, but our descendants will surely benefit."

When the people of New York are willing and anxious to plant trees under the difficulties which confront them, that those who come after them may be benefited, what can be said of the residents of towns where the conditions are favorable to the growth of trees that make no attempt to beautify and adorn their places of residence, especially when by so doing they are enhancing the value of their property as well as adding to the joys of life? Trees in the town are evidences of culture and a love of the beautiful, and their planting and care are labor that the best citizens should be proud to foster and oversee.

TO PROMOTE HEALTH.

Suggestions In the Line of Pure Water and Better Schools.

Governor Hastings presided at a recent meeting of the associated health authorities of Pennsylvania. During a short address he said the time had come when a regular organization should have charge of the vital and health statistics.

He said the townships as well as the cities and boroughs, which cover but one twentieth of the area of the state, should have protection. There should be an entirely new organization, wide in its extent, and the questions of purer water supplies, the preservation of the forests and watersheds and the pollution of streams which are water supplies ought to be earnestly considered.

Physical culture, he said, was just as necessary as mental culture. A school building should be well arranged in the center of about 12 acres of ground, two stories high. There should also be a gymnasium. The future school building, he added, would not be a little red building, but a large, capacious structure, with conveniences to take the children to and from school.

A Town Without Taxes.

The happiest place in Europe is said to be Klingenberg-on-the-Main. It is the one prosperous spot where everybody has work and an income, and where there are no taxes, either local or imperial, because the income of the municipality suffices for everything and leaves a bonus for distribution besides.

Happy Klingenberg! It is all due to a little wisdom and foresight on the part of the local administration many years ago. There are valuable beds of fire clay in the neighborhood, and these the municipality had the prudence not to sell to make the fortunes of other people, but retained for the benefit of the town. The profits pay all taxes, and the inhabitants got the surplus divided among them. Young men going into the army received this year a present of 15 marks each.—London Tit-Bits.

ST. IGNACE CITY OFFICERS.

Following is the list of officers of the city of St. Ignace:

Mayor—John Mulcrone.
Clerk—Alfred J. Gennell.
Treasurer—J. B. Clark.
Attorney—James McNamara.
Assessor—Charles Chambers.
Surveyor—Byron E. Cubley.
Marshal Isaac Goudreau.
Assistant Marshal—Frank Grondin.
Health Officer—Dr. J. F. Darby.
Poor Commissioner—O. C. Boynton.

FIRST WARD.

Aldermen—J. B. Tamlyn and J. M. Burdette.
Supervisor—John Fritschen.

SECOND WARD.

Aldermen—J. M. Campbell and Robert A. Rutherford.
Supervisor—Wm. P. Chambers.

THIRD WARD.

Aldermen—Thos. Gleason and Jas. Flynn.
Supervisor—P. W. Murray.

FOURTH WARD.

Aldermen—D. W. English and M. E. Chamberlain.
Supervisor—Wm. E. St. James.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

L. R. Boynton, president; P. Mulcrone, collector; A. J. Gennell, secretary; Chas. Chambers, T. I. Everett and Capt. L. Ryerse.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER WORKS.

Chief Engineer—E. D. Blowers.
Assistant Engineer John Dalton.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Chief—Charles H. Eby.
Foreman—Joseph Therrien.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Sir Andrew Clark was once on top of a tall building in London admiring the view of the surrounding country. While thus employed he was touched on the shoulder by a quiet looking man, who slowly remarked, to the great astonishment of Sir Andrew:

"Sir, I am going to throw you off."

As the quiet looking man was the larger, and there was no help at hand, the matter for the moment assumed a very serious aspect. Fortunately for Sir Andrew, he is possessed of rare presence of mind, and in a bantering way exclaimed:

"Pooh! that's nothing; anybody could throw a man off here. Now, if you want to do something great, try and throw me up here from the ground."

"Well, I can do that," said the maniac, for such he proved to be, "and if you will kindly descend to the street I will prove it."

"With pleasure," Sir Andrew replied, and with great decorum the two descended to the street, where the maniac was quickly handed into custody of the law.—Harper's Round Table.

THANKS.

We desire to acknowledge the loan of valuable cuts from the many friends who have made it possible to produce such beautiful illustrations in this publication. All these, and those who are among the contributers, have the sincere thanks of the MANAGERS of the WOMAN'S EDITION.

A SCENE ON THE D. S. S. & A. R'Y.

STEAMER ELVA—LES CHENEAUX ISLAND ROUTE.

STEAMER COLUMBIA—MACKINAC ISLAND ROUTE.

STEAMER MARY LES CHENEAUX ISLAND ROUTE.

'Tis You!

The world is waiting for somebody,
Waiting and watching today,
Somebody to lift and strengthen,
Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtlessly question "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
Somebody brave and strong,
With a helping hand and a generous heart,
With a gift of deed or song.
Do you doubtfully question "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
The sad world, bleak and cold,
Where wan faced children are watching
For hope in the eyes of the old.
Do you wondringly question "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody
And has been, years on years,
Somebody to soften its sorrow,
Somebody to heal its tears.
Then doubting question no longer "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody
A deal of love to do,
Then up and hasten, everybody,
For everybody is you,
For everybody is you, my friend,
For everybody is you!

—Ada Iddings Gale.

The Boy of the Past.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead white, heath tangled hair
And brain devoid of grace,

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare,
Whose knees are patched all the ways,
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise—

A boy who's born with an appetite,
Who seeks the pantry shelf
To eat his "piece" with resounding smack,
Who don't come on himself.

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy,
Whose pockets bulge with truck,
Who knows the use of rod and gun
And where the brook trout splash!

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,
With his hat on his tousled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man,"
Or deny his mother's call,
Or ridicule what his elders say,
Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome, natural boy
Of good old fashioned day—
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
For he'll make a man some day!

—Detroit Free Press.

Smile a Little.

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh,
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road.
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup?
As you drink fate's bitter tonic
Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet.
Frowns are thorns and smiles are blossoms
Oft for weary feet.
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face.
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

Smile upon your undone labor.
Not for one who grieves
O'er his task waits wealth or glory.
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings and in their seasons fly.
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold.
Esteem and love are never to be sold.

—Pope.

Cherish your body, for God made it great.
It has a guest of might and high estate.
Keep the shrine noble, handsome, high and whole,
For in it lives God's work, a kingly soul.

An Ocean Voyage

IN FEBRUARY.

BY ALICE GODDARD WALDO.

We sailed from London, Thursday, February 11, on the steamship Hawk, of the Atlantic transport line. We had had many fears of a voyage in February, but the first three days quicted them, for the weather was beautiful and Sunday was a perfect day. The ship is a cattle ship, carrying cattle from New York to London, and returning with something else grain, I think—and it has accommodations for only seventy-five passengers. On the forward and the rear main deck are the cattle sheds, and in the middle is the large building which contains the state-rooms, the dining room, etc. Above this, practically on its roof, is the promenade deck, and on this is a small building containing the captain's rooms. From the roof are two bridges extending to either edge, and no one but the officers are allowed on this place, which is called the captain's bridge.

Our state-room was a corner one, having one window, or port-hole, on the ocean and another on the main deck, so that we hoped, even when the waves were too high to have the outside port-hole open, that the other need not be closed. Just outside our door was the corridor onto the main deck, and across the corridor was the dining room, with a row of port-holes into the corridor, and the door a few steps further down. I describe all this so that you can understand what happened.

Monday the wind arose and was dead against us. The waves rolled up and they were a magnificent sight. A wall of water would rise in front of us, so that it seemed as though we must be engulfed, and then the ship would rise and take the wave, her screw coming quite out of the water and making a horrible whirring noise, and when the bottom of the ship struck the water again it sounded as if she had run aground. Fortunately for me I was not sick, and never expect to be after having escaped during that terrible storm. We were rather glad, on the whole, to see the ocean in such a storm, but when it continued through Tuesday and Wednesday, getting worse and worse, we began to get tired of it, to say the least, and the captain was on the bridge nearly all of the time.

Thursday the climax came. My mother was lying in her berth, and I was sitting in the dining room, which also served as a sitting room. I was on the sofa reading, directly under one of the corridor port-holes, which were open, while those on the deck were, of course, closed. The clock had just struck 12, and I had just gotten up, intending to go to the piano, when there was a horrible lull, then a terrific crash and absolute darkness, and the water came pouring in on my head.

I have often said I would never scream in a shipwreck—it would be so useless. But I screamed then, though of course nobody heard me. My first thought was to find my mother, so I struggled to the dining room door and reached it just as she opened it. We had another minute of terror—for we had no doubt that we were going down—and then one of the waiters rushed in, barefoot and barelegged, and made straight for the corridor port-holes and closed them. I then began to understand what had happened, and this is the entire history of the accident as we found it out afterwards:

We had struck a wave which, the officer on the bridge said, came up to the light on the mast, about fifty feet from the sea, and this had swept away the cattle sheds and everything else on the forward main deck.

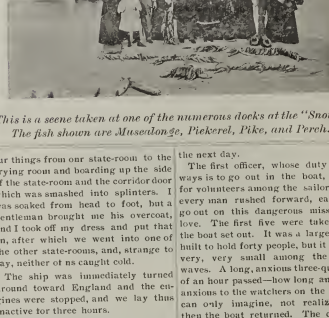
Some of the heavy timbers had been violently swept against the side of our state-room and against the corridor and had burst it in. The water had poured in and found vent through the corridor port-holes under which I was sitting.

With marvelous quickness officers and sailors set to work sweeping out the water—of which there were 18 inches on the dining room floor—taking our things from our state-room to the drying room and boarding up the side of the state-room and the corridor door which was smashed into splinters. I was soaked from head to foot, but a gentleman brought me his overcoat, and I took off my dress and put that on, after which we went into one of the other state-rooms, and, strange to say, neither of us caught cold.

The ship was immediately turned around toward England and the engines were stopped, and we lay thus inactive for three hours.

Just as we began to get quieted down from the fright, a new excitement arose, which lasted all the afternoon. A cowardly passenger, thinking we were going to sink, had drank about a quart of whiskey, and the consequence was that he frightened all the ladies, gave one little man who was lying on the sofa two black eyes, was locked in his state-room by the men, broke out and was ordered barred in by the captain, when he kept up a continual pounding on the door with his camp chair. His constant cry was: "I am an American citizen and a gentleman!" All this was not quieting to our already over-strained nerves, and I do not think that many of the passengers slept that night. The next day most of us kept pretty quiet and looked pretty white, and nobody laughed at us either, for the fight had really been very severe.

That night something happened which created a new and different excitement. The lookout sighted a ship with very peculiar lights, and as he could not understand them, he sent for the captain. He could not understand them either, but he said that the ship might be in distress, so he ordered us turned around—for by this time we had passed the ship—and we bore down on her. When near enough to be heard our captain called out to know what was wanted, and the answer was "A life boat." By this time nearly all the passengers were on deck, except myself. My mother did not awaken me, for I had not slept at all the night before, and I was still so upset, and there was such great danger that the little boat would not come back, that she thought it was best not. But this is what happened, as she told it to me



This is a scene taken at one of the numerous docks at the "Snows." The fish shown are Muscalonge, Pickerel, Pike, and Perch.

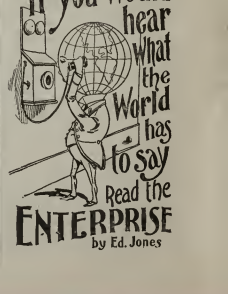
later. The first officer, whose duty it always is to go out in the boat, called for volunteers among the sailors, and every man rushed forward, eager to go out on this dangerous mission of love. The first five were taken and the boat set out. It was a large boat, built to hold forty people, but it looked very, very small among the great waves. A long, anxious three-quarters of an hour passed—how long and how anxious to the watchers on the deck I can only imagine, not realize—and then the boat returned. The captain called out: "How many?" and the answer came back, "Seventeen, sir!"

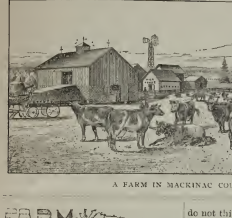
But the rescue was not yet complete. The men had still to be transferred from the little boat to the steamer, and this was no easy task. The ship was rocking so, and the little boat was rocking so, that the men had to stand up on a seat and jump for the rope ladder. None of them missed it; but only a sailor could have done it. The first officer and one of the seamen remained in the boat to help hoist it up; for some reason, which I do not know, this is necessary. The boat was about half way up when a rope slipped, and down it fell. If he had not had great presence of mind, the first officer, who was standing up, would have been thrown into the sea, but he saved himself.

The shipwrecked men were nearly all Norwegians, and the ship was the bark Persia, bound for St. Johns, New Brunswick, to get lumber. She was not loaded, and had sand for ballast. She had lost all her sails and the tons of her masts, and, after having been driven about by the winds and the waves for several weeks, she had sprung a leak, and had been sinking since twelve o'clock that day. The rescue was at midnight. Although they still worked desperately at the pumps, the men had given up all hope, and their captain told ours that the ship would sink in a few hours. When our ship came in sight they took heart again, but when it passed apparently without seeing them, they gave themselves up for lost. They had no rockets with which to signal, so they fastened lights to the stumps of the masts and stationed a man with a coat by one of them. He held a coat in front of it and then drew it away, and it was this sort of flashlight which first called our lookout's attention to the ship. The thankfulness of the rescued men can be imagined better than described, for they had been far down into the valley of the shadow of death.

Our captain said that if we had sighted the ship one hour sooner than we did, or one hour after all the men were safe on board, it would have been impossible to save them, for the waves would have been too high for any boat to live, and he would not have sent his men to certain death. But during the time of the rescue the waves were not nearly so high, though still dangerously so, and the moon even struggled out. "I am very thankful," said the captain; "it is frightful to know that your fellow creatures are in danger, and not to be able to save them."

We arrived in New York five days overdue, thankful to be in at all, and the first thing we heard was: "Gracious! look at her main deck!" Indeed, that was all there was to look at, for cattle sheds, ventilators, lookout-bridge—which is at the very end—and even a portion of the deck, were gone. It is interesting now to recall, but I never want to have such an experience again.





A FARM IN MACKINAC COUNTY.

HARVESTING GRAIN.

Economical Hints — Thrashing From the Shock—Marketing Grain.

Get the best binder, header or reaper suited to your needs, provided a new machine is necessary. A binder in many cases is the best, but a header in quite a large scope of the farther western wheat belt is absolutely essential, the straw in some years being too short to bind, though the quality and quantity of the grain be the very highest. There are small farms here and there, and especially for oats, for which the reaper is best adapted, and the small farmer who owns a good reaper need be in no haste to throw it aside, for he can cut and bind his small field without hiring of help or paying out money for twine. In the farmer interests of economy J. M. Rice, Oklahoma, in a letter to The Orange Judd Farmer, says:

I do not advise that the binder, with its wide tire, bull wheel and two to six horses, be driven over the grain, even if but once around the field, and not driven through it to divide into bands. It is certainly not the right way to do to raise a 6 to 12 inch strip just to tramp it down. A way to avoid this each one can arrange in some way, according to his peculiar surroundings. In my old Iowa farm, where the grasses did so well, I had a strip sown to grass all around my field wide enough for the passage or turning of all machinery. The grass would straighten after tramping, so there was no waste whether this strip was cut before or after the grain harvest. In this section very few of our grainfields are fenced, so if the plowing has been rightly done the horses and drive wheel are clear outside of the grain.

While there are advantages in thrashing from the shock I would not risk advising my brother farmers to leave the shocks stand in the field until it would be possible to get thrashing done. If there was a thrashing machine for every dozen farms, it might be safe, but it certainly would not be profitable to machine owners. A 15 minute rain, with cloudy days following, would completely stop the thrashing for days, while if in the stack, by the use of covers generally at hand, an hour need not be lost.

As to marketing grain direct from the machine, that may or may not be good advice. It certainly is not good advice to say "always market from the machine." To thrash at once from the shock and at once put the grain on the market would put the great wheat crop of this country into the hands of buyers inside of three months and the great bulk of it in less than two months I do not think any rule can be given on this point. The reading, intelligent farmer wants to study the crop situation and sell or hold, as best judgment indicates.

News and Notes.

American Agriculturist's special crop report shows a loss in the winter wheat area, but a 20 per cent gain in spring wheat sowing.

Earlier weather forecasts are among the probabilities in the service of the United States weather bureau.

From all accounts American apples have found a place in Australian markets, while American peaches find favor in Italy.

Joseph Harris sowed turnips with a wheat drill in rows 28 inches apart.

The largest present opening for the union of the cultural and mechanical is in beet sugar production.

Keep kainit away from manure that is worked over by hogs or poultry.

Farm Journal advises a trial of cabbages in missing corn hills.

Best Soil For Sugar Beets.

The reports of experiments show that in Wisconsin the richest beets were obtained from a fertile clay loam. In Washington the best results were obtained from a soil intermediate between a clay loam and a sandy loam. In South Dakota a dark sandy loam and clay loam gave the most satisfactory crop. In Nebraska the best crops are grown upon a sandy loam. In Kansas the best results are from a loam. In Iowa a dark loam proved best. In Indiana most arable lands gave about equally good results, though a moderately sandy loam seemed rather better than others. From these results the ideal soil for the sugar beet may be called a moderately fertile, rather porous, deep, sandy loam, with a porous subsoil.

VILLAGE ALFALFA.

Here is what is told in The Orange Judd Farmer about alfalfa:

Alfalfa makes the finest of pasture for all kinds of stock. Hogs will live and grow on the green plant and will eat the hay like cattle. They will live on the hay alone, but will not do well unless they have some other supplementary feed. The pasture is excellent for the production of milk. The hay is fully equal to other clovers in every respect and is far better than timothy or wild hay. The first crop is rather the best for horses, but later cuttings are better for cattle or hogs. One advantage over the other clovers and some grasses is that it is a perennial and does not have to be resown. It does not exhaust the soil like timothy, but on the contrary adds to its fertility. It is a valuable fertilizer if plowed under when six or eight inches high. It is one of the most valuable crops that can be raised in the western country and will soon be very extensively grown.

THE PURE FOOD COMMISSIONER

Can find no reason for complaint, or adulterered goods, in the line of . . . . .

Groceries and Provisions

in our well assorted stock. A special feature is our Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Canned Goods. A complete line of Fancy Groceries, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Best brands of Flour in stock. Fruits and Berries in season.

WING & BROWN,

State Street. ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN.

The Sherwood,

IS the Leading Hotel in St. Ignace; its charming location has the Island of Mackinac in full view. Close to railroad depot and steamboat landing. Suites of Apartments for Families. Convenient show rooms for Commercial Men. Heated throughout by steam.

Rates $2.00 Per Day.

E. SHERWOOD, Proprietor.

Opposite Merchandise Dock. ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY PIERRE A. HOLDER.

For thee is spread, O, Summer Queen,
A carpet soft, of deepest green,
The gentle Spring has brought to thee
A robe of fairy tapestry,—
An emerald robe, with flowers inwrought,
With hues that seem from rainbows caught;
An azure crown with stars of light
Glitters upon thy tresses bright.

The fair Rose lifts its queenly head
In beauty sweet from garden bed,
Pure Lilies, white as virgin snows,
Upon the waters clear repose,
The Lotus with its shining leaves,
A brilliant floral crown receives,
The meadows green are spangled o'er
With Buttercups in golden flower.

The tasseled Corn luxuriant grows
With shining blade in stately rows,
The summer breeze with softest sigh
Waves the broad fields of bearded Rye;
Green grows the Sedge by silver pool,
And fragrant Ferns 'neath shadows cool,
All sweetness is the balmy air
Like breath of spices borne from far.

O, Summer time! Glad Summer time,
What rosy-fingered hours are thine!
The choicest gifts are brought to thee,
By sun and rain, by earth and sea;
Thy gardens bloom with loveliest flowers,
Soft fall the dews, warm drop the showers
A sea of green thy landscapes fair
'Tis life, bloom, beauty, everywhere.

MORAL TRAINING.

The atmosphere in which children habitually live is of more importance in their mental and moral training than any direct instruction that can be imparted to them. Precept, however wise or good, can never impress them like the sight of daily practice by those whom they look up to and love. The most irreproachable sentiments, after all, are only empty words. They fail practically to affect children's lives if they are not carried into action and made to bear fruit in deeds of justice, righteousness and love.

It is useless for a mother to exhort her children to be patient and forbearing with one another, and to refrain from quarreling, if she herself loses her temper on the slightest provocation, speaks impatiently when she is provoked, and follows hasty words with hasty blows or tyrannous prohibitions. The fresh, young minds, ready for instant and almost indelible impressions for good or evil, are biased by the conduct of those about them toward one or the other, and by trifling actions, which often seem entirely inadequate to the effect they too often produce.

Sowing wheat about the middle of September is recommended by the Indiana station. Six pecks of seed per acre are advised as sufficient on good land well prepared.

From all accounts American apples have found a place in Australian markets, while American peaches find favor in Italy.

THE MASTER IS COMING.

They said, "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if he should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hasted and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said, "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another;
A cripple, thin, pale, and gray—
And said, "O, let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today;
I look for a great and noble guest!"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore on swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him
And serve him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of tear drops,
And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you!
You are sorely in need of care;
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow:
"Some one will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dark alone;
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home!"
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept.
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, in spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And his face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And he said, "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me."

"My wife is a most origiual woman," said Brown. "Why, when I proposed to her, instead of saying, 'This is so sudden,' she said, 'Well, I think it's time.'"

CRITICISM.

This is what Ruskin wrote: "Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible."

This is what Emerson wrote or said: "I had seen Ruskin at Oxford, and had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room, but in talking with him at his room I found myself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. I wonder such a genius can be possessed of so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

Mrs. Carlyle wrote: "Emerson had no ideas, except nad ones, that he did not get from Carlyle."

It is not so unusual, is it, to be ill judged during our absence by those with whom we have had converse? It does not alter the strength or beauty or greatness of our genius or work. Therefore, friend, whosoever thou art, hold sacredly on to the noble estimate thou hast put upon the shining thoughts thou hast received from thine own soul and proclaimed to an unresponsible world.

Emerson's uplifting inspirations grow daily more precious, and Ruskin's great convictions do more and more fix the foundations of men's meditations. Nobody's biting sarcasms do bite off the glory of their works and words from our earth.

Won the Strike.

"I heard ye were on shtrike," said Mike to his friend Pat.

"I was that," answered Pat.

"A shtrike for what, Pat?"

"For shorter hours, Mike."

"An' did ye get them?"

"Sure we did, Mike. It's not workin' at all I am now."

CHILDREN AND BOOKS.

If a child is brought up amidst intellectual people, hears books spoken of as beloved friends, and literary topics constantly discussed, he insensibly acquires a love of literature and a taste for intellectual pleasures which give him delight in them. This love may be hereditary and he may turn to books as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. In this case he will seek them in spite of the most prosaic and material environments, and assimilate their contents as the only means of satisfying the craving he feels within him.

Self-educated persons belong to this class, and their acquirements often put to shame those of the feebler souls who have passively received instruction and retained only such a portion as they could not lose.

When there is no natural bias toward literature or art, and under ordinary conditions books would be regarded as task-masters, and reading as a wearisome waste of time, the fact of living in a literary atmosphere is of immense importance in forming the mind. It creates an interest in these subjects, which, though weak and colorless compared with the passionate devotion of the true lover, yet is strong enough to furnish much and lasting enjoyment in later life.

There is a passing acquaintance at least, if only by hearsay, with great men and the masterpieces of the world. A standard is set up which renders the enjoyment of inferior productions impossible.

☞If you want to talk to the people of Mackinac County you should place an advertisement in the ST. IGNACE ENTERPRISE where it will be read by the masses.

The area of the oceans are as follows: Pacific, 71 million square miles; Atlantic, 35; Indian, 28; Antarctic, 8½; Arctic; 4½ million square miles. Caspian sea, 176,000 square miles.

SAULT STE. MARIE LOCKS.

MACKINAC ISLAND CARRIAGE LINE.

THE LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY ZELLA STARKS.

Have you e'er heard the legend of this
little flower,
The dearest and sweetest of all,
How it hides its pink face in its own
little bower,
Where most people ne'er see it at all?

'Tis a plant that the florist with all of
his skill,
Or woman with her touch of love,
Can ne'er cause to grow to please their
sweet will,
In the garden or hot house above.

How it came to exist with its beauty
and grace,
That we might its sweetness enjoy,
I'll relate to you now ere time grows
apace,
In the language the legends employ.

'Tis a beautiful story, by the Indians
told;
How Manito lived all alone
In his lodge, far away in the forest so
cold,
Over which the pale moon often
shone.

His long locks were white as the new
fallen snow,
In furs he was warmly arrayed;
The waters were stilled by the breath
of the frost,
And the cold desolation had made.

Poor Manito's lodge became cold,
So he searched through the forest
for wood,
To keep up the fire on his hearth,
He searched as well as he could.

But at last, finding none, he returned
And sat down by the last dying
coals,
To watch it as slowly it burned,
And his griefs to the Great Spirit
told.

Then winds blew aside the door of the
lodge,
And in came a beautiful maid;
Her cheeks were rivaling e'en the wild
rose,
And her eyes, like the fawn's, it is
said.

Her hair it is long and black as the
night,
And wi low buds covered her hands;
Her clothing of grasses and lilies so
white,
Her bonnet, wild flowers of the land.

She breathed, and the air of the lodge
became warm,
The chieftain to see her was glad;
"My cottage will shield you from tempest and harm;
But answer, why thus are you clad?

stand still,"
Said Manito, quaintly and neat.
"I breathe and flowers spring up on
the hill."
Said the maiden in accents most
sweet.

"I shake my locks and snow covers
the ground,"
Said the old man once more calm
and slow.
"I shake my curls and warm rains fall
around,"
Said the maiden with cheeks all
aglow.

"When I walk about leaves fall from
the trees;
I speak and the animals hide;
The birds go from their nest and fly
with the breeze."
Thus Manito spake in pride.

GRAND HOTEL MACKINAC ISLAND.

"Come sit by me here and tell to me
slow,
Of thy country and victories grand,
And I'll tell thee the exploits of Great
Manito,
For I am the chief of the land.

"I blow with my breath and the rivers

"When I walk about the plants lift
their heads,
The trees all are covered with leaves,
The flowers come out of their cold
wintry beds,"
Said the maiden in words such as
these.

Thus they talked and the lodge became warm,
And Manito's head on his breast
Quickly dropped; and he was with
sleep overcome,
And the sun had sunk low in the
west.

The old man slept. In silence profound,
The maiden then practiced her art.
She passed her hands o'er his head
and around,
Manito to transform, was her part.

And ere long he began to grow small,
Streams of water gushed forth from
his lips,
His clothing was turned to green
leaves,
By a touch of the maid's finger tips.

Then she quietly knelt on the ground,
And took from her bosom so white,
Some flowers, the most precious, and
hid them around,
Underneath the dark leaves out of
sight.

She softly breathed on them, while
murmuring low,
"My breath and my virtues, I grant.
You are modest and only upon bended
knee
Can they pluck you, my dear little
plant."

She then moved away through the
wood,
The zephrys her pure, white brow
fanned;
The arbutus came up where she stood.
Nowhere else does it grow in the land.

Two Aphorisms Worth Remembering.

Idle gossip is like a pinch of lampblack: there is apparently no limit to the blackening it may do.

‡ ‡ ‡

It is sometimes discouraging to tell the truth only to discover that you are not believed. But Time always reveals truth as well as falsehood.

Temperance Physiology.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCE THE ENDORSED SCHOOL ACCURATE.

A distinguished statesman and member of the National congress in a recent public speech said:

"One of the great epochs which mark the closing years of the nineteenth century, is the temperance education movement, which has resulted in the legislative enactments of forty-one states, and the National congress making physiological temperance a compulsory study for over 16,000,000 children of school age in the United States."

The latest form of opposition to this rational method for preventing intemperance, has been the irresponsible and indefinite charge that "the endorsed school text-books on temperance physiology" are not accurate. This charge has been made in the face of the facts that these books are now in successful school use by millions of the future men and women of this land, and some of them have been put into the languages and adapted to the uses of eight other countries. No pecuniary or other compensation has ever been asked or received for endorsing these books.

The more than national importance of having truth taught in this case, and only truth, led to the choice of a committee of physicians of eminence from different parts of the country, members of the American Medical association, to examine the text-books in question and specifically to point out where, if at all, their statements need amending to be in accord with the latest testimony of science.

This committee began its work in the summer of 1896. Their reports are now in, and not a single member of the committee reports finding the books inaccurate, but exactly the reverse.

THE DUTY OF EVERY CITIZEN IN VIEW OF THIS REPORT.

The youth of our land are surrounded by temptations which have led others before them to become the victims of intemperance. The state commands that "all pupils in the public schools" shall receive, through a systematic study of physiology and hygiene from a temperance standpoint, the utmost warning which science warrants against these temptations.

The irresponsible and indefinite charge that this warning is based on error, is now absolutely disproved by the testimony of this committee of medical experts. The children have both a legal and moral right to the special truth set forth in these school manuals thus vouched for. Therefore, in the name of the various state and national religious and philanthropic bodies who have secured this testimony and are interested in its dissemination, all school superintendents, boards of education and teachers are urged to make provision for as thorough pursuit of this study as they do for arithmetic or geography for "all pupils in all schools" under their jurisdiction.

Clergymen and all others who have the public ear, are asked to give their sympathy and active support to such instruction. Upon this education the nation relies for a sober citizenship in the future.

Signed by Sub-Committee.

CHARLES L. MORGAN,
A. H. PLUMB,
MARY H. HUNT,
No. 23 Trull st., Boston, Mass.

LAND OF THE LAKES.

Composed by JUDGE J. LOGAN CHIPMAN of Detroit, and set to music for Michigan's Semi-Centennial.

Land of the lakes, upon whose bosom gleams
The varied glories of each jewel's sheen,
Land of deep waters lit by flashing beams
Reflecting nature's most luxuriant green;
Home of bright aspects of beauty stern or mild,
Of sunsets gorgeous in their dreamy tints,
Of sylvan shades and fir-clad mountains wild,
Of bow'rs 'mid which the vocal brooklet glints.

Land of the pine, of legend and of song,
Whose whispering leaves and waves recount the tale
Of peoples dead, of peoples fresh and strong,
Land of the beetling crag, the west wind's wail;
Of knightly war, of grand old-time romance;
Land which erstwhile slumbered on her wat'ry bed,
Till Freedom claimed her, waked her from her trance,
Grand in all aspects beneficent to man.

Land of the lakes, my own fair Michigan!

What land more fair than this land bathed in light?
Mirroring the sun with calm, undaunted eye,
Drinking the glory of the starry night,
In thousand lakelets rivaling the sky?
Oh land of hope, oh land of lakes and streams,
With humid lips and tresses floating wild,
Seeming as some half shy young matron seems,
Who smiles and blushes o'er her first born child.

Rich in all richness, richer o'en than gold,
Bowered in lake and woodland and in isle,
Loving, loving o'en when thy mood is stern and cold,
True to thy faith, too pure to e'er beguile—
Thou art not like the gaudy tropic clime
Which woos the soul with dreamy, sensual airs;
Thy freewill offering, noblest of all time,
Strong minds, brave hearts, with glory crowas thy years.

From thy strong womb some poet yet will spring,
And in sweet numbers vocalize thy soul;
And o'er the world thy gracious presence fling,
As o'er thy landscapes thy calm waters roll.
O fairy land, of rose and woodland flower,
Abode of graceful forms, of swan and dove,
Land of wild vines, in many a mystic bower,
Dream of an angel wafted from above,
Time wooed thee forward to the gaze of man,
In pride of thee, my own fair Michigan.

LIFE.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,
Forenoon and afternoon and night,
Forenoon and what?
The empty sing-song repeats itself no more?
Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

You never hear the proprietor of the Dunham House say "business is poor," for he always has a well-filled house.

A traveling man from Chicago says: "I get a better cup of coffee at the Dunham House than at any house on the road."

Arnold Line Steamers

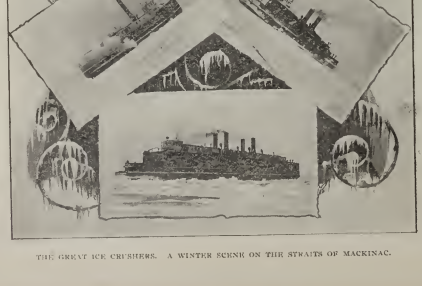
"SOO" RIVER AND LES CHENEAUX
. . ISLANDS. . .

Daily (except Sunday) between Cheboygan, Mackinaw City, St. Ignace and Sault Ste. Marie. Calling at all "Soo" River ports. Double daily trips between Mackinac I'd and Les Cheneaux Islands,

The Scenic Route of the Great Lakes.

Cheaper Fares and more Superior Service than by any other lines. For rates or other information apply to local agents or

GEO. T. ARNOLD, Manager.



THE GREAT ICE CRUSHERS. A WINTER SCENE ON THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC.

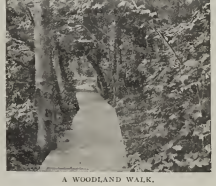
ON THE LAKE FRONT, BAY VIEW.

Bay View in Summer.

I shall never forget two remarks about Bay View. Going to the train one pleasant summer morning, my reply to the gate-keeper's "whereto?" was, "Bay View." Quick came the words back, "Prettiest spot in all the world." The close of the delightful vacation came on too quickly, and found me waiting for the homward train. Turning to a bright-faced lady whom I had given some trifling help, I said, "Have you brought everything?" "Everything but my heart—that I've left with dear lovely Bay View," came the words of a tender affection which tens of thousands have felt and everywhere described. The story of Bay View, of its unique history and charming life, have been told so often that little remains that is new. On the material side is a summer city of more than five hundred cottages, which at the height of the season reaches four or five thousand souls, and enjoys the reputation of being the best managed place in the land. Electric lights, a water works system, well kept avenues, thoroughly sanitary supervision, and a central supply store furnish all the advantages of a permanent city. Unlike most other watering places, which are almost entirely local, Bay View is as cosmopolitan as it is unique. Besides, its interdenominational and fraternal characteristics are marked features enjoyed by all. Strangers comment on the pleasant cottage life and the restful ease, as well as the splendid society of cultivated people and the exceptional advantages to be enjoyed. Hot and oppressive days and nights are unknown. This fact, with the presence of renowned instructors, and elegant university halls, with their growing libraries, laboratories, and museums, make Bay View a delightful place for summer rest or study. Here one may pass an ideal vacation, with educational, social, and recreative privileges of the highest order.

There is at Bay View an infinite variety of the right summer pleasures—resting and recreating, seeing and hearing, to the heart's content. Besides, there is there, as at few resorts, the indescribable charm of living "near to nature's heart." From that diverging point, too, by inland lakes, rail, and bay steamers one finds no end of pretty resorts or quaint historical points, or fishing streams, which abound in all that region. All around, too, abound delightful drives, through the valleys and orchards, and in that cool climate one can drive or exercise with supreme pleasure. Add to all these, the continual round of rarest enjoyments furnished by the Assembly programs, or advantages in the university, and Bay View becomes an ideal place. Probably, twenty-two years ago the projectors little dreamed they were cradling an institution whose fame was to be known through the land.

A LAKE SHORE DRIVE



A WOODLAND WALK.

Hints About Living.

"Aralstonite," writing in that excellent gastronomic journal, What to Eat, makes a few sensible suggestions in regard to the diet, that ought to be posted in every household. He says that the healthiest and purest lives come from those who do not eat meat before the age of 15.

Potatoes, sliced thin and fried, are indigestible. While tasting delicious they afford no real nourishment, and cause a derangement of the liver.

Cake clogs the stomach. All rich pastry is poison to the liver. Soft ceramels and creams are also bad for any one with a liver at all rebellious.

When you get old lookout for your food! Do you ever notice that grandfather's face is not as jolly as it used to be? His strength of mind also seems slowly disappearing, though he is getting fleshier every day. He needs a change of food. Probably he has been eating buckwheat cakes and syrup, white bread and butter, sugar, fat meats, etc., etc. Give him lean meat and fish, cracked wheat and potatoes, barley cakes, rye bread, or southern corn cakes. Try it, and, instead of moping and sitting around the house all day, you will find him running around lively as a cricket.

Maybe, on the contrary, he is growing thin and pale. Then he needs buckwheat and molasses, fat meats, mashed potatoes in milk, northern corn, cracked wheat, fish, oatmeal porridge, and fruits every morning.

All rules have their exceptions and the diet prescribed for the mass may not answer for exceptional cases, but the following directions are good for the majority:

Milk is the simplest and most natural food. If you cannot drink it, your stomach is in a diseased condition. Cheese is a good substitute if mild, fresh, and made from pure milk and cream. Persons who live mostly on vegetables have the best nerves and the best complexions. Red pepper is an excellent condiment. Its effects upon the liver is remarkable. Malaria, intermittent fever, or congestive chills cannot endure the presecne of red pepper. Pure red pepper (known as cayenne) should be on every table.

Ill health is caused largely by improper food, or by food which is in a bad condition when it is eaten.

If you stop at the Dunham House once you will not wonder why they are doing the business and always crowded.

Abbreviations for Two.

A lady in Hong Kong engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh I can't remember all that," said the lady; "I will call you John."

The next morning when John came up to get his orders he smiled all over, and, looking inquiringly at his mistress, asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Laugdon."

"Me no memble all that," said John; "Chinaman he no sayey Mrs. Membul Laudon—I call you Tommy."—Boston Globe.

Bare Homes.

Some homes are bare that ought not to be bare. Good books ought to be there. But keep books out of your home that will rub off the bloom that comes to the character of every child well taught.—Rev. I. S. Hopkins, Methodist, Atlanta.

Our prices are right, our house is right, and we will try and use you right—Dunham House.

The Island Transportation Co.

THIS popular and well known concern, of which Commodore L. R. Boynton is the president and highly suitable manager, and J. F. Keightley the painstaking secretary and treasurer, owns the steamer Algomah, which plies daily between St. Ignace, Mackinac Island and Mackinaw City, connecting with all trains on the D. S. S. & A. R. R., the Michigan Central and the G. R. & I. R. R. The Algomah put in her appearance at the straits in October, 1881; and was the first of the famous ice-crushers of this region. Her dimensions are 130 feet over all, 33 feet beam and 13 feet draught; with compound engine 19x30 and 36 inch stroke, and 1000 indicated horse power. She accomplished good work whilst used for the purpose for which she was originally intended; is a safe and speedy craft; well equipped and excellently fitted up for the trade in which she is at present engaged. In addition to her regular traffic, the Algomah may be chartered during the season for pleasurable summer excursions to the various local points of interesting notriety; and, besides, is always kept in readiness for any wrecking or ice breaking service when needed by line steamers late in the fall season or in the early spring.

L. R. Boynton, Manager.

Home Department.

MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges.
Salty Lann. Scrambled Eggs.
Beef Hash. Fried Tomatoes.
Molasses Cookies. Coffee.

DINNER.

Tomato Soup.
Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Green Peas. Mashed Potatoes.
Sliced Cucumbers. Currant Jelly.
Cherry Pie. Custard Pie.
Cheese. Tea.

TEA.

Cold Sliced Lamb. French Fried Potatoes.
Cream Biscuit.
Olives. Strawberries and Cream.
Cake. Coffee.

BLACK PUDDING.

Four eggs, one-half pint of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of sifted flour, one large teaspoonful of soda. Bake half an hour in moderate oven.

SAUCE.

Two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter mixed together; pour over this one and one-half cups of boiling water; boil up; remove from fire and add the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

MRS. F. WALKER.

FRUIT SALAD.

Soak one box Knox sparkling gelatine in one pint of cold water two minutes, add two pints boiling water, one and one-half cups of sugar and stir until dissolved; add juice of one lemon; strain through jilly bag; when beginning to set add bananas sliced thin, white grapes and oranges cut in small pieces.

MISS JAMIESON.

LONGING FOR HOME.

Written especially for the Woman's Edition of the St. Ignace Enterprise, by JOEL SMITH.

The dear old cottage by the hillside,
It comes to my heart each day.
The world with its sarfeit of pleasure
Can ne'er banish home away!
'Twas there my loving, praying mother,
Oft knelt at the high-back chair,
Childlike, her words I seldom heeded,
Now I long to meet her there.

CHORUS:

Tonight while I'm writing a message,
Dear, happy faces I see—
O, the dear old scenes, happy homeland,
Mother's there waiting for me.

Tho' distant the play-ground of childhood,
Dear home of my school-boy days,
It rises as I turn each corner
Of life's troubled, winding ways;
The things that I loved may have vanished,
Their dust may be swept by time;
I live 'mid the vines at the cottage,
List to the old village chime.

I think of the joy and sadness
Oft mingled around our hearth,
How three times we marched to the churchyard,
Sorrow quenching childhood's mirth.
Oft loud as the blast of a trumpet,
Rose the brave old preacher's voice,
I clung to mother when I heard him
So strongly urging heaven's choice.

I oft turn to the glowing sunset,
Bringing back the olden time,
It seems, in my memory's awaking,
I walk in a heavenly clime.
There's one on the porch by the window
Rocking in a high back chair—
My soul cries, depart, worldly treasure,
Bring back tonight mother's prayer.

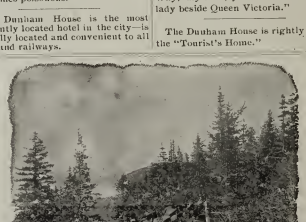
Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water, by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head. They keep better, eat better and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying. The best fishermen in Europe and America know this. The suffering of any animal before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The Dunham House is the most pleasantly located hotel in the city—is centrally located and convenient to all boats and railways.

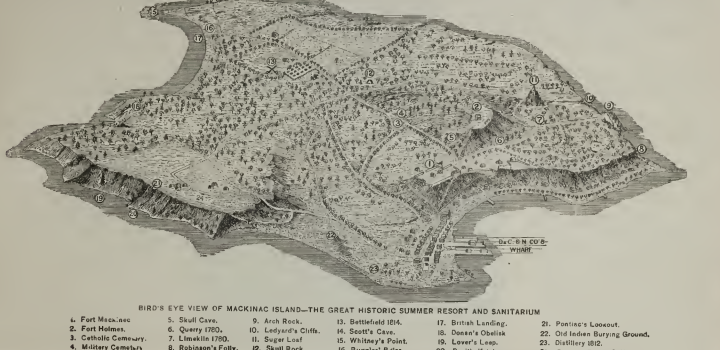
Educate women and you educate the teachers of men; if the child is father to the man, the woman forms the man in educating the child. The cause of female education is, then, even in the most selfish sense, the cause of mankind at large.—C. G. Nicolay.

An old Englishman, who for three years had lived near one of the royal residences, thus described her majesty for the entertainment of one of our deaconesses: "She is a fat little old lady, nodding and smiling to everybody, and dresses in plain black. Why, my dear, you are dressed like a lady beside Queen Victoria."

The Dunham House is rightly called the "Tourist's Home."



A SCENE AT BAY VIEW.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MACKINAC ISLAND—THE GREAT HISTORIC SUMMER RESORT AND SANITARIUM

1. Fort Mackinac
2. Fort Holmes.
3. Catholic Cemetery.
4. Military Cemetery
5. Skull Cave.
6. Quarry 1780.
7. Limekiln 1780.
8. Robinson's Folly.
9. Arch Rock.
10. Ledyard's Cliffs.
11. Sugar Loaf
12. Skull Rock.
13. Battlefield 1814.
14. Scott's Cave.
15. Whitney's Point.
16. Ruggles' Pulpit.
17. British Landing.
18. Doane's Obelisk
19. Lover's Leap.
20. Devil's Kitchen.
21. Pontiac's Lookout.
22. Old Indian Burying Ground.
23. Distillery 1812.
24. Summer Resort Cottages.

TOWN WATERWORKS.

Vallejo Found It Profitable to Build Its Own System.

Time and again it has been proved that the municipal ownership of water supply and kindred public necessities is by long odds the best plan. The experience of Vallejo, Cal., speaks to the point.

For 30 years preceding the building of its water plant a stagnation existed which seemed to kill even the few attempts that were occasionally made to infuse up to date ambitions into the citizens and the municipal functionaries. The drawback to the city during all these years was a wretched supply of very poor water. This hampered business, impeded the establishment of manufactories and seriously endangered the health of the community.

In 1891 an awakening occurred. After several vain attempts to have the private water company improve its service the board of trustees proceeded to acquire a municipal water system, and it resulted ultimately in the creation of a waterworks which could not be duplicated for less than $1,000,000. The total cost of the Green valley plant was $378,000, and at the end of the second year of its inauguration the income from it was paying annually one twentieth of the principal and the interest on the whole debt, as well as the running expenses. The people rapidly adopted the municipal water, as they found the city furnished an unbounded supply at one half what was formerly charged. As the principal is paid off the rates will be still further reduced.

The same board began a systematic crusade to establish sidewalks and provide sewerage for the entire city. This has continued since, until now all parts of the residential or business districts are sidewalked and sewered on sanitary lines.

Before the waterworks proposition was adopted the city's indebtedness was only about $25,000, but the citizens feel that, although this has been augmented to several hundred thousand, the incalculable benefit which has already been derived, and that which will accrue from it later on, overshadows all consideration of the difference.

Arouse Local Pride.

Many communities are themselves responsible for their backward condition. They have not kept in line in the progressive procession of modern times. They can blame no one, therefore, but themselves. Their sanitary condition is bad; they are behind the times in all those public improvements which make up a prosperous and healthful community. They are living in a village condition when town improvements are required. Self improvement has been neglected. Pride of locality has not been aroused. Everything is, in consequence, stagnant. Such communities offer no inducements to newcomers; instead of attracting settlers, they repel them. It is in their power to change the order of things.

Advertising Pays.

Advertising, published in Cincinnati, made the following truthful statement:

The road to advertising success is over prostrate forms of thousands who have spent millions in small sums in vain. The victims of "one insertion" must be by far the largest number. Unfortunately they think they have been advertisers and blame advertising as a failure. They tell their experience and dissuade others from trying to advertise. The success of the successful is the best proof that advertising of the right sort does pay.

Good Government.

The science of good government, and especially that particular brand of government which directly affects the condition of individuals in a community, is very closely allied to ethics. Most of our evils are remediable. But we must have an aroused public conscience, a fuller and closer study of the science of municipal government, embracing the science of sanitation, the science of morals, the problems of relief and prevention of poverty and the practical questions of finance and of taxation. Already there is a new and larger municipal spirit abroad.

A Growing Polish City.

Lodz, in western Poland, which is now called the Polish Manchester, has grown in the last ten years from a town of 50,000 inhabitants to one of 300,000. They are nearly all engaged in cotton spinning. The growth of the place is ascribed to the prohibitive Russian duties, which compelled foreign traders to set up their mills within the Russian boundary.

The Health of Towns.

The building laws in England are stringent, and they are literally obeyed. No danger to the public health should be tolerated for a moment, for the interests of the state are supreme to any individual. The general public health act of 1848 settled this point.

In England today, in every school, is taught the principles of sanitation, town improvement, breathing spaces, etc., and it is their aim to bring up the youth of the land with such instruction that they will be able in time to produce the city where preventable disease shall not exist.

Municipal Reform Is Popular.

The fact that any thoughtful student of municipal maladministration who has any new ideas to offer along the lines of municipal reform is always sure of an audience is one of the hopeful signs of the times. The continuously growing interest in the struggle to wrest various American cities from the clutches of the spoilsmen is a gratifying augury of the good time coming when the affairs of a city will be managed upon correct economical principles, regardless of the interests and wishes of party partisans.—Chicago Times Herald.

For a good meal, a clean room and bed, always stop at the Denham House, St. Ignace.

G. H. BOBIER,

Wholesale and —Retail—

Groceries and Provisions,

City Bakery.

——ST. IGNACE, MICH.

M. Doban's

Fire and Life Insurance Agency Office in Enterprise Building.

——*St. Ignace, Mich.*

E. M. MALLETT,

Medical Electrician.

Treats successfully all Chronic Diseases. Charges very reasonable. Consultation free. Office at residence on Portage St.

——*St. Ignace Mich.*

FRED. KRUGER,

Buyer of Salt Fish, Raw Furs, and dealer in Feed, Hay, Oats, Groceries, Provisions, and General Family Supplies, wholesale and retail. Headquarters for all kinds of Crockery and full sets of Dishes. Agent for Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour.

ST. IGNACE, - - MICHIGAN.

Boynton's Pharmacy.

St. Ignace, - Michigan.

J. B. Clark,

—DEALER IN—

FRESH, SALT, AND SMOKED MEATS,

Choice Steaks and Roasts, Vegetables in Season. . .

All orders promptly attended to. Hotel trade solicited.

Also Harness Business where all kinds of Light and Heavy Harnesses are manufactured. Harness Repairing a Specialty.

St. Ignace, - Michigan.

Les Cheneaux Region.

By W. W. Ashley of The Enterprise.

Of all charming spots in the north land, that abounds with the beauties of nature, there is no place more lovely than the ever-changing scenes of the Snow Islands (Les Cheneaux), situated in the northern portion of Lake Huron. They are not so numerous as the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence, and the creator did not have to make so many to form an equally charming group. Here the world is shut out from view.

No pen can describe their loveliness and no camera can compass their fairy-like beauty, the waters of the various channels that form small lakes, being dotted in summer with all sorts of water craft, flitting to and fro, all joyous and unmindful of the busy cares of the outside world, while within their fairy realm all are happy as the maiads of old, but with more complete toilet.

All the islands rise high above the water, the lands being high and dry, and many of them have rock formations that make them picturesque and a relief to the vision while passing in and out among the hundred or more islets that form the group of this summer land that, when once seen will always be held in admiration.

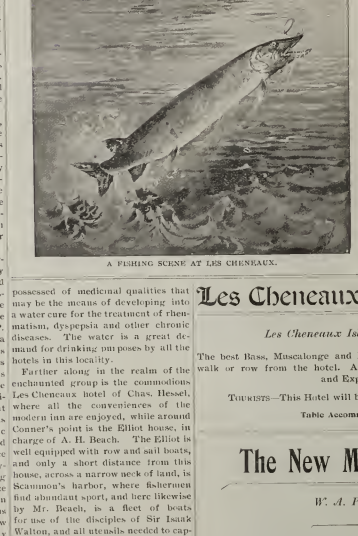
If you want absolute rest, the comfortable and home-like summer resorts on these islands offer you that haven. If you want solid comfort and refined society, you can find it at all of these hotels.

If you desire to fish, bass, pike, pickerel, perch and muscalonge are found in abundance in the pure waters that come from the great lakes, bringing with them the choicest of the finny tribe. On the main land, a short distance from many of the hotels are trout streams that are filled with the speckled beauties. During the hunting season the waters are alive with ducks, while in the woods near by deer hunters find plenty of game.

To reach these islands from St. Ignace two steamers are run to carry freight and passengers, the Elva and Mary, while from Mackinac the Islander makes two trips daily. The first stop is made at Hessel, where the manager of the steamer Elva, Jos. P. Fenlon has his headquarters, and is a very agreeable gentleman for this particular business, being always mindful of the comfort of the Elva's patrons. The Elva leaves Cedarville at 7:30 a. m. and stopping at the various resorts arrives at St. Ignace at 11:30 a. m., departing for the islands again at 3 p. m., touching at Mackinac each way. She is a staunch craft and makes good time, giving one a chance to make the trip to Cedarville by daylight, fish a short time in the morning and return to Mackinac or St. Ignace in the evening. When not engaged in her regular trips she makes excursions among the islands and there are few boats on the waters in this locality more popular than the Elva. Capt. Thibeault is always an agreeable and obliging officer and thoroughly understands his boat.

After a short stay at Hessel, these steamers start on their trips through the channels, stopping at the club house, where Les Cheneaux club has a magnificent hotel and numerous cottages. Opposite the hotel in a field stands a large rock that is said by the Indians to have been used by Father Marquette as a platform while preaching to those sons of the forest.

The next stop these boats make is at the New Muscalonge hotel, by W. A. Patrick. Although not yet completed, Mr. Patrick has very comfortable house, a fine location, and in connection is a fine spring of pure water, possessed of medicinal qualities that may be the means of developing into a water cure for the treatment of rheumatism, dyspepsia and other chronic diseases. The water is a great demand for drinking purposes by all the hotels in this locality.



A FISHING SCENE AT LES CHENEAUX.

Farther along in the realm of the enchaunted group is the commodious Les Cheneaux hotel of Chas. Hessel, where all the conveniences of the modern inn are enjoyed, while around Conner's point is the Elliot house, in charge of A. H. Beach. The Elliot is well equipped with row and sail boats, and only a short distance from this house, across a narrow neck of land, is Scammon's harbor, where fishermen find abundant sport, and here likewise by Mr. Beach, is a fleet of boats for use of the disciples of Sir Isaak Walton, and all utensils needed to capture the gamey fish found in great numbers.

At Cedarville is the Main View house, owned by Mr. Beach, open the year round, where duck and deer hunters can always find a comfortable stopping place. There are many who are familiar with Grand La Salle island, and of the many all are equally well acquainted with the hospitable manner in which they are entertained by Mr. Beach at the Elliot, supplied with vegetables and milk from his own farm. Farther on is the ever popular and commodious Islington, managed by that careful and entertaining host, M. Melchers.

At the foot of a beautiful green slope, with a back-ground of green forest trees, stands The Lookout, a cheerful and home-like hotel, made doubly so by its owner and manager, C. Y. Bennett. No more pleasant location is found on the route and no better place for fishing, or, when tired, absolute rest. Besides row boats, fishing paraphernalia, etc., Mr. Bennett has the only electric launch found in these waters, capable of carrying 30 passengers, and always at the command of his guests. It is arranged for pleasure trips and in the duck season is just the craft for hunters. The Lookout remains open until Nov. 1, making it a delightful stopping place for hunting parties. Mr. Bennett is a most a agreeable gentleman to meet, attentive to his guests, and seems to have only one object in view when containing his patrons and friends in his unassuming and courteous manner—to make all feel at case and happy.

Along through the various channels the steamers wind their way (and it would take pages to give the many beauties in detail) until you come to the Lakeside, by John Coryell, a very charming place, and out into open waters of Lake Huron, when you arouse from the rapturous dream-like reverie to a realizing sense of the fact that you have passed through fairyland and once more on the chilly waters to again be tempest-tossed.

THE STEAMER MARY.

To all who wish to enjoy a trip to the Snow Islands (the beautiful hundred islands of Lake Huron), we can recommend from personal experience the steamer Mary, in command of Capt. Duncan McGregor. The boat leaves St. Ignace at 8 o'clock each morning, stopping along the route to Cedarville. On the return trip it leaves Cedarville at 12:45 p. m. and arrives in St. Ignace for supper. The Messrs. Murray have made a hit in changing the time of their trips, and the people of St. Ignace who wish to have a good time fishing, where fish are plenty, should take in this trip. You have ample time to catch a fine string.

☞ Ask anybody on the streets which is the best hotel in St. Ignace. The answer will always be, the Dunham House.

Les Cheneaux Hotel, Chas. Hessel, Prop.

Les Cheneaux Islands, Via Mackinac Island, Mich.

The best Bass, Muscalonge and Brook Trout Fishing within ten minutes walk or row from the hotel. A complete outfit of Row and Sail Boats and Experienced Guides.

Tourists—This Hotel will be open for the Fall Hunting Season.

Table Accommodations First-Class.

The New Muscalonge Hotel,

W. A. PATRICK, Prop.

Les Cheneaux Islands, Hessel, Mich.

A first-class Hotel with all modern improvements. Located within a few minutes' Row of the best Brook Trout, Muscalonge and Bass Fishing. This Hotel has a complete outfit of Sail and Row Boats, and the oldest and best experienced Guides.

Unsurpassed Table Accommodations. Rates $2.00 Per Day. Special Rates Per Week.

A SCENE IN MACKINAC COUNTY.

Our Home Women.

Written especially for the Woman's Edition of the St. Ignace Enterprise, by JOEL SMITH.

When speaking or writing of our good men it is a mistake to place them, as is usually done, far across the sea or away back in the so-called dark ages. We have a few good men now right here, but this common mistake is as nothing compared with our practice of lauding good women on distant shores or in remote time. Remember the very best women may reasonably be supposed to dwell at home, and home for the present purpose of this writer, is wherever his respected reader may live.

What a pleasure it is for a man to go home, burdened with the cares of business, and case his mind by scolding a real good woman. It may be just a word or two about an aggravating caper of one of the children, or, it may be a long lecture about the neighbors' chickens scratching up the back yard; however that may be, it leaves the clear fact that without the good woman the man would be practically at sea. Just imagine extracting any satisfaction from scolding a bad woman—the thing isn't possible! Here comes the Hon. Theodore Crusty. He has, or thinks he has, a turn for poetry, and proposes some day when partially freed from the cares of business, to write a poem on the Maid of Orleans. He has a copy of the history of the wonderful Joan now in hand, which he has taken from the public library on the way home. While passing through the gate he sees that two pickets are knocked off the fence, but of course no sensible man could blame his wife for a thing like this, and Crusty is one of the most sensible men in town. He is not long caged in his domicile before he remembers that tooth brush he stuck up behind the clock the last time he used it, but, unfortunately for his wife, he does not remember the clock. He gets exasparated; for it isn't the first time the woman has been careless with that brush.

"My dear," meekly declares the anxious helpmeet, "I didn't see your brush."

"No, indeed, you didn't. You've stuck it somewhere while talking with some neighborhood gossip, I suppose, and how could you see it. It's certain I've lost the brush through your carelessness, and it's small consolation to know you didn't see it. A man would need to read the book of Job twice a week to gain patience enough to live a christian life with some women. That's all I have to say."

The Hon. Crusty at last found his brush and then recalled how he had put it behind the clock himself and then he got ashamed, but he never said one word to his wife about his change of heart. It wasn't necessary. The good woman could bear it all. Good women have a peculiar knack of bearing slights and wrongs without inconvenience, so thought Crusty. The only indication of the great man's feeling, after the first outburst, was the croning over his heroic poem on the grand Joan of Arc, while his mate lay with her head bathed in tears on her pillow. She listened with surprise and mortification of spirit while her husband praised the brave dead woman in strains that would have been quite as suitable applied to the living.

"Truest of womankind, serene and lone,
Brave Joan thro' the smoke of conflict shone."

However, we should not be too hard on Crusty. The most of us are cast in the same mould. I have been told that even wives sometimes nag and scold their husbands, but I believe we were speaking of the virtues of our home women as compared with the famed and fabled far-off fair and true.

Who is it that ties up poor Johnny's toe when he hurts in on a stone? Who is it that gives the poor, hungry tramp a meal, and then prays in her heart that "man's inhumanity to man" will will soon cease producing that kind? Who is it that preserves the "salt of the earth" more than all other human influences of christendom? Who is it that pushes men out to some good for shame's sake when they will not do it for anything else? Who is it that the saloon interests of this country fear more than all the pulpits from sea to sea? Why, everybody knows, or ought to know. Just our plain, ordinary, everyday woman. The one we look over every day in appreciation of those so far away that we even imagine them with angel wings and golden crowns.

How can we better close than by the sage reflection that our own home women are just as good as any women alive or that ever did live. May they continue to use us well and may heaven give us sense to know it when they do.

☞ We have no time to write you a long story, but we are still doing business at the old stand.—Dunham House.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

C. H. WILBER, DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, BOOKS, STATIONERY, Fancy and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions a specialty.
——St. Ignace, Mich.

Carriage and Dray Line,
JAMES NICKEL, Proprietor.
Carriages carrying 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers. Outfits for Tourists at reasonable rates. Stable opposite the Russell House.
——ST. IGNACE, MICH.

Your trade solicited by
W. H. WOOD,
Choice line of Groceries, Canned Goods, etc. The best Tobaccos and Cigars. Nice stock of Confectionery. Headquarters for Fruit. Delicious Ice Cream by the dish or quart.
St. Ignace, Mich.

CHICAGO MARKET,
P. MULCRONE, Prop.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Beef, Mutton, Pork, Ham, Lard, Bacon, Flour, Feed, Provisions, Etc., Etc.
Phone 13. St. Ignace, Mich.

J. B. BLANCHARD,
PORTAGE STREET,
Handles some of the best Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos, and some of the very best of Candies. Good Pork very cheap.
ST. IGNACE. - MICHIGAN.

DR. M. C. ORSER,
. . DENTIST, . .
Located over Mulcrone Bros. Dry Goods Store.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Sleep.
ST. IGNACE - - MICHIGAN.

Bogan's Pharmacy.
P. R. BOGAN, Graduate in Pharmacy.
J. H. BOGAN, M. D.
Our Ice Cream Soda is Unexcelled.
——MACKINAC ISLAND, MICH.

MRS. D. McINTOSH,
Dress Making and Plain Sewing.
Residence on State street, next door to P. Mulcrone's Market.
ST. IGNACE. - - MICHIGAN.

First National Bank,

OF ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN.

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Capital Stock, $50,000.00.

THIS BANK does a general commercial and savings business. Interest paid on saving deposits and sums received from $1.00 upwards. Domestic and Foreign Exchange. Parties desirous of making remittances or of sending money abroad, can do so cheaply by this means. Collections made at reasonable rates.

Position of Women.

By MARGARET E. MAHAN.

When as great a man as Lincoln can say, "God bless my mother; all that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her," is it not a strong proof that woman has grand part to play in the welfare of her country? And, being permitted all the rights of man, is by no means the only way in which to do this.

In America, more than in Europe, they have made their way into most of the professions. In the northern states especially we find many lady physicians, and in the art of nursing they are unsurpassed. Very few men are there who could sympathize with, care for, and heal the sick as our lady nurses do.

Of late a rapid movement toward the law as a profession is being made by the women. Is there any reason why intelligent, educated and refined women should not make able lawyers? Frederic R. Coudert, the distinguished New York lawyer, says that we know woman can talk and often talk well.

In our public schools probably two-thirds of the teachers are of the gentler sex, and when the men are found it is almost always in the higher grades, because experience has shown that woman can govern the primary pupils much more satisfactorily than man.

The higher education of our young ladies is well provided for by the public. Vassar College, which is about half way between New York and Albany on the Hudson River, is a grand institution provided for this purpose; but there are many other colleges and institutions where the young ladies and gentlemen are educated together, it being thought that the men become more refined and the women more manly by association. In most all the colleges, of late years at least, a gymnasium is provided for the female as well as the male students.

In the line of reforms woman also takes a prominent part. Not only in connection with such organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Young Women's Christian association, but individually women have entered the broad field to fight against what they know is the ruination of their country.

Our young American girls hardly appreciate the right of freedom concerning the social life. One point which is noticeable to all foreigners is the attitude of the men toward the women. They observe in a moment that it is not what they are familiar with at home. In America she is always shown the preference in society, while in Europe she is looked upon as something not as yet the equal of man. In cases where both sexes come into competition for comfort the ladies are always provided for first. There is no other country where woman is given the deference and respect that she receives in America, for all society seems to be organized for her enjoyment.

It has been unjustly said that the brain of woman is inferior to that of man, but the proofs to this statement certainly have not a sound basis. We do not deny that the brain of woman may be smaller than that of man, for why should it not be? Is not woman a more delicate creature than man? One thing, however, we have to our advantage, that even though the brain is smaller it is made of much better material, and we all know that "good things come in small packages."

In what better way than by literature is the condition of the country affected? And, in this branch, the American woman is much in the lead of her European sister. James Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," has said that there are three causes which combine to create among American women an average of literary taste and influence higher than the foreigner. These are, "the educational facilities they enjoy, the recognition of equalities of the sexes and the leisure they possess as compared with the men." Her favorite provinces are in fiction, essays and poetry, and in each she does almost if not quite as well as her brother competitor.

The subject of woman has been discussed, talked and written upon in the last few years by many, and it has been quite generally agreed that the highest, noblest and best position of woman is the making of a home. D. L. Moody, the noted evangelist, has said: "From the home—the domain of woman—spring most of the highest impulses of humanity." Her patience, watchfulness, care and worry are not any of them lost, but each one helps in some small way to make her model home.

"A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done," because from the moment she rises in the morning until she goes to rest at night, there is a continual demand for ideas and attentions to settle some small dispute.

Perhaps it might not be the highest fate to be born a woman, but to be a man is not entirely to realize heaven on earth.

The Locks, Sault Ste. Marie.

Indians Shooting the St. Mary's Rapids.

Room for Everybody at the Soo

The Park Hotel,

M. T. McKENNA & CO., Proprietors.
H. L. ZEESE, Manager.

First-Class in Every Respect. Can Accommodate 300.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE ONLY ORIGINAL FISH BROS. WAGON,

MANUFACTURED BY

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. WRITE FOR PRICES

MACKINAW LUMBER CO., Agents, St. Ignace, Michigan.
GET THE BEST.

Mallett & Walker, DEALERS IN FINE

Furniture, and Undertaking.

Keep on hand a full line of Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Side Boards, Dining and Fancy Chairs, Turkish Couches, Wall Paper, Etc., Etc.

STATE STREET. St. Ignace, Michigan.

MUNISING BAY.

City of Marquette.

Marquette is beautifully located on the south shore of Lake Superior, and by reason of its location substantial buildings, wealth, enterprise, culture and metropolitan advantages, may well lay claim to the "title of "Queen City" of the northern peninsula.

Its population numbers between 12,000 and 15,000. The streets are broad and well paved, and lighted. The business blocks are largely solid brick or a combination of brown stone and iron. The city operates its own electric light plant.

Its beautiful churches, schools and other public buildings, are evidence ample of the culture and general intelligence of its people.

Surrounding Marquette may be found magnificent scenery. Trout streams liberally stocked with these choice fish abound. The beautiful Presque Isle Park "is a joy forever." This fine headland was a gift to the city by the federal government, and in the work of improvement the natural picturesqueness has been studiously preserved. Many other points of interest lie within easy reach so that one might spend weeks in sight-seeing without finding it necessary to pay a second visit to the same locality.

Sault Ste. Marie.

A summer outing around the lakes would not be complete without a visit to this thrifty and growing city at the foot of Lake Superior. Sault Ste. Marie is located at the falls or rapids in the St. Mary's river, which is the outlet of Lake Superior. Its history is a history of the discovery and development of the upper lake regions. From 1634 when Jean Nicolet arrived here, until about 1845 the Sault was simply a missionary station, and a rendezvous for hunters and trappers. About this time the discovery of iron and copper along the south shore of Lake Superior caused a heavy immigration into that country from all parts of the east. As there were no railroads they all came by boat to Sault Ste. Marie where they were transferred around the rapids, to re-embark on the other boats, which carried them over Lake Superior to their destination.

In 1865 a canal and locks was completed and opened for traffic by the State of Michigan which has since grown to be the greatest ship canal in the world. This canal and locks was turned over to the general government in 1882, but prior to that time the general government had completed a new lock much larger than the state lock, which was opened for traffic on September 1st, 1882.

When this lock was completed it was the largest and most perfect work of its kind in the world, but it soon became evident that it would only be a short time until it could not accommodate the rapidly increasing commerce, and in May, 1887, work was commenced on a new and larger lock on the site of the old state lock, which was torn out to make room for it. This new lock is known as the Poe lock, so called in honor of General Poe who had charge of its construction, but who died a short time before its completion. The dimensions of this lock, which was opened for traffic Aug. 3, 1896, are as follows: Length of chamber 800 feet, 1,100 feet over all; width 100 feet, and depth of water over mitre sill 21 feet. This is the largest and most perfect lock in the world today.

Another attraction here is the new Fort Brady, the model military post of the country.

The most important resource of Sault Ste. Marie is the magnificent water power in process of development. There are three lines of railroad running to Sault Ste. Marie as follows: The Soo Line, the Duluth South Shore & Atlantic and the Canadian Pacific. A delightful trip is by boat from Mackinac Island by any of the first-class lake steamers. The distance by water is about 100 miles and the scenery from Detour up the St. Mary's river, about 60 miles, is equal to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

J. G. STRADLEY.

Don't forget, when in the city to call at the Dunham House. You are sure to find us busy, but we will take time to make you comfortable.

Business in Love.

An elderly gentleman tells this anecdote of his son-in-law: He asked me for my daughter's hand in a practical though prosaic manner. "Good morning, Mr. M——," he said. "You are a business man; I won't worry you with useless questions. I want to marry your daughter." Then spreading the fingers of one hand out, he added, "And there are four reasons which will, I hope, influence your consent." He then ticked them off on each finger: "(1) I love her. (2) I can support her in the position she has been used to. (3) She loves me. (4) We both are perfectly sure that you will consent." I said, "Yes."

☞ Call once, and you will be sure to call again at the Dunham House, St. Ignace.

THE NEW

CLIFTON

— AT —

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Is one of the

NEATEST,
BEST KEPT HOTELS
IN THE
: UPPER PENINSULA. :

TRY IT.

Arlington Hotel,

R. B. DURNION, Prop.

FREE BUS TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS AND BOATS.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.
All Modern Conveniences.

Ashmun St. Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE Algonquin ROUTE.

DULUTH SOUTH SHORE & ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

THE ONLY LINE

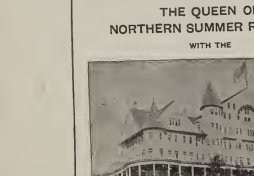
REACHING

MARQUETTE, MICH.

THE QUEEN OF

NORTHERN SUMMER RESORTS,

WITH THE



HOTEL SUPERIOR

SEASON, JUNE 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15.

THE FINEST HOSTELRY ON THE GREAT LAKES.

FOR COPIES OF "MARQUETTE ILLUSTRATED" SEND FIVE CENTS IN POSTAGE TO

GEO. W. HIBBARD,

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, MARQUETTE, MICH.

YOU WANT A HOME!

ALONG THE "MARQUETTE ROUTE."

BECAUSE!

The terms are easy.
The soil is rich and fertile.
Of the maple, birch and bass wood timber.
Of the excellent market facilities.
Of the pure water, air and freedom from malaria.
Of the good roads, churches and educational facilities.
Of the demand for labor winter and summer.

The "Marquette Route" now offers the most exceptional advantages to any thrifty and industrious people who wish to make for themselves homes in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, in what is perhaps the most healthy climate known.

The "Marquette Route" is built from the two great gateways of commerce, Sault Ste. Marie and St. Ignace, west almost in a mathematically straight line through the richly timbered agricultural lands of Michigan, the prosperous mining towns of Marquette, Ishpeming and Negaunee, and through Northern Wisconsin to the city of Duluth, Minn., "the zealite city of the unsalted seas," sitting enthroned at the head of the deep water navigation of the Great Lakes, a distance of 420 miles.

At Sault Ste. Marie the "Marquette Route" connects with the transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway, the most direct and most superb route to all Eastern points, by the great International Railway Bridge, built at a cost of over half a million of dollars. At Sault Ste. Marie also, connection is made with steamship lines for all points on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, Buffalo and Chicago. At St. Ignace the "Marquette Route" connects with several lines, leading to Detroit, Grand Rapids, Niagara Falls and all the Eastern States by the powerful steam ferries Ste. Marie and St. Ignace, which transfer the solid trains across the Straits of Mackinac.

Passengers find ready means of transportation by several boat lines from St. Ignace to Mackinac Island, the queen of all the western summer resorts, and Mackinac and Point St. Ignace have been inseparably connected from time immemorial, when, as the quaint old legend runs, the Indians, looking out from Point St. Ignace at the rising sun, beheld Mackinac Island suddenly rise up from the bosom of the waters and grave it, from its resemblance in shape to a great turtle, the name of Michilimackinac.

Father Marquette wrote, away back in the "sixteen hundreds," that Michilimackinac was the gateway for all people traveling north and south, and for that reason he established here, as well as in St. Ignace, missions for the instruction of the Indians. And the old priest and pioneer looked forward into the future with a prophetic eye, for today this gateway is kept fairly alive by the constant stream of people and of merchandise coming into and going out of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

It is needless to call attention to the fact that the "Marquette Route" stretching through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and across the Northern portion of Wisconsin to Northern Minnesota, opens up the richest mineral, timber and farming resources in the whole of the Northwest, and in as much as for the purpose of operation, at least, it is an integral part of the great Canadian Pacific Railway, stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic; the advantages offered by this new and rich territory to thrifty people who wish to find comfortable homes and achieve independence amongst good surroundings, cannot be surpassed. The tide of immigration has hitherto been toward the prairie states, but this tide is now at its ebb, and thousands of people who want good homes are turning their eyes toward Northern Michigan.

Owing to the vast lumbering and mining interests of Michigan and Wisconsin, railroads were built and cities sprung up as by magic in the last few years, and scarcely a thought was given to the agricultural interests of this great region; these enterprises having passed their first stages of development, the people of this country are now turning their attention to the agricultural possibilities of the surrounding lands; this interest is still further increased by the minds of people looking for comfortable homes upon farms, who are returning from the western prairies to the more resourceful timbered sections of this northern country.

And few people realize the advantages of farming in the timbered country of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, as compared with the prairies in the West, until these advantages shall have been clearly shown and demonstrated, and yet it is true that in the timbered country one may, by well directed labor and without capital, make himself comfortable and independent of the world in a very short time. What can be accomplished in these timber regions in the way of farming has passed way beyond the experimental stage and become a well settled fact. One needs only to see the results obtained throughout Mackinac and Chippewa counties and further west at Newberry, McMillan, at the new town of Manistique, in the Chocolay Valley, at Marquette, Eagle Mills, Michigamme, Covington, Matchwood, Ewen, Trout Creek, Paynesville and throughout the whole of what is ordinarily called the "Copper Country," to be convinced that this country has a great future in store for it.

Among the many advantages which this region possesses, is an almost perfect climate. There is no country and no occupation in which labor will produce more certain results. In winter the atmosphere is cold clear and bracing, while in the cool and delightful summers, the growth of all farm products is remarkably rapid. It is the universal experience of the farmers of this region that the climate becomes more and more favorable for agricultural purposes the more the country is opened up. This is well attested by letters of numbers of farmers throughout this country. There never has been known a case of fever and ague in this section of the country. The extensive lumbering operations have given employment to a great many men in the numerous mills, and on the rivers in the summer, and during the winter the pine and hardwood industries have given employment to every one willing to work. Hard times are never so keenly felt in the timber country as on the prairies.

It seems such a very short time ago that this country was literally a "howling wilderness," but now, here and there the forest is broken with clearings and houses where handy and industrious settlers have turned a few acres of standing timber into fine wood, fences and barns, and have planted their crops and established their households. Roads have been cut through the forest from one little clearing to another, in addition to the roads which are built by the county. Old logging roads built by the lumbermen, and in some cases abandoned, need very little repair to make them entirely passable and from these old logging roads, sown with the droppings from oats and hay, carried in as fodder by lumbermen for their horses, in many instances can be cut the finest of hay.

With such opportunities and with such resources lying dormant awaiting only the touch of man's energetic thrift to wake into luxuriant growth, it is surprising that strong and industrious men are content to work at scanty day wages and remain subject to constant loss of employment and consequent distress in bad times, when they can so easily become independent and provide comfortable homes for themselves and their families.

The assumption that because a district is good for timber it is not good for anything else is altogether misleading. The fact that the soil can produce and sustain such magnificent forest growths, would justify us in assuming that it would grow grains and vegetables, as well as trees; but the enormous wealth of this region in its timber and lumber has so completely filled the public eye that it could not see the greater and more permanent wealth of the soil.

The soils covering the greater portion of the upper peninsula of Michigan and the northern portion of Wisconsin are most generally formed of drift, or else alluvial material. This loose material covers the surface of the ground to a considerable depth. The drift soil is pre-eminently adapted to the growth of plants of all kinds; its consumption of a great number of mineral substances furnishes an inexhaustable supply of the various mineral constituents necessary for vegetable life. We find some limited areas covered with light sandy soil, but more frequently a heavy and quite fertile clay loam appears, but in most instances the soil contains all of the properties requisite for the production of a rich vegetation. It is easily tilled, sufficiently retentive of moisture in dry times, and porous enough in wet seasons to prevent any drowning of crops. The four chemicals necessary to plant life, potash, lime, phosphoric and sulphuric acids are present in sufficient quantities in all the varieties of these soils. The soils of these regions may be said to consist of

1. A heavy red clay.
2. A dark loam with clay and marl subsoil.
3. A sandy loam shading into sandy soil.
4. Heavy or humus soil.

The red clay soil is of very fine grain and close texture, which in its forested condition is almost impervious to water. Large areas, too are covered with a dark and spongy loam to the depth of ten to twelve inches, with a subsoil of clay and marl. This produces on the very best soil, obtainable and will yield good returns, both of grass and grain growths, as well as vegetables and fruits; timothy and clover thrive in this soil.

It will doubtless prove of great advantage to parties having lands to sell, to furnish this information office with particulars concerning the locations of their lands together with maps, prices and terms, at which they are willing to sell. The company is confident that they can induce large numbers of thrifty farmers to settle in this country, and arrangements have been made for the transportation of their goods and effects at almost nominal rates. Any assistance this company can give will be cheerfully rendered, such as purchasing from settlers in preference to others, the various timbers produced thereon on the right-of-way during the winter, ties, posts, poles, telegraph poles, etc. This company will sell you A HALF FARE TICKET from any point on its lines, that you may look over a location and see for yourself, and if you select and settle on lands tributary to this road the HALF FARE PAID WILL BE REFUNDED TO YOU.

All interested in the settlement of lands or in the manufacture of lumber, are requested to correspond with this office. We can offer you inducements which are unsurpassed.

Letters pertaining to manufacturing industries, mill sites, land, colonies, etc., should be addressed to E. W. MacPHERRAN, land commissioner, Marquette, Mich.

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APRIL, 1879.

WIDE AWAKE.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ELLA FARMAN
EDITOR.
D. LOTHROP & CO. PUBLISHERS
BOSTON.

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE. Vol. VIII. NO. IV.

WHOLE NUMBER, XLVI.

FRONTISPIECE. The Maid of Norway. Drawn by . . . . . ROBERT LEWIS . . . 218
THE MAID OF NORWAY . . . . . MRS. M. T. W. CURWEN . 219
ILLUSTRATION: frontispiece.
THE HEDGEHOG AND THE APPLE. Picture . . . . . J. G. FRANCIS . . . 222
HOW SPRING MADE HER FLOWERS. Poem . . . . . SUSIE M. DAY . . . 223
ILLUSTRATION, by MARY A. LATHBURY. Spring played in the snow with her fingers pink. Tailpiece; Arbutus.
APRIL FOOLS AND OTHER FOOLS . . . . . J. F. PACKARD . . . 224
SIX ILLUSTRATIONS, by "BOZ." Initial; Vignettes; First of April danger; Drowning the eel; Saving the shingles.
THE EARTH'S LITTLE BABIES. Poem . . . . . MRS. M. F. BUTTS . . 227
LILY ON THE PLAINS . . . . . MARGARET LE BOUTILLIER . 228
ILLUSTRATIONS, from photographs. Lily; The Fort; Indian papoose; Spotted Tail, his wife and daughter.
FUNNY UNCLE PHIL. Poem . . . . . AMELIA DAILEY-ALDEN . 233
FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, by MARY A. LATHBURY.
THE DOGBERRY BUNCH. Chapter VIII. . . . . MARY H. CATHERWOOD . 235
ILLUSTRATION, by MARY A. LATHBURY.
THE OLD MAN PICKING HIS GEESE. Poem . . . . . MARGARET VANDEGRIFT . 241
OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS. IV. William M. Chase . . . . . S. G. W. BENJAMIN . . 242
THREE ILLUSTRATIONS. Mr. Chase's studio, and portrait, drawn by himself. "The Apprentice Boy," from painting by William M. Chase.
A HOP. Verse . . . . . LAURA GARLAND CARR . 246
FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION by L. HOPKINS.
RUFFLES AND PUFFS . . . . . ROSA GRAHAM . . . 247
ILLUSTRATION. Crayon; "Lou," by MARY A. LATHBURY.
"APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS." Picture. . . . . HENRIETTA NOWELL . . 248
ROYAL LOWRIE'S LAST YEAR AT ST. OLAVE'S. Chapters V. and VI. . . MAGNUS MERRIWEATHER . 248
TWO ILLUSTRATIONS, by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY. Archbishop considers the case; a Detective on Skates.
IT IS DINNER-TIME; BUT DINNER ISN'T READY. Picture . . . . "BOZ" 255
POETS' HOMES. XXIII. Paul H. Hayne . . . . . CHAS. F. RICHARDSON . . 256
THREE ILLUSTRATIONS, from photographs. Portrait, Home and Study of Paul H. Hayne.
THE FORBES-DOOLAN AFFAIR. . . . . W. H. BISHOP . . . 262
SIX ILLUSTRATIONS, by the AUTHOR. The glad little pig; The sorry little pig; A royal antediluvian lion "going for" J. Forbes Jr., Esq.; The cow that tumbled into a pit; A difficult proceeding; An amateur.
SPRING FUN. Verse . . . . . MRS. M. B. C. SLADE . . 267
MARDI GRAS IN NICE . . . . . M. J. NORTH 268
ILLUSTRATION, by "BOZ," from photograph. On "Promenade du Cours," in Carnival time.
DON QUIXOTE, JR. Chapter IV. . . . . JOHN BROWNJOHN . . 272
ILLUSTRATION, by L. HOPKINS. "There," said he, "there's your maiden—Miss Polly Pepper-corn."
THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH MOUSE. Large Print . . . . . PALMER COX 276
TWO ILLUSTRATIONS, by AUTHOR. A faithful friend; Dear me—gone!
TANGLES. Edited by . . . . . EDWIN R. BRIGGS . . . 278
THE P. O. DEPARTMENT OF WIDE AWAKE 279
MUSIC (under the supervision of Dr. E. Tourjee). Spring Song . . . . . FRANK E. SAVILLE . . 280

The May WIDE AWAKE will have a sweet child-life poem, "My Little Love," by Mary Clemmer, a Switzerland bird-poem by Mary B. Dodge, an illustrated paper upon "Boston Whittling Schools," by Emma E. Brown—a beautiful story, "Jabberwock," by Wm. M. F. Round, and "Posie," a garden story, by Miss Mattiers, besides many other charming things.

Business communications should be sent direct to the publishers, D. LOTHROP & CO., 30 and 32 Franklin Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by Draft, Money Order, or Registered Letter.

In response to inquiries, the publishers of WIDE AWAKE state that they give no premiums with the magazine, each subscriber getting the full value of his money in receiving a $3.00 monthly for $2.00. But, desirous to enlist each subscriber in helping extend the influence and circulation of the magazine, they will present a beautiful engraving, "Baby's Reception," 14 by 10 1-2 inches, heavy plate paper, broad margin, to every old subscriber who will send a new name with full subscription price.

Communications for the Editor should be sent to ELLA FARMAN, care of publishers. Contributors will please send MSS. without rolling. Communications, to receive attention, should be accompanied by stamp for reply. No article will be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose. *MSS. held two months subject to order of author, but cannot be longer preserved.*

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Turtle Awake
April 1879

THE DOGBERRY BUNCH.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH JACK RISES AND THE TWINS FALL.

ON Monday morning Jack sat at breakfast in the cosy St. Nicholas, and opposite him sat a portly gentleman who was General Agent for the road on which J. Dogberry, the day before, made his debut as engineer. He tucked his napkin under his chin as he saw the agent do, and settled down to breakfast like a man. Jack was hungry. Sunday had been a partial fast; and in the evening, after his arrival in Cincinnati, he had no appetite. He was all eyes. The agent cut up the steak and broke his eggs, watching the boy all the time with amusement and approval.

"So you brought the train through, did you? And saved it, too! Those fellows made a wreck of some of the freights in Pontiac. I'm going to come down pretty severe on Green, the engineer you relieved, and some more of them."

"Yes, sir, they didn't act right. But I think the ones who did the damage weren't railroad boys. I don't think you ought to be too hard on them."

"You're a clannish sort of a young man."

"Well, when I'm in a business, I want to stand by the folks that employ me and the folks I'm working with. I don't believe that engineer would have acted so if he hadn't been drinking. He oughtn't to *drink*, you know."

"Certainly not."

"Our Bunch of children," pursued Jack, "sort of clan together at home. And so it comes natural to me, when I'm in a business, to stand up for it and for the other people in it!"

"How long have you been in the railroad business!" inquired the agent smiling broadly.

"Well, about two years. I sweep out the depot, and carry the messages, and take down the market reports, and do everything Mr. Joyce wants me to. I get ten dollars a month. It isn't much, but it's lots better than nothing; and then I'm learning telegraphing and all about it."

"Board yourself?"

"Yes. I board at home. I would have fifteen dollars a month; but I'm too young to carry the mails, they think, so I pay a man five dollars a month to do that. That is, they give him the money they'd give me if I could do it."

"How did you learn to run a locomotive?"

"O, I want to find out everything I can, so I'll know the whole business. I love an engine and the engineers taught me on the road."

The agent kept smiling so Jack thought he was as pleasant a man as he had ever seen.

"So you're determined to mount the whole ladder?"

"Why, yes, sir, if I can. I think the railroad business is splendid. There's so much *git-up* about it. It keeps a man all alive, and that's the way I want to be."

"It's very lively, then, up in New Town?"

"O, course it isn't like a big city; but there are two mail trains a day and one express, besides the freights."

"I should like to see such a stirring town," said the agent. "Perhaps I'll run up there before long."

"Do!" exclaimed Jack, "and come and have dinner at our house. We have got one of the best gardens in town; and I bet our raspberries will be ripe before anybody else's!"

"That is very tempting. Now, while I think of it, give me your full address."

He took out a pencil and memorandum book and, at Jack's dictation, wrote his name, town and state.

"Now, what else shall we order? You are my guest and I mustn't starve you."

"O, I've had a splendid breakfast, and I don't want anything more, sir."

"Well, we will meet here at two o'clock, my dinner hour. You will want to look about town. If you get tired of that, come down to the office on Vine street — next street to this, running north and south. And, by the way," concluded the agent as he took up the check and opened his pocket-book, "here is an advance on the little testimonial we intend to give you for your services. Mind, young man, I don't say I quite endorse rashness and venturesomeness; but, the way matters resulted, you saved us some money."

Jack flushed as the ten dollar bill was laid before him.

"Why, here you're giving me my meals," said he, "and I didn't want anything for bringin' that train down. I did it just as if it had been my own, you know!"

"Yes, I know. And that's what we like. Take this now and say no more. You'll want to get some little presents for that family of yours."

Jack thought of Arty; and, putting the money with great importance and eager thanks into his portemonnaie, he went out on the shady side of Fourth street. To a country boy the fine old street was a valley of wonders. The melancholy "Tay-tine-all-toe!" cry of the old-clothes man, the street-cars, the books and pictures and dry goods and wood-carving in the windows, the brisk boys and girls, the rush of people, the confused rumble and roar, kept him in a state of excitement which was Jack's idea of beatitude.

He went into the stores and looked at the pretty dresses — Jack had an eye for pretty dresses — and hesitated a long time over a made suit, which he had a mind to buy for Arty; but on learning that it was valued at twenty dollars he decided not to take it. Then he rambled out and found at another place a huge rocking-horse, strong enough to hold himself, and with mane and tail of real hair, and fiery nostrils and head erect. And after ascertaining that it was amply within his means, and meditating fondly for the last time on his green bill with the X's on it, he bought the horse and ordered it sent to the depot from which he was to start for home in the evening.

The spell which hangs on concentrated money being broken, Jack now acted the young prodigal and flung it about with a lavish hand. He got a pair of books for Rome and Remus, a silk handkerchief which cost exactly ninety-five cents for Benjamin, and a pair of real kid gloves apiece for Allie and Loo. Not knowing the sizes they wore, he was at a loss when the clerk asked him what numbers. But Jack was not to be balked. He described his sisters:

"Loo is tall as a tree," said he, "that is, pretty near; and has a long slim hand. She never has had but one pair of kid gloves, but she's dreadful particular about the way they fit. Her hand sort of *gives in* and squeezes up. Allie's smaller, but it's broader across than Loo's, and her fingers don't run to such a fine point. She's had several pairs; and I notice she gets black ones most always, but I think she'd like those pale sort of pinky-gray ones."

"The lavender?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it. And some awful long black ones for Loo."

I may mention here that Jack came to grief on the presentation of these gloves to Loo. Allie's fitted with a nicety and a perceptible lightening of their color which delighted her heart, and she wore them with great care, keeping them in intervals of disuse in a seal-skin glove-box, presented by Joslyn Greenoff. But the tips of Loo's long black gloves hung off her fingers like eagle-claws. Her slight hand roamed around in them and found no rest, and she saw, through tears of vexation, that they were sevens and a half! Jack didn't mind in the least when she ran and cuffed him with them; but declared he had described her accurately at the glove counter, and the clerk asked if she was that young person generally known as the Cardiff giantess!

Disposing of his parcels around his person, Jack now wandered off up Vine street; and here he found the bronze Woman of the Fountain, standing above

the esplanade and shedding from her out-stretched hands continuous sprays of blessings. He never had seen anything so beautiful. He walked all around the square to see her from every point. He approached the great fountain and examined every figure surrounding it. The child dancing by its mother's side and holding up joyful hands to catch the rain-drip from above, the boy riding the dolphin, the old man in a toga — not one piece of the groups escaped him.

"My goodness! I wish Arty and the rest could look at it! 'Twould fill all our front yard and the grove. And there she stands, winter and summer. I bet the ragged young ones like to come out and look at her. Seems as if she was mothering everybody in town. O, you pretty thing! It would spoil me to live here. I'd want to get on a rail and watch you from morning till night; and then who'd sweep out the depot, and take the market reports, and help Mr. Joyce!"

Speaking of rails made him look around to see if there were any; but the only ones to be seen were street-car rails. A little car drawn by two jaded horses came jingling along, and reminded Jack that he meant to try the street-cars and hadn't done it yet. The red vehicle stopped on a crossing and Jack bounced in. After it started it seemed to travel on elbow roads, and went just opposite the direction Jack thought he was taking. Still his bump of locality was full, and he was not afraid of getting lost. He crossed a canal bridge and the aspect of the city changed, the road grew steep; and on each side of it stood up the quaintest buildings, with galleries hung on the outside far up in the air, and nearly every name above the store doors was in German. It was the German part of the old city, where good foreigners and their children keep up the good ways of Vaderlandt, and nothing is changed from generation to generation. When Jack paid his fare, with great shrewdness and business dispatch, he asked for a "round trip ticket and how far the road went?"

"Going up the incline?" inquired the conductor.

"The what?"

"Why, the inclined plane — there it is."

Jack looked in the direction indicated and saw a railroad in the air, with its terminus at the top of what seemed to his prairie-accustomed eyes a very high hill. There seemed to be a double track; and up one a black speck was sliding, and down the other came a similar black speck.

"Do folks go up and down that thing?" thought he. "I'm going to try it if the rest do." So he said "Yes, up the incline," pocketed his ticket, and watched his destination with rather a shaky heart as he neared it.

The car paused, another horse was added, and these tugged the load up to a small house, which seemed to be the "Inclined Plane" station. The full car was soon emptied and Jack followed his companions into the station, where a man tore off a coupon from his ticket and put him into an open door which seemed to give entrance to another street-car. A signal sounded two or three times, then the door was shut and locked, and Jack felt the sensation of rising in the world. The people appeared perfectly calm; windows were open all around. Jack crowded upon the front platform and saw that a cable of iron wire was drawing them up; and down came the other car rushing past them! The roar of the engine on the hill filled his ears; and how nimbly that cable serpent leaped over the revolving groves of wood which made its path. He grabbed his hat with both fists to keep it from skurrying away on the wind, and wanted to yell with delight. The great city with its mantle of smoke drawn over its head, its spires glinting, its river shining away to the south, rolled out below him. Too soon was it over. The car went more slowly — it drew up to its station — a man waiting there clicked the door open and the people poured out.

"I've got the trip back, though," thought Jack. So he delayed that ecstasy, wandering around the building, and looking down a circular hole at the stationary engine which worked the cars up and down the "Incline." Having still a coupon of his ticket left, he explored Mt. Auburn Street, and gazed upon its various residences with approval; also upon its airy height and untarnished greenness.

"This is a very fine place for women," thought Jack. "I wish all *our* girls lived in that house with the slim pillars and such a lot of porches! Come to think, maybe they'd like this cunnin' place all over vines best. But, as for me, I like to live down in town right in the middle of everything. I don't mind the *sutt;* but Loo and Allie would make a dreadful fuss about the washing down there."

He reached the terminus of the road and took a ticket back; and it is a fact, which Jack was afterwards ashamed to own to his family, that he spent a long time whizzing up and down that "Incline."

When he returned to the St. Nicholas it was long past two; but a waiter, who had evidently been set to watch for him, beckoned and placed him at a table.

Very different from his sensations, as he sat with just such a luxurious dinner before him as a boy likes, and an attentive man at his elbow to help him to what he couldn't reach, were the sensations of Rome and Remus as they fastened the front door of the Dogberry house and started off with Jacey Dixon.

Jacey lopped along, sawing from side to side in his accustomed lazy way, his hands buried deep in his pantaloons pockets, but whether to support his pants or his hands nobody could ever decide. He never had suspenders, but tied a tow string around his waist. He was a very light-eyed youth, about the twins' age; hollow in the chest, hollow in the temples, and very lean-limbed. He had an active imagination, and a great love for the marvelous and startling.

The three trotted down a slope which led to a deep ravine west of Old Town. As they sunk into this valley it was easy to see toward what point they were making. Here stood what had once been a tannery, a weather-beaten old frame which all the children considered "booggerish!" not only because it looked deserted, and was full of old tan-vats into which one might fall and be drowned, but because, also, Billy Greer lived there, the terror of New Town children after dusk.

He was a rag-picker of strange habits. Bent half double, with his great sack on his back, he grovelled over New and Old Towns picking up shreds and trash. He made monthly journeys to other places, either to dispose of his pickings or add to his treasures. Danport was known to be one of his beats, the twelve intervening miles being nothing to Billy Greer. In the daytime, when he jabbered around the gutters, many boys were rude to him, and, consequently, in the dark they respected him. Billy, in his personal appearance, was a sight that made small children cry. He was not social, and desired to reside undisturbed in his mansion the tannery.

"I wish the sun wouldn't shine so!" cried Maude warm and excited, "or else that I'd brought a parasol. Why can't the sun carry an umbrella? Look at those three or four great big clouds standing round the sky doing nothing, when they might be shading us!"

"I think," said Jacey solemnly, "you'd better be thinking about your little brother down in this here tannery!"

"What do you b'leeve Billy Greer'd do with him if he had him?" inquired Rheem, in a voice which betrayed his doubt of Billy's having him.

"What do I b'leeve he'd do with him? W'y, I b'leeve he'd put him in a vat and tan him as black as leather and then sell him!"

"But Arty'd drown!" shuddered Maude.

"And who'd he sell him to?"

"W'y, to those Italians with harps and fiddles, or the gipsies. There was a woman came to our house and she wanted to stay all night, and she had seven children. Some was boys and some was girls, and some was bigger ones! And she had a hand-cart and there was a bar'l in it. I thought they looked sort of funny; some was light brown, and some was coffee-color, and some was purty nigh black. So in the night I heard her call them up, and I got up, too, and watched. And she'd ketch one by the hair of the head and dip him in the bar'l, and he'd come out all drippin' with somethin' like ink; then she'd ketch another and dip *him*. The girls they cried, but the boys never said 'boo'; but one, he got his mouth full and sputtered it out, and I was squattin' right behind the bar'l and it hit me on the head. There's a black spot on my head yit."

Jacey pulled off his cap and offered his scalp for inspection; but there were so many black spots it was difficult to say where the dye marked him.

"That scared me so I crept off. But next mornin' I said to the woman when she started: 'Missis, what you got in that bar'l?' and she says, 'Brine for pickles. I'm gatherin' pickles to sell.' And then I knew she'd stole the children and was a-colorin' them for the gipsies or Italians."

Rome's hair bristled, but Remus said:

"I don't believe that!"

"Well, you needn't," retorted Jacey doggedly, "but I can show you the very room where the woman slept! I ain't goin' no farther. I don't want Billy Greer to know I told you he had Arty."

"When did you see him with Arty?"

"Didn't I see Arty's little linen dress stickin' out of his bundle? And last night, when I come along a-past the tannery, I heard the mournfullest noise that ever was, like somebody about Arty's size was gittin' whaled to death; and I crept up close to the house and laid my ear close to the ground, and heard old Billy trampin' round among the vats, and every little bit I could hear the licks and then a sousin' like he was dippin' the little fellow again. I bet his skin'll be so black you won't know him by this time!"

Credulous as Rome and Remus naturally were, and much as their curdling blood resented such a state of things, they could not *quite* credit all Jacey said, and halted to parley further with him, when a sound rose from the tannery which turned the burning afternoon into a nightmare. Jacey took to his heels, but the shriek which drove him drew the twins, trembling but decided, straight to the low tannery door. Remus knocked with all his might and then kicked with his boot. A humming and purring inside ceased. Remus doubled his knocks. The door opened so suddenly that he precipitated himself into the room while kicking it, and, in a wink, Maude was whisked in also by the collar of her apron. The strong door banged to, and Billy Greer stood over them, like some great giant, in the twilight. It was never light in there.

"I want my little brother!" said Remus, with some little defiance left.

Billy stooped down and looked at the boy and girl. He drew his mouth around one side of his face almost to his ear; then he let go there and drew it to the other ear; then he opened it like a cavern and advanced on the cowering twins. Rome began to scream at the top of her voice; but Rheem only stepped back, turning pale, and taking care to keep his arm before his sister.

"You can't scare *me!*" he declared in a trembling tone. "You tell us where Arty is or we'll go off and raise the town!"

It seemed likely that they would go off!

The boy's defiance roused the giant of this castle to greater exhibitions of rage. He began to chop his teeth, these being large and powerful, with a regular clip which reduced even Remus to a whimper. Then he grabbed them both again and dragged them between two piles of rags he was sorting. These unfortunate children might as well have been in a wild beast's den as in the grip of this strange creature. He had not spoken a word to them; but now, as he raked a covering of boards aside with his foot, he uttered a prolonged, triumphant yell. Rome and Remus joined in fully, but with different feelings; for in the earthen floor he uncoverd a tan-vat, and they looked down into it, seeing the brownish, horrid liquid about to swallow them up.

Plunge!

Rheem landed still struggling, but Maude fell unconscious.

Why, the vat was dry! There was nothing in it except heaps and heaps of rags, ill-smelling, but not so choking as water. The children caught their breath. The boards were replaced over their heads. Billy had shut them in. They grabbed hold of each other to be stayed and twin-supported in that dreadful place.

"Don't be scared, Rome," whispered Remus, "I ain't going to let him do anything more with us."

Between the cracks of the boards now came a sound more blood-curdling than anything before — of Billy cracking his jaws and grinding his teeth, and saying unctuously — as if he could hardly wait to finish his work before he tasted them —

"I love you! O, I love you! How I love you!"

"Do you think he's chopped Arty up?" sobbed Rome under her breath.

"Po — h! No. He da'sn't!"

"But where is Arty?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if he threw him down here. When Jace was talkin' I didn't more than half believe he'd got Arty, but now I believe he has."

"How I love you!" gritted Billy at regular intervals, bending to the rags he sorted.

The twins grovelled among the rags in the vat. It was not a fragrant work. Dust rose and nearly stifled them; but still with the energy of desperation they poked and dug, and felt down deeper and deeper for the missing baby.

'Rheem, why doesn't he cry?"

"Like's not he's pretty near choked — this is enough to do it! Or, maybe he's asleep."

Rome put her face down among the nauseating rags and projected through them:

"Arty!"

Remus did likewise:

"Arty!"

Duet and chorus:

"Arty! you down there?"

"Say, Arty! Rheemie's here!"

"Arty, O, Arty! Arte—e-e!" in a long, cautious, whispered cry.

"I believe he *is* dead!" whimpered Maude.

"Feel and poke 'round," urged Remus, "till we hit something."

"How I love you! *How* I love you!" howled Billy.

"Rome, there's something hard down there!"

"Way under the pile? O, pull it out quick!"

"I can't get holt! I can just touch it with the end of my foot!"

"Let's make the hole bigger and go down in it."

They made the dust fly like two young war-horses, sneezed, choked, but continued to dig until Remus pulled up a box in his hands. It was not heavy, but it weighed like lead on the children's little hands, and was evidently made of very strong wood. They felt its angles and knobs, and tried without sight to estimate its size.

"'Tain't as *long* as Arty," whimpered Maude, betraying her unspoken fear.

"What are these round-headed nails on top?"

"Run your finger over 'em."

"They're letters."

"What letters?"

"I can't find out."

"Let me try."

Remus investigated thoroughly with his fingers.

"A. D. That's what they are, A. D."

At this Rome very nearly broke into a howl.

"Oh, Rheemie! A. D. stands for Arty's name; Arty Dogberry! Oh, he's put him in here and put his name on it!" wept Maude, with the clear and logical convictions of childhood.

"O, po—h!" begun her twin though his chin was shaking.

Outside, however, an interruption was begun which caused them to listen with their breath in their teeth. A heavy hand and persuasive foot was at work on the tannery door.

"Come, I want to see you, Billy," said John White. John White was always coming to the rescue of the Dogberry Bunch in one way or another. This second interruption at his work made Billy Greer so furious, he would have harmed the stock-farmer if it were possible. He rushed out at John shaking his fists and uttering rapid words.

"O, come, now, Billy, I know you get teased and touzled, but you must know your friends from your foes. Quiet down, now. All I want is the children in here. Where did you store them?"

Doubling in his accustomed attitude, and docile under the sane sound man's control, old Billy Greer at once conducted him between the piles of rags to the tan-vat.

"Nice roomy place you've got for your business," remarked John, glancing up the dim walls, cobwebby and smoked.

Billy removed the boards from the vat and the heads and shoulders of the terrified twins appeared.

"O, pshaw, now!" said John with disapproval. "Tut, tut, man! this won't do. Don't play tricks on such little codgers. Come, reach up, young ones."

"Make him tell where Arty is," said Rheem, when his twin and he were out of the vat. Maude still held the lettered box under her apron. Mr. White lifted her out by taking hold of her shoulders. She hid behind him and carried the box, convinced strongly that she had some clue to Arty in it.

"Have you anybody else bottled under ground?" inquired John.

Billy Greer earnestly protested that he had not. The children ran as fast as they could when they saw the daylight, and John walked out after them laughing. They were still confused and half-smothered by the rag heap; and Maude forgot everything but the instinct of flight, even with John White to guard the rear, until she fell up-hill and the box was brought to sight as well as memory.

"We're obliged to you, Mr. White," said Remus, dropping back with more regard for appearances. "How did you know he had us in there?"

"Jacey Dixon came tearing up to me, and told me you and your little better part had gone to Billy's to hunt for Arty, and Billy came out with an ax and cut you both in half, and was splitting you into fine kindling while he came for help."

"Well, he was pretty rough. I didn't mind much, but I hated to have him frighten Maude."

"Hold on, little Dogberry," called John as he saw

Rome sprawl, "the danger's all over. I guess you two had better go home with me to Priscilla, and let her put you in the smoke-house and fumigate you with something to sweeten that pest-rag smell you got in Billy's vat."

Rome looked into John White's face as Remus helped her up. His countenance reminded one of a turnpike of granite. No down there. He was never known to wear a beard; but mica-like sparkles of fun and good-will shone over it. She thought he was the best looking and pleasantest man in town!

"If you haven't brought that box!" cried Rheem.

"What box?" asked John.

"The one we dug up in that vat. Maude's brought it with her."

Maude dared not own the secret convictions which made her bring it; so she stood trembling and wiping the dust of Billy's heap from nose, eyes and ears, with her long apron, while John White picked up the box and looked at it curiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD MAN PICKING HIS GEESE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

MY darling stood at the window,
Watching the quiet fall
Of the snow, which spread o'er the tired old earth
Its soft white pall;
And as the flakes whirled downward
As if they never would cease,
I heard her murmur softly:
"The Old Man's picking his geese!

"Who *was* the Old Man, mamma?" she said,
With her face against the pane;
"Will he pick them all to-day, do you think,
And never again?
Tell me a story about him, please —
It needn't be true, you know,
I'll *pretend* it's true — if I like it —
Whenever I see it snow."

"The Old Man lives in the Moon," I said,
"And his geese, when they are at play,
Go flying about in long white flocks —
That's the Milky Way!
He has ever so many gray geese, beside,
But of them he isn't proud;
You often see them on summer days —
They pass in a great gray cloud."

"But *why* does he pick his geese, mamma?"
"Because the flowers all said,
That they wouldn't sleep in winter
Without a feather-bed!
They have very little voices indeed;
But, somehow, up in the sky,
The Man in the Moon has to stop his ears
When he hears the flowers cry!"

"But *did* he come down too soon, mamma,
To inquire the way to Norwich?"
"Yes, he left his dinner half-cooked — you know
It was plum porridge.
He'd invited a friend to dine with him,
A colored man from the south,
Named Night; and the porridge was so cold,
That it burned the poor man's mouth."

"But *what* did he want in Norwich, mamma?"
"He had heard of a little girl
Who cried one day, just because her hair
Would never curl.
He wished to make a shadow
That everyone could see,
And he said: 'Such a cross little girl as this is' —"
"O, mamma! will you stop for a thousand kisses?
It was me! It was me!"

MR. CHASE'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

IV.—WILLIAM M. CHASE.

THE artist whose name is at the head of this article was born in the state of Indiana, and is still comparatively a young man. He early showed a very decided turn for art, manifesting a disposition to draw almost as soon as he could handle a slate and pencil. But, although his parents were in excellent circumstances, he met with some opposition when he first spoke of becoming a painter.

It is the most common thing in the world for boys who show an inclination to follow painting to be opposed in their wishes; but if they have a real genius for such a life no opposition can prevent them from succeeding, but will rather strengthen their character, and the opportunity comes sooner or later which they desire. And so it proved in the case of the young Hoosier lad. His father finally permitted him to take lessons in painting, and placed him with an artist in his native place, who soon declared that William was destined to succeed in the pursuit he so ardently loved.

But, after a year with his first master, young Chase was seized by the war fever which inspired so many with a love of arms at the breaking out of our great civil war, and partly, also, from a love of adventure and an idea that he should like the sea, he entered the school-ship at the Naval Academy of Annapolis. There he had rather a severe experience, which took away whatever ambition he may have had at one time for a sea life. One of the petty officers, under whose charge he was, seemed to employ every way

IN LEISLER'S TIMES.

[*A story of New York girls and boys, two hundred years ago.*]

Elbridge S. Brooks

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG SAKEMACKER.

BOTH lads sprang to their feet at once and, all unarmed as they were, rushed to the relief of this Seventeenth Century Red Riding Hood But another rescuer was before them. For, ere the wolf's gray muzzle had touched the sheepfold bars, a quick step, a practised eye and a steady hand had stopped his progress, as, with a swift and sudden jerk at the trailing ox-rope, Papaig, the Kicktawane, had thrown the gray wolf on his haunches. Then, with a hasty turn, the rope was drawn taut around one of the posts of the sheepfold, a keen-bladed knife flashed in the bright sunlight, and ere the snarling brute could crouch for the spring, a little form had leaped upon him and the wary-eyed Indian drove the sharp blade, hilt-deep, into the great, gray throat. The lads had lost their pelt-fee, but Mary's life was saved.

"The young Swannekens* are swift," said the Indian lad, "but not so swift as is *Ma-iht-sho* † here."

"And *Ma-iht-sho*," said Abram, grasping the Indian's hand, "is not so swift as is Papaig. Surely, the pitying clouds must have dropped you for our help, Sakemacker,‡ for you did come in the very nick of time — did he not, Jacob? But come, *belle* Marie, do not tremble so," and he led the still terrified girl to her brother, "all is over now. See, here be Jacob, Jr., and here be I, and here lieth old Heer Bloody Jaws as dead — as dead as Governor Stuyvesant; and here, best of all, is Papaig the Sakemacker's son from Aspetong, but for whom you might have been '*hoofkaas*' for Heer Bloody Jaws even as Joost Stoll did prophesy. 'Twas a brave stroke, was it not, Jacob?"

Young Jacob Leisler, in his turn, grasped the Indian's hand. "Sakemacker," he said, "the pelt-fee is yours and so are our thanks. And a narrow escape it was for Mary. Said I not, Ab'm, that here was no fit place for girls like her? said I not so, Ab'm?"

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the gallant young Huguenot, rubbing his left ear reflectively, "you were like to be nearly right this gait, Jacob, had Papaig not come in the good stead he did. But then, too, there would have been no such chance of mischief had you but been ready with your goose-gun when I had our gray friend here fast in the noose."

"Sure-lee!" exclaimed Jacob, Jr., hastily. "My goose-gun! where can it be?" And in an instant he was searching the vicinity of the bear-trap for that so sorely needed and missing fire-arm.

The young Indian, too, joined in the search and, dropping quickly upon one knee, studied the ground critically. Then, turning to Jacob, Jr., he said, "My brother's goose-gun hath been carried off — but by no one here."

"Carried off!" exclaimed Jacob and Abram almost in the same breath. "Why, when — where, Papaig? — and by whom?"

"Papaig can read it here," the young sagamore replied, as, skilled in all the signs and indications of wood-craft, he pointed at the bright green grass. "My brother's gun hath been taken away by a young Swanneken brave, tall and stout as is my brother himself; with one foot heavier than the other; with one finger hurt as from a burn or scald, and with the shining buckles on his shoes and knees."

Jacob and Abram looked at each other in astonishment. Both knew the marauder perfectly from the young Indian's description: — Gysbert Van Cortlandt!

* The Indian name for the Dutch settlers of Manhattan.

† *Ma-iht-sho*, Mohegan for wolf.

‡ The Dutch for Sagamore or chief.

But apprised by Goneril, Regan and her husband and their train "i' the night, i' the haste," have ridden away to the castle of Gloster, that Lear, with his knights, may find no one to receive him at the fireside he seeks.

At this castle of Gloster the poor king, too, at last arrives, full of troubled wonder at the closed home of Regan. He finds his own messenger here, disgraced and set in the stocks. Regan, within the castle, refuses and delays to see him. And the Fool chants his terrible rhymes:

> Fathers that wear rags, do make their children blind;
> But fathers that bear bags, do see their children kind,

while old Lear cries out

> O me, my heart, my rising heart! but, down.

At last, through the intercession of Gloster, Regan grants her father an interview. With fond, half-fearful trust, he seeks to stand with her upon the old, sure footing of father and child. Slowly, but never for a moment relenting from her purpose, she recedes from him, step by step, though still he pleads with her piteously:

> Beloved Regan,
> Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
> Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here, —
> [*Points to his heart.*
> I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,
> With how depraved a quality — O Regan!
> Thy tender hefted nature shall not give
> Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
> Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
> To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
> To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
> And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
> Against my coming in: thou better know'st
> The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
> Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
> Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
> Wherein I thee endow'd.

Goneril arrives to reinforce her sister, and together the two strong-hearted women make an end on't. The old father's heart is rent, his brain totters. He cries out:

> You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
> You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
> As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
> If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
> Against their father, fool me not so much
> To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
> And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
> Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
> No, I'll not weep: —
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
> Or e'er I'll weep: — O, fool, I shall go mad!

Madness has taken him. He makes his way forth into the night storm followed by Kent and the faithful Fool. Gloster would detain his king, but Regan's husband, and both Regan and Goneril forbid:

> *Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
> *Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
> Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
> There's scarce a bush.
> *Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,
> The injuries that they themselves procure
> Must be their schoolmasters: shut up your doors;
> He is attended with a desperate train;
> And what they may incense him to, being apt
> To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
> *Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
> My Regan counsels well, come out o' the storm.

The hapless king wanders houseless over the bleak moors, and in the wild uproar of the storm — sheets of fire, thunder-bursts, roaring wind and rain — he cries aloud to the elements:

> Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
> I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
> I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
> You owe me no subscription; then let fall
> Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
> A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man: —
> But yet I call you servile ministers,
> That will with two pernicious daughters join
> Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
> So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

But the Fool sings:

> He that has and a little tiny wit, —
> With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, —
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day.

From this point on there is much complex movement of the play. The natures of the two ungrateful daughters unfold, opening to horrid deeps of selfishness and wickedness. There are plots within the government of the realm; and France, see-

Nicke Anstie. Aug. 1885

ing an advantage, sets an armed foot on the British shore. Messengers go to Cordelia, the young French queen, from Kent, old Lear's faithful adherent. She is in Britain; encamped with the king and the French army at Dover. The royal headquarters are supposed by the artist to be in some ancient castle perched on the windy sea-cliffs; and he has chosen to picture her, as Kent's messenger describes her, in that first moment after she has read the letter which tells of her sisters' unnatural cruelty, and of her father's desolation.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration in grief?
Gent. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O, then, it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smilets,
That played on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. — In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sister; sisters! — shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!" — There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: — then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Finish for yourselves this most pathetic story. Read in Act IV. the remainder of Scenes 3, 4, and 7, Act V., Scene 3 — its first and its last section.

THE GYPSIES.

M. H. Catherwood.

IT was nearly sunset when I drove into the Gypsy camp near Dayton, Ohio. The camp consisted of squatty tents, wagons with horses feeding behind them, horses tethered ready for trades, dogs, children, men and women. The tent is scarcely a Gypsy's house — he requires all outdoors for that; it is only a sort of coverlet which he will draw over his head at night, if he cares for such a cover, so it makes no difference how small it is.

A fat, curly-haired woman sat on the ground, with her supper spread on a tablecloth before her. The fire which cooked it burned near, and the children, dogs and flies came up and all seemed about to settle on the beefsteak. She brushed the dogs' noses to keep them back, and prevented her baby from walking in the gravy. I wanted to talk to her about her people and she wanted to tell my fortune. So, though I begged her not to let me interrupt her, the children and flies had the ground table pretty much to themselves while we sat on a wagon tongue and exchanged remarks.

The Gypsy king's tents were near by; not gorgeous pavilions guarded by brown-skinned sentinels — but the same old weather-worn canvas stretched on poles, with a corner or two hitched up for air, that you see every summer in creek-bottoms or the edge of the woods, when the other boys guide your steps thither by the magic words, "There's Gypsies camped over there." The king was in town trading horses or buying supplies. He is said to be an old man with a striking hoary head.

His daughter came from one of the tents. She had the features of her race, but a gentleness in her manner which bordered on refinement. She was a handsome girl. A yellow handkerchief was tied over her hair, and her shape was trim, like Fanchon's, after the poor Cricket tried to make something of herself. She even resembled the old

German woodcuts of Fanchon. This Gypsy princess was the daughter of that Matilda Stanley to whose burial in the Dayton cemetery the Gypsy tribes and families flocked in such numbers a few years ago.

It is said that whenever a *gorgio*, or stranger, approaches a tent, the Gypsies try him by certain test-words of Romany, to see if he has any knowledge of this ancient language of theirs. The princess, as she approached, said something to the sign to the hearts of these travellers. The princess translated several common words; her voice was very pleasant.

"What do you call child?" I asked.

"*Chavi.*"

"Or say, How do you do?"

"How *de kur.*"

Perhaps the princess was fooling a Gentile, or giving a localism for the ancient Romany greeting, "*Sarishaw.*"

curly woman which sounded like "*Sov meen; chivvy de lay.*"

"It's the Romany," I said, though unable to quite catch the words or understand them. One who does not "*rākker,*" or speak the tongue, is easily puzzled by these mysterious words which they mix up with their English.

They looked suspicious an instant, but laughed, and one replied, "Yes, it's the Romany." And the other added with a learned air, "The Egyptian language."

If you can *rākker* Romany, you have a pass-

A horse was a "*gry,*" and the teakettle "*kékavi.*" "*Kékavi,*" or kettle, is one of the test-words which a *dye* or Gypsy woman is sure to utter before strangers.

Very few of them know a great number of Romany words. But they use what they have to throw a veil over their speech. It is the language in which their folk-tales are preserved, and in which a *gudlo* (story) is told while they are squatted by the camp-fire. These old stories record their days of persecution, their sharpness at bargaining, their love of the wagon and the road and contempt for

standard modes of life, their thievings, and their lax notions of dealing with the *gorgio*.

Besides telling fortunes the Gypsy women make lace and sell baskets. In England they are a begging people, but those in America, even the English families, are said to improve, to accumulate prop-

A Gypsy Practice.

erty, and to hold themselves above any lower means of getting a living than cheating in a horse trade, or getting silver for fortunes out of credulous people. I can remember when the dark-skinned woman, with a leghorn poke just begged out of some old closet and turned wrong-side foremost on her head, used to come into the house, half-frightening and half-delighting us with her wheedling plea for any discarded garment. Now, many of the clans own valuable real estate, and some are even dwelling in their houses, at least part of the year, though summer and the leafing-out of the greenwood tree draws them again and again to the road and the wagon. The impulse which seizes us all in May or June to go a-Gypsying, which empties dusty streets and fills farmhouses and seaside hotels, must be very strong on certain of these wealthy wanderers, living in cities, whose intimate friends do not know that the dark blood is in their veins. Every once in awhile it is told that they disappear from civilized ways and are absent. But the *Romany rye* (or gentleman Gypsy) is not away on business; nor is the beautiful lady visiting the great people of the earth. They are both under the tent, or in the wagon, delighting themselves once more with Romany talk and the sight of a *kekavi* hung on its iron support over a camp-fire. They are perhaps helping to eat a pig which died a natural death (for the wanderers like such meat), or chickens taken without leave off somebody's roost. This is to them such a forbidden and delicious feast as crackers and sardines are to a bad boy or girl at boarding-school, eaten sitting up in bed after the lights are out and the teacher has gone down the hall.

This Stanley family at Dayton, and the other families intermarried with them and clustering around them to form a tribe, own considerable property there.

"We've just bought another farm," said the older woman pointing out on a ridge east of camp, a sweep of fertile-looking land and a homestead under shady trees.

The camp was on an open common, with scarcely a shrub to keep off the late summer heat. Yet all of these children of the road preferred their wagons on the common to the embowered house. From her manner of speaking I inferred that this clan owned property in common, no piece of land belonging to any individual uncontrolled by the others. Their farms were rented to tenants.

"You love to live outdoors," I said.

"Of course," replied the elder woman, as if she wondered how anybody could endure a different life. "We stay South all winter."

Her children tumbled over the ground and raced with the dogs, uttering bits of Romany talk. They live in the joy of perpetual moving. Looking at them, I remembered how often I had built a playhouse under the carpet on the line in housecleaning days, and how I loved to see the kitchen table inverted with legs in the air and to sit in it, rowing with a broom, fancying it a boat. The dark little Romanys do not mind sun or wind or rain; they need not keep themselves tidy, and the world is a changing panorama to them.

The men, lounging beside or under another wagon, rolled their laughing eyes at us, sure that I would leave silver in the fortune-teller's palm before going away. Such sparkling eyes and teeth are in no other countenance than a Rom's. While the Gypsy is in one sense as sociable and innocent as a child, in another he is as crafty as a fox. He likes to make game of the *gorgio*, and especially of that alien who despises his wandering life, his dirt, and his basking and "inviting his soul." But you cannot talk with such a clan as this one, without warming to them somewhat, in spite of differing

habits. They are very hospitable and kindly when their interest is aroused. It is true that Gypsy traders have taken miserable horses, painted them attractive colors, touched them up in various cunning ways, and cheated many a Gentile buyer with them; it is true they used to have a reputation for kidnapping children, though they always seem to have plenty of their own; and that their appearance in a neighborhood made the residents careful not to leave any valued thing lying around in easy reach after night; it is true, according to the best authority, that old Gypsy women love to play the mystery of mysteries, or great trick — *hokkani boro* — on any trusting *gorgio* — that is, cheating him out of all he has. Only a few years since a Western farmer had a Gypsy queen arrested for getting thousands of dollars from him fraudulently. But it is also true that many a gifted man and woman have looked on these runaway playmates of nature with lenient and kindly interest.

They are of the woods, woodsy, and of the ground, loamy. Their wandering is as much an instinct as the yearly migrations of the birds. Hunters have had the same restless feeling; and I have known families, not Gypsies, possessed with a like mania for change and indulging it in very civilized ways.

Occasionally an outsider marries among the Gypsies, and is at once adopted by them, wandering and living their life. An Irishman buried in the Dayton Cemetery was such a recruit. And many an Englishman has taken to the road with his brown wife.

At Elmwood, New Jersey, the gathering point of an Eastern clan, not long ago there died a man named Wharton, who was a native of Shropshire, England. He had married a Gypsy woman and became king of the tribe. Recently his daughter was married to a descendant of Oak Lee, who was king of all the English Gypsies sixty years ago. It appears that each clan, or bunch of families under the patriarchal rule of a small king or chief, has its gathering-point, where it owns property and brings its dead for burial.

The Dayton princess, sitting on the wagon-tongue, asked me if I had seen her mother's monument in Woodland cemetery. I had seen it, with other monuments of the Joels, Jeffreys, Harrisons, etc., who make up the clan. They seem very fond of the resting-places of their dead, and ornament them lavishly with flowers and the most childishly-floral epitaphs. These epitaphs are prepared by themselves, and are crude and tender, like a boy's first letter to his mother, with all the curlycues thrown in.

Though the ceremonies at Queen Matilda Stanley's burial differed in no way from the ceremonies of any Christian burial, the newspapers had taken so much notice of the event that thousands of strangers flocked there to witness them. Her monument is of native granite, or what the cemetery-keeper irreverently calls "nigger-head stone," bearing a marble angel on the capital. The inscription reads: —

MATILDA
wife of
LEVI STANLEY,
Died February 15, 1879,
Age 53 years.
Farewell, dear Tilda, farewell, your earthly days
are past, like a blooming and lovely
flower you
were too sweet to last. Your pain
on earth was
very great, my lovely beauty dear, now
Jesus has
called on you, I trust you in his care,
now you be
quick and follow me and tell my
children dear to
do their work, for Jesus. I hope to
meet them there.

On the base is the name "Stanley," and on a reverse side another epitaph:

MARTHA LOUISE
Daughter of Levi and Matilda
STANLEY
Died December, 1866:
Aged 10 years.
Our daughter has gone to a mansion
of rest, along
with her Jesus that's who she loves
best. Along with
her Jesus who died for us all,
come on here in heaven
there is room for us all.

As a race the Gypsies have no religion. But in monumental piety they appear quite equal to the *gorgios*. Scarlet geraniums, blooming oleander and foliage plants are as well kept about their plots as if the kin of these resting travellers had never eaten wild meat along the hedges. Masonic and Odd Fellow emblems are carved upon the

monument base; I do not know for what reason.

Near by are the Harrison and Jeffrey stones,

A RUSSIAN GYPSY CHILD.

the first indicating one grave which has a foot-stone marked "Mother and Babe:"

REFIANCE,
wife of
RICHARD HARRISON,
Died
May 3, 1873,
Aged 43 years.
JOSHUA
their son died
May 1, 1873,
Age 10 months.
A husband and six children
left to mourn their loss.

Our Mother here lies underground,
The dearest friend we ever found;
But through the Lord's unbounded love
We'll meet again in realms above.

We loved this tender little one
And would have wished him stay.
But let our Father's will be done,
He shines in endless day.

The quaintest stone is in a shrubby enclosure where the "old king and queen" have long lain buried. These were Owen Stanley, a native of Reading, Berkshire, England, who died February 21, 1860; and "Harriet, consort of Owen Stanley, who died August 30, 1852." After the usual affectionate doggerel this information is recorded:

Owen Stanley was his name,
England was his nation,
Any wood his dwelling place,
And Christ his salvation.

He died at Andover, Indiana, in his wagon. He left twelve children, forty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren to mourn his death.

Among the Gypsies the old man or old woman is a revered and powerful being.

Here also is inscribed the name of David Stanley's daughter, born in England, and in her second year burned to death in the wagon.

Gypsies used to swarm along the old National 'Pike, and even yet they make it a thoroughfare, though all roads and by-ways are theirs also. Among the small dilapidated villages along the 'Pike in Ohio, is one where the warehouses are about sinking into the canal through natural decay, and all summer long dog-fennel stands deep and rank up the very sides of the 'Pike embankments. Near this place the Gypsies "watch the tan," or set up the tent, and very appropriate to such surroundings are their quaint figures. There was a milliner who had a stock of headgear left upon her hands when the season was past, so she invited the Gypsy women to come in and "deal" with her; for the dark-skinned women of the road, who used to pick up any kind of finery, were supposed to be indifferent to the shapes of their bonnets. They came and filled the little shop. That evening they struck camp and proceeded on their way, and the milliner discovered that rolls of precious ribbon and scraps of lace had gone with them. A constable pursued and brought the party back to trial. They claimed that they had bought their goods, but the milliner showed she had none of their silver in exchange. The voluble dark women who

pen dukkerin (tell fortunes) so glibly, know how to throw contempt upon, and raise the neighborhood laugh at the expense of *gorgios*. The anxious milliner received her goods again, but she and her shop are now known by the name the Gypsy woman gave them, "the bony old bird in her nest of ribbons."

"An old Gypsy" used to be the bugaboo of all children. We have crouched in the elderberry bushes at the mention of such a crone. It was a great piece of courage to climb upon the fence in the woods and defy such an imaginary child-stealer. But I have never known one instance of such kidnapping by the Gypsies. In this country children are carried away by other races than the Roms, and with other motives than these loitering, basking people could feel. Yet in old times abroad, and particularly in Scotland, they suffered persecution because ignorant people suspected them not only of child-stealing, but of cannibalism, of being agents of the Turks, etc. In the year 1636 they were warned out of Scotland, or the "men would be hangit and the woemen drowned; such of the woemen as has children to be scorgit through the burg and brent in the cheeke." At the same time that country was so unsettled, and outrages were so common among all classes, that the people were a long time in coming to the conclusion of laying the blame on the Gypsies.

Though this woman in the Dayton camp spoke of Romany as "the Egyptian language," Mr. Charles G. Leland, who has made the race and the tongue his studies for many years, tells us of a Gypsy woman he saw in Egypt who could not talk Romany. None of the Gypsies there speak it. She said they had lost the gift; for she knew there was such a language spoken by the wandering races. The Gypsies in Egypt call themselves Tátaren.

The Gypsies are of Aryan stock, and Asiatic in their origin. They are always a distinct and separate element, like running water, though they take peculiarities from the countries through which they move. We can trace them back to the fourteenth century; they existed then in the Balkan pen-

SPANISH GYPSY GIRL DANCING.

insula. Some authorities have considered that the name signified Egyptians, but too many proofs point out India as their native land. Their Spanish appellation is Gitano; Albanian, Jeok; Magyar Pharao niphek — or Pharaoh's people; French, Bohemians; Scotch, Tinkler, which is probably a corruption of Zingaro or Zingano.

They have penetrated to nearly all known countries, taking characteristics from each. But it is impossible to fix a date to their first appearance in Europe. They may have been wandering there centuries before historical mention is made of them. They have been called "chaltsmide," or Ishmaelites — descendants of Hagar, the smith's trade being always one of their leading handicrafts. Among the English Gypsies is indeed one large family branch called Petolungro, or Smith.

Mr. Leland tells us of Welsh Gypsies, Russian, Austrian, Egyptian, Hindoo, American Gypsies. The Russians are delicately made and not so brusque and stolid as the wanderers in English lanes. Nearly all of them have some musical skill. Their Romany songs have a power and melody that cannot be withstood. Mr. Lathrop in his *Spanish Vistas* describes the dancing of a Gypsy girl in a figure belonging exclusively to her race. It is not, as one would suppose from the abandon and excitability of the Romany, a flinging and violent dance, but a series of smooth, sinuous motions, extremely graceful, requiring great skill, and gaining intensity of expression, until undulations seem to flow, wave after wave, downward through the dancer's body, while her arms weave about. He says:

> The crowning achievement is when the hips begin to sway too, and, while she is going back and forward, execute a rotary movement like that of the bent part of an auger. In fact, you expect her to bore herself into the floor, and disappear. Then, all at once, the stamping and clapping and the twanging strings are stopped, as she ceases her formal gyrations; she walks back to her seat like one liberated from a spell; and the whole thing is over.

In 1417 a band of three hundred Gypsies came to Lünneburg. The account says:

> They were as black as Tartars, with a duke and count at their head splendidly dressed and leading, like nobles, dogs of chase; then a motley crew afoot, and women and children in wagons. They pretended to be on a seven years' pilgrimage to expiate apostacy.

As to their religion, they generally absorb it from the country they are in, though they have the relics of one old faith, about which they do not trouble themselves. Mr. Leland tells an amusing story of a very poor, pious-looking old woman whom he and some friends saw tramping along the highway. She made no appeal for charity, but was so aggressively sad-looking and worthy, that one of the party spoke to her and drew forth her moving story. She said she was a washerwoman, going to another town to see her dying daughter. She had never begged; she could get through somehow. But through this artlessness Mr. Leland's practiced eye detected the Gypsy tramp who loves to fleece any *gorgio*. So he spoke to her: "*Can tute rakker Romanes, nàri dye?*" "Can you talk Romany, my mother?"

The old woman taken unawares at hearing the dialect of the tents in the mouth of a gentleman tourist, replied in confusion, "The Lord forbid, sir, that I should talk any of them wicked languages." She was a noted tramper and a deep actor of appropriately-dressed parts. She pretended to have a letter of recommendation from her clergyman. But the sound of Romany took her off her guard and at once brought the mischievous Gypsy glitter into her eyes.

Family affection is strong in the race, as their care of their dead testifies. Mr. Leland tells us a survivor will forever deprive himself of any pleasure he enjoyed with a lost relative. "My brother was so fond of cigars," said one; "I never have smoked since he died." "Mother liked fish so well. O, no, I never can touch it again, now she is gone." And they are quickly sympathetic towards people poorer than themselves, Gypsy or alien. Being wanderers, they are of course adaptable to any place or circumstances. They love all dumb creatures, and their love of nature must be their most conspicuous trait. When you talk to them they do not attempt to explain their wandering instinct, their snuggling up to Nature's breast. I have thought they feel a superiority to the world of people settled in houses.

In Europe and America, the titles of duke, king etc. are given to the heads of small bands of Gypsies, until, says authority, "one is bewildered by the hosts of kings from John Buelle beside Athelstan in Malmesbury Abbey in 1657, to Matilda Stanley who was buried at Dayton, Ohio, in 1879."

The Gypsies are ignorant of books, and have no literature of their own, except the unwritten ballads and stories handed down from generation to generation, which careful compilers and nomad-lovers, like Mr. Leland, have gathered up and put into print. Mr. George Borrow, an English author, wrote books about the Romany people, though Mr. Leland's several volumes are the best. Bulwer Lytton put them into some of his novels; and even George Eliot delighted herself with their picturesque figures, though touched-up with dirt and seen against a background of vapor from the pot where hedgehog or dead pig was boiling. One of the men at the Dayton camp observed doubtingly to me that he thought some man had made a book about them, but he was not sure. Intelligence circulates among them in primitive ways. He had probably heard from some other travelling family or clan — New Jersey or Pennsylvania Gypsies — about Mr. Leland, the great Romany Rye, and his works. But not having met this gentleman Gypsy himself, the impression left on his mind was vague.

The entire stock of Romany words is said to exceed five thousand, though the number known to any one Rom is small. He mixes them generously with English, or whatever tongue he is born to speak; and the little brown babies around the camp-fire are taught to treasure them as most precious secrets.

No record is left of the first arrival of Gypsies in America. They came over with means, however. As to personal appearance, they are a dark, finely-formed race. They pride themselves on their small hands and feet, their lightness of step and easy motion. Their hair is black, or very dark, and does not readily turn gray; their skins are tawny olive; their teeth are strong and white; their cheek-bones are high and their noses aquiline like the Indians. But of course there are differences in families, some being shorter, or lighter, or less muscular, or less generally well-favored than others. The Stanleys and Lees have been conspicuously handsome, both in England and this country. Mr. Leland gives a list of many different families named to him by an old Gypsy woman, each having some physical trait distinct from the others.

Every Romany *gudlo* (story) is short and pointed. One of the *gudli* told generation after generation, is about the Gypsy bribing the policeman:

Once apré a chairus a Romany chal chored a rāni chillico (or chiriclo), and then jālled átut a prastraméngo 'pré the drum. "Where did tute chore adovo rāni?" putchered the prastramengo.

"It's kik rāni; it's a pauno rāni that I kinned'drée the gav to del tute."

"Tacho," penned the prastramengo, "it's the kushtrest rāni mandy ever dick dus. Ki did tute kin it?"

Avali, many's the chairus mandy's tippered a trin-mushti to a prastraméngo to mukk mandy hatch my tan with the chávis.

Once on a time a Gypsy stole a turkey, and then met a policeman on the road.

"Where did you steal that turkey?" asked the policeman.

"It's no turkey; it's a goose that I bought in the town to give you."

"Fact!" said the policeman; "it is the finest goose I ever saw. Where *did* you buy it?"

Yes, many's the time I have given a shilling (three fourpence) to a policeman to let me pitch my tent with the children.

They always hang their cooking utensils high in the wagon, because if a thing falls upon the ground, or is trodden on, they consider it consecrated to the earth and

ITALIAN GYPSIES.

no longer fit for their use. Mr. Leland tells us a curious point of affinity between the Gypsies and Hindoos may be found in a custom which a Rom thus describes:

When a mush mullers an' the juvas adrée his ker can't kair habben because they feel so nafio 'bout the Rom being gone, or the chavi or juvalo mush, or whoever it may be, then their friends for trin divvuses kairs their habben an' bitchers it a lende. An 'that's tacho Romnanies, an' they wouldn't be dessen Romany chuls that wouldn't kair dovo for mushos in sig an' tukli.

When a man dies and the women in his house cannot prepare food (literally, make food) as they feel so badly because the man is gone, or the girl or young man, or whoever it may be, then their friends for three days prepare their food and send it to them. And that is real Romany (custom) and they would not be decent Romany fellows who would not do that for people in sorrow and distress.

Precisely the same custom prevails in India where they use an indentical term for it.

Here is another of their stories, about the *gorgio* and the Romany *chal*:

Once upon a time a gorgio said to a Gypsy, "Why do you always go about the country? There is no food in what does not rest (or stay here)." Said the Gypsy, "Show me your money!"

And he showed him a guinea, a sovereign, a half-sovereign, a half-guinea, a five-shilling piece, a half-crown, a two-shilling piece, a shilling, a sixpence, a four-penny piece, a three-pence, a two-pence, a penny, a half-penny, a farthing, a half-farthing. Said the Gypsy, "This is all bad money."

"No," said the other man, "it is all good and sound. Toss it in your hand and hear it ring?"

"Yes," replied the Gypsy, "you told me that only bad things keep going, and this money has gone all over the country many a time."

All men are not like trees. Some must travel and cannot keep still.

This precisely expresses the Romany nature. They must travel and cannot keep still. Their strain of blood prefers the open sun for a parasol and any woods for a dwelling-place, to palace roofs and established kingdoms. Of course they have no record as statesmen, soldiers, agriculturists, builders or scholars. They are always playing truant along the roads; they never have been, and never intend to go, into the world's busy school.

A Gypsy fortune-teller always takes her subject to one side, so that spectators may neither overhear the revelation nor cast contempt upon it. She seems to believe what she tells, but behind the *gorgio's* back she always has her laugh at his credulity. The prediction is short but bristling with points; and when the Gypsy predicts backward, or tells what has actually happened, her penetration does her marvelous credit; she often hits the exact truth. The fortune usually runs in this wise, if she sees in the face before her and in the hand she holds, energy and the generous piece of silver:

"And it's a good fortune that's coming to you, my lady, or my gentleman. You've been far and you've seen much, but you'll go farther and see more. There's going to be a great change, and

it's a change for the better. You'll be rich, and give away by the handfull, and what you've had is but a drop to what you will have. Tell me the exact truth: do you begrudge me this money that you lay in my hand? No. I tell you a true fortune, and them that's your enemies can never make headway against you. You will succeed in whatever you turn your hand to." Then to these bright generalities she adds a few predictions suited only to the person addressed, which gives him faith in the whole, though he laughingly denies it to his friends; and sends him away with the impression that in his case the oracle has spoken fact.

It is a queer little discovery that the good old gibberish with which boys and girls have long counted out for Hide-and-Seek,

> One-ry, O-ry, ick-ry Ann,
> Filison, foloson, Nicholas, Jan, etc.

is a corruption of Romany rhymed words.

The neighbors of the Gypsies, that is, people who live around their gathering-points, know less about them, their traditions and common happenings, than do strangers far off who love to gather up information about them. This is partly because they despise the *gorgio*, and partly because the *gorgio* despises them. It is not every white-face that cares to sit down in a Gypsy's tent and have the dogs nosing near — the wolfish-looking curs that always range with them; that loves the ground we tread, enough to snuff its sweetness along with Romany noses; or that can at all comprehend the brown brother's love of free air and his hatred of walls.

It was sunset when I left the Dayton camp; the west was all a water-melon color over that pretty little city. Soon the men who had been in town trading, would come home; or do they say "come tent?" Come *ker*, perhaps. The camp-fires would start up fresh, and perhaps the guitar or fiddle be heard between dog-barks and children's night twitterings. I could have stayed longer, if steam cars only took the road in such a leisurely fashion as do Gypsies. They were not like any of the people who live in houses. Outdoors furnishes their bric-à-brac — in golden-rod, quaint toad-stools, all kinds of leaves, mosses and curious pebbles. The sky, raining or shining, is a ceiling renewed every day.

Boys are sometimes possessed with a fury for going off to unknown places and achieving immense deeds in the killing of buffaloes, Indians and alligators. I know one dear little fellow who broke up a lot of pickle-bottles with a hatchet, and played he was killing giants. But if men and women confessed to their chief mania, I think it would be a general desire to sit along the hedges or in the dim sweet woods, without a care in the world, letting the hours soak them in content and playing they were Gypsies.

"Voila! Les Bohémiens."

GOLDEN are the hours when duties have been done;
Silver are the hours when duties are begun;
Leaden are the hours when nothing has been won.

HONEY WILLIAM. (June, 1865)

IN the hilly green heart of Ohio, Honey William Walsh rode forth decked as befitted a proprietor of the soil, which he was. Two bunches of pinks and hollyhocks, each bunch as large as his great hand, ornamented the lapels of his Sunday coat. Honey William had a woman's fondness for perfume and for completing his toilette with flowers. All summer long he carried heaps of roses on his breast to church, and responded with a [illegible] smile of joy to the titterings of the girls.

But the first apple-cutting of the autumn weather found him limited in garden resources. There were still bouncing-bettes growing by the palings, and a few frosty larkspurs; they were a last resort when a man wanted a posy. He gleaned the hollyhock stalks and the bunch of sweet pinks with a lugubrious feeling of bidding summer good-by then and there. All seasons were happy, however, to Honey William. He was a colossal baby, standing above six feet in height, and lavishly proportioned, still bearing the pet name his doting widowed mother gave him before she died and left it to be turned into a slur on his unsalted sweetness. When human beings abuse such wholesome creatures as cows and horses, they can not be expected to treat with any tenderness the primitive man. At district school this youth was called Honey William Walsh, and he figured as Honey William Walsh still when past his twenty-fifth year. He owned two hundred acres of the best land in Fairfield County, enriched by half a century's stocking and cultivation. He had a white frame house with a portico in front, and in the very centre of that house he had himself implanted that modern convenience, a bath-tub, which kept his cheeks rosy and his eyes clear, and the neighborhood in a state of scandal. Honey William alluded to his frequent plunges with the innocent freedom of a young sea-god or a shorn-fleeced Englishman; and he lived in an environment where [illegible] held to be very private family matters.

Besides the bath-tub he had two other unusual possessions—an educated man cook, whose wool had grown white in the service of Honey William's mother, and a small library. He was really better read than most of his acquaintances. But Honey William was considered dull, and there is nothing the Ohio rural mind so thoroughly detests as that quality it calls softness. The young farmer would rather be stamped a bold and reckless sinner than a green one. He can obtain forgiveness for appearing a little hard, but he will find himself rejected, not only of men, but of women, on the mere suspicion of being a little soft. It seems to mean effeminacy in man, and in woman a morbid development of sentiment which unfits her for common contact with the world.

Nobody had ever thought of accusing Kate Thompson of softness. She was the pivot on which practical matters turned at Roby's, and she had the apple-cutting going at full speed when Honey William tied his horse in the Roby stable.

Kate and her portly aunt brought in pails and baskets of apples to replenish the plates of the parers. All the youthful society of that neighborhood worked busily there under brilliant candle-light. Chairs were placed around the walls of the uncarpeted dining-room, and occupied by girls in bright calico or delaine dresses, and young men in their Sunday black clothes. Earthen jars or wooden bowls received the pared and quartered apples, whose destination was the brick dry-house in the yard. It must have been sad for the apple-trees to put forth their spring blossoms with that half-crematory in sight. But the weazened mummy of a noble fruit did not intrude its nauseating presence at the cutting. There were pantry shelves all lined with plates heaped ready for the lap supper, with two kinds of cake, plum tarts, and twisted crullers.

Joe Noggle had a patent peeling machine screwed fast to a table, and he ground forth a mouthful of apples for as many eaters as could cluster near. Their hands were blackened by steel knives, and their lips stained by fruit juice. This was the noisiest quarter of the room, and from it flew many an apple core or those sedate beaux in what might be called the dress circle. Joe Noggle was an uproarious being, who could not be kept down even by his desire to conciliate Miles Roby. Miles was a brown, tough old farmer, not unlike a dried apple, all puckered into wrinkles about his sunken mouth, which he opened only to talk about the weather-chances of making money. Joe Noggle had no money, or any chances of making any, so Miles always spoke to him as seldom as possible, and meant by the brief attention he did bestow to intimate that Patience Roby was not for Joe Noggle.

Patience wore a pink wool delaine jacket over a white dress. She had a fleece of shingled curly hair, cruel little teeth, and two sharp dimples which looked as if they had been bored by instruments, for her features were thin. Still, Patience Roby was a pretty girl, and the belle of all that neighborhood. The mocking twinkle of her eyes bewildered both sober-minded and lively young men, and their elders were ready to grant she might settle down into a solid wife for somebody.

The Robys had invited people from New Baltimore and Millersport to their apple-cutting, which guests came late by carriage and wagon load. Nearly all the apples were cut up when Patience took her place inside the dining-room door to present each of these individuals to the assembled company. Her sharp dimples came and went merrily, and she made graceful side remarks between her announcements.

"Miss Taylor, ladies and gentlemen," called Patience.

Miss Taylor contested down the step admitting to the dining-room, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen"; and the ladies and gentlemen, quartering apples or whetting an occasional knife on a jar, responded, in full chorus, "Miss Taylor."

By the time her duty was punctiliously done, all signs of labor vanished. There was prolonged pumping, and the sound of the roller towel was heard on the back porch. Then girls with arms around each other's waists grouped into the parlor and family sitting-room, and promptly youths selected chairs near a table or some object on which they could rest a plate. Kate Thompson and her aunt Roby, with half a dozen young Ganymedes as helpers, streamed in with the lap supper.

Honey William Walsh now found himself cut off from Patience Roby, about whom he usually hung. Her father, by no means intending to rear Honey William's courtship, had yet wedged him up between the bee-hive in the parlor and simple-minded Sallie Waddell. Sallie was dark and very thin, her nose going before her like a razor to cleave a way for the feeble head to which it was appended. She had attended all the apple-cuttings and taken part in all the plays for uncounted years, and never complained that she found the younger generation less considerate than their mothers, with whom she formerly disported herself.

"See this 'ere?" said Miles Roby to Honey William, indicating the parlor bee-hive. "This 'ere's a new paytent."

"I thought 'twas a fine bureau," piped Sallie, lifting the upper part of her face, and unhinging her lower jaw so that it hung suspended over her breast.

"And that's what it looks like," responded Miles, proudly. "But it's a paytent right. I paid ten dollars for this 'ere."

He made an important bustle in removing the veneered front. Many of his guests crowded near, the girls uttering cries when they saw bees hanging so thickly within the glass inclosure. A New Baltimore youth, who had been leaning with his plate on the other end of the parlor hive, leaped across the room, and Miles Roby smiled with grim delight. He loved to study the private life of such producers as bees, and to feel that he had them harmless and very active almost within his hand. White heaps of honey-comb were already cemented to the glass.

"Jess put your ear down close, and you'll hear them hum," he suggested, in his capacity of exhibitor.

"Do leave the boards off, and let us look at them," begged a Millersport young lady. "I never saw such a sight in my life."

"But how do the bees get in and out?" said Honey William.

Miles explained that a bit of weather boarding had been cut from the outside of the house to let a flattened spout connect the bee-hive with the open air. Kate Thompson had some difficulty in getting through the gazing throng to collect lunch plates.

Kate's small face was triangular, like a fox's, though no fox's face was ever set with such straight-gazing, shrewd eyes. It was one smear of freckles, the freckles being answered by brown shades in her crinkled red hair. There was an honest comeliness about Kate, an elastic spring to her little figure—an entire effect of picturesqueness which the young men owned. But she was as sharp as a brier bush, and scorned lovers. The man who dared to attempt kissing her, even in forfeit games, felt claws. She held herself as nicely aloof from all the common philandering of the neighborhood as if the sternest duenna had her in charge, when perhaps a more unmotbered and secretly forlorn girl did not exist within a day's journey of her. Kate elected her friends by

spiritual chemistry. For she was one of those unfortunate souls who can not smear their individuality through a multitude. The grindstone of poverty had whetted her, but it encountered that steel-like endurance which shapes into heroic blades. Her place in her uncle's family might have made a mere drudge of her if she had not dignified it by an honest enjoyment of her duties. Miles Roby said Kate could work all around Patience in a day, and have enough sense left at night to say who should and who should not come to see her.

For Miles detested his daughter's skipping and lively lover. He had a meaner opinion of Millersport and New Baltimore when he saw how Joe Noggle led all the games.

Joe Noggle gave himself over to riotous hilarity, as if this were a last chance.

It was eleven by the kitchen clock—an hour when all decorous apple-cuttings broke up session—and still the house rang with laughter and shook with the tread of romping feet. Mrs. Roby sat in her corner, a serene mass of flesh, saying good-naturedly to all inquirers that she could stand it if the young people could, though she did not know what some of their mothers would say to her. The full September moon swam in its own radiance toward a mild midnight. But Joe Noggle declared there was yet time to celebrate the occasion by a few weddings while the young people were putting on their wraps.

"I know that Honey William Walsh and Sallie Waddell have made up their minds to get married," shouted Joe, pushing forward an unwilling justice of the peace from Millersport, "for Honey William sent me to town for the license."

"Why, no," remonstrated Honey William, standing sincere and tall above the surge.

"Now, Honey William, you know you did," claimed Patience. "You showed the license to me. Don't be bashful, Sallie. Come out and take Honey William's hand."

Mrs. Roby quaked as heartily as any of the merriness young company when the half-witted woman tramped forth and laid hold of the appointed victim's hand.

Honey William gazed down with forbearing pity at her tittering face and skinny fingers.

"Sallie's goin' to be a bride now, what she always wanted to be," cried one of the girls, to whom Sallie responded with an open-mouthed smirk which caused raptures.

"Go ahead, justice," urged Joe.

"Yes, go ahead," urged the chorus. "You needn't hang back. Honey William's got the cash."

"But I never asked her," objected Honey William, still, out of his natural tenderness for women, refusing to leave her alone the butt of the company.

"Oh, Sallie won't mind that," spoke up a dozen irresponsible voices. "You mustn't hurt Sallie's feelings."

"I don't want to hurt her feelings," said Honey William. "If it's just in fun, and the rest of you want to see the wedding, I don't know but Sallie and I might get married for you."

"Honey William Walsh, I've always wanted to see you married," cried a short girl, standing on a chair to look at the ceremony over intervening heads. She tied a Shaker bonnet under her laughing chin.

"Of course it's in fun," re-assured the chorus, quaking with delight. They pelted the justice with cries of "Go on!" until he was fain to do so.

The moment of comparative silence which allowed his voice to be heard was followed by the climax of all the noise. A crash of glass, an angry sound like the rasp of many small saws, and intermingling screams, turned every face aghast.

"What's the matter?" "What's the matter?"

"Kate Thompson's dropped one of the bee-hive covers on the glass and broke it, and the bees is all comin' out!"

Had an earthquake shaken every timber of the house, the stampede could have been no greater. The justice ran, crushing his ears. Girls accepted rescue from hands on which they had intended to bestow that slight known as the mitten. Some returned for no good-byes, but made speed on their various homeward roads, and others paused in the orchard or outside of windows to shout directions to each other for the quelling of the bees.

Honey William Walsh, like a huge lamb of sacrifice, had remained unmoved by the altar until Kate Thompson ran against him with her arms over her head. She was desperately afraid of bees, and his answered her mute look by taking her arms and rushing her down the orchard quite against the lane fence.

"I guess Sallie Waddell got away by herself," he observed, when he had looked around and saw no more women to rescue. "Did they sting you, Kate?"

"Did they sting me, Kate?" she mocked, picking a bee from her temple. Honey William examined the place with gentleness, pressing out between his two thumb nails a fine black lance, its tip by moonlight discernibly ragged and white, freshly torn from the wrathful insect.

"Don't cry," said he.

"Who's cryin'?" demanded Kate.

"You are," he replied, gathering a fingerful of tears off her face and showing her the glitter.

"Honey William Walsh, haven't you got a bit of sense?" she demanded, hotly.

"Not much," responded he, a modest doubt dwelling in his eye.

"You've told a true word now. And I've broke Uncle Miles's bee-hive on your account. He thinks more of it than he does of his farm."

"You didn't do it a-purpose?" said Honey William, in mild astonishment.

"Of course I done it a-purpose," wept Kate. "I wish the bees had all stung you. If you had that calf head of yours full of stingers, you might prof'tably go home and pull 'em out and do some thinkin'."

"I do a great deal of thinking," argued Honey William, folding his arms and leaning against the fence. "I think all the time."

"Did you ever think, then, what was the good of your hangin' around here for Patience Roby and Joe Noggle to laugh at you? They meun to slip off and get married next Sunday. I heard him tell her he'd got the license. Yes, and I heard her ask him if he got one for you too. Joe Noggle would as lief play a trick on you as not, and marry you up tight to anybody, if that would justify him and Patie to aunt and uncle afterward. Haven't I seen unele take five dollars out of his pocket and offer it to Patie if she'd give up Joe and take you?"

"And what did Patie do?"

"Does a body have to tell you all the disgraceful things that ever was? Patie sniffed at it."

"She may come to need the five dollars before she dies," remarked Honey William, with serious consideration.

"She will if she has Joe Noggle," said Kate, with a bitter laugh against the fence rail nearest her head.

"But I don't want anybody hired to marry me," Honey William pursued, turning his calm, objecting eyes upon Kate. "I shouldn't think a girl would have to be hired to take a good husband. You wouldn't have to be hired, would you?"

"I don't want any husband," sniffed Kate.

"But I wish you'd marry me," he suggested, rubbing along the rail.

"I won't do any such thing. I'd have little to do, marryin' you, wouldn't I?"

"I wouldn't let you slave over a hot stove harvest times," he ruminated.

"Honey William Walsh, you don't do yourself any credit goin' all around the neighborhood talkin' your soft talk."

"But I never talked any soft talk to you before, did I, Kate?"

"No, you didn't," she responded, wrathfully.

"I'm beginning now, though," he proceeded, with calm resolution.

"You great gump," shot out the hot-tongued damsel, "do you think I'm runnin' after you?"

"Yes; I like it," he owned, in vast simpleity. "I haven't had any women-folks to run after me since mother died. A man misses it. You're spiey and you're snappy. I believe I've come to see you as much as I did Patience."

He had a sudden thought, and lifted her up like a little girl to sit upon his arm.

"Honey William Walsh," exclaimed Kate, wrigging in his grasp, "I'll kick you with my heel."

"Kiss me, Kate."

"I don't kiss men. I scratch them."

"Why, I could wear you just like a bunch of pinks over my heart. Say we're engaged, and I'll put you down."

"You'll put me down anyhow," said Kate, gaining the ground, and moreover spurning it. "And I wouldn't have you as a gift."

"Come, now," urged her suitor. "Let's get up on the fence and argue."

"You go home," said Kate, "and stay there, and think it over till I send you word."

"But will you send me a good word?"

"I don't know but I might if you go right off now. Your hat's in the house, but I'll fetch it while you lead out your horse."

"I'll go right off, then," said Honey William.

When, a few minutes later, he rode from the stable into the lane, Kate stood on the top rail holding to the ridered stakes, and she crowned his head with its cover.

"I wish I could carry you off with me," said Honey William, holding back his horse.

"I ain't so easy carried off," responded Kate, clambering down the fence and hastening his departure.

She waited in the dark fence corner, however, and listened to the pat-a-pat of his horse's feet until the dim concave of sky and earth swallowed them away from her. She caught her breath between a sob and a laugh, and whispered into a crevice of the fence rail, which offered itself like a little ear for the confidence: "Great gump. I've liked him ever since I could remember, and he never got it through his head until I beat it in to-night."

The German Emperor.

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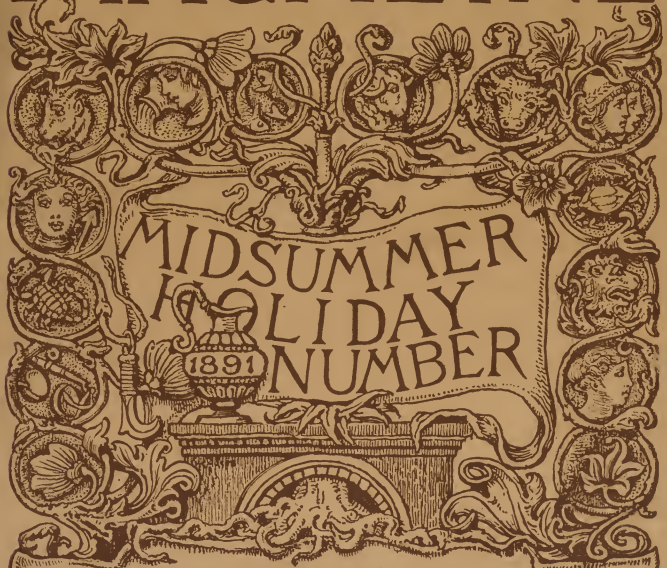

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1891.

Portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Germany . . . . . Frontispieces

The German Emperor . . . . . *Poultney Bigelow* 485
Pictures by W. Taber, H. D. Nichols, O. H. Bacher, Harry Fenn, after photographs by Frith & Co., Sophus Williams, and the Photographic Company of Berlin.

Thou Reignest Still . . . . . *Louise Chandler Moulton* . . . 492

Thumb-Nail Sketches: Moglashen . . . . . *George Wharton Edwards* . . 493
Pictures by the author.

A Common Story . . . . . *Wolcott Balestier* 497

Two Kings . . . . . *William H. Hayne* 501

On the Study of Tennyson . . . . . *Henry Van Dyke* 502

The Squirrel Inn. IV . . . . . *Frank R. Stockton* 511
Pictures by A. B. Frost.

The Press as a News Gatherer. By the Manager of the Associated Press . . . . . *William Henry Smith* 524

The Eleventh-Hour Laborer . . . . . *L. Gray Noble* 536

Life on the South Shoal Lightship . . . . . *Gustav Kobbé* 537
Pictures by W. Taber.

Play in Provence. The Grand Arrival of the Bulls—The Ferrade . . . *Joseph Pennell* 548
Pictures by the author.

"Alone we come into the World" . . . . . *Stuart Sterne* 556

The Little Renault . . . . . *Mary Hartwell Catherwood* . . 557
Pictures by Kenyon Cox.

On Elkhorn . . . . . *Robert Burns Wilson* 567

Our Summer Migration. A Social Study . . . . . *Edward Hungerford* 569

Le Crépuscule (Twilight). From a painting by . . . . . *Alexander Harrison* 577

Cape Horn and Coöperative Mining in '49 . . . . . *Willard B. Farwell* 579
Pictures by Charles Nahl, M. Burns, E. R. Butler, W. Taber, H. Fenn, W. L. Dodge.

Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea . . . . . *Charles G. D. Roberts* 594

The White Crown . . . . . *Herbert D. Ward* 595

The Faith Doctor. VII . . . . . *Edward Eggleston* 609

The Clown and the Missionary . . . . . *Viola Roseboro'* 6

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Argentine Cheap Money Paradise 6

The Lottery's Last Ditch . . . . . 631 "Orthodoxy and Liberty" 6

OPEN LETTERS.

"Valor and Skill in the Civil War" . . . . . *J. T. Derry, T. A. Dodge* . . . 6

"Does Vivisection Help?" . . . . . *Edward Berdoe* 63

Alexander Harrison . . . . . *William A. Coffin* 637

The Treatment of Inebriates . . . . . *L. Edwin Dudley* 638

"The Confederate Diplomatists" . . . 638 The Steamboat "Ariel" 638

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reflections . . . . . *J. A. Macon* 639

Cour d' Amour.—Cupid, J. . *C. F. Coburn* 639

Two Seasons . . . . *E. W. McGlasson* 639

The Thoughtless Thinker . *J. K. Bangs* 639

Patience Ceased to be a Virtue . . . . . *Edith M. Thomas* 639

An Indian Uprising. Drawn by . . . . . *P. Newell* 639

To an English Sparrow . . . *G. Horton* 640

From the Women's Quarters 640

Sweet Mistress Nance . . . *W. P. Carter* 640

Positively Pretty . . . . . *E. B. Ripley* 640

The wood-engravings in this number are by T. Johnson, R. G. Tietze, H. E. Sylvester, P. Aitken, C. Schwartzburger, C. A. Powell, S. G. Putnam, R. C. Collins, G. P. Bartle, J. W. Evans, A. Negri, J. P. Davis, F. W. Sutherland, C. State, J. H. E. Whitney, H. Wolf, H. Velten, F. French, J. F. Jungling, S. Davis, O. Naylor, T. Schussler.

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THE LITTLE RENAULT.

AN EPISODE OF TONTY'S LIFE IN THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY.

— "And a Parisian youth named Étienne Renault."—*Parkman.*

I.

THE tenth of September of the year 1680 was a day of sunshine and languor in the great village of the Illinois. Lodges shaped like the covers of modern emigrant wagons, but colossal in size, and having an opening left along the top for smoke, filled a wide plain between river and northern bluffs.

In one of these lodges the central row of half a dozen fires had all died down to ashes except one pile of pink embers. Above it the air reeled with that tipsy tremulousness which heat imparts. An old Indian woman sat on the side occupied by the blankets of her family, and her fingers flew like dark streaks among rushes which she was braiding into a mat — the gray-green shingle of every Illinois wigwam. A French lad stood beside her, ready to go out into the open air.

"My mother," said he, using the name as a title of respect, "you have shown me how to bind an arrowhead to the shaft; now I will show you how to dance."

The squaw, half-understanding his imperfect use of her language, looked up, smiling with many wrinkles, willing to be amused by a pretty creature who avoided Indian girls and came for counsel and chat to an old woman.

He flung himself back, brandishing the finished arrow, and, turning on one foot, spun around and around at the very verge of the fires. It was like the wheeling flight of a thistle plume through the open lodge end. Outside he still whirled and sprung, keeping a tune in his throat.

Some lazy old braves were gambling with cherry stones, having spread a blanket where a wigwam shielded them from the afternoon sun. One of them shot a cherry stone after the flying, singing boy, and they all grinned with good humor at his merry defiance.

Naked children rolled on the ground, stirring up with kicks puppies as fat as themselves.

The lad skipped past a small arbor of bark wherein sat an Illinois girl and her silent lover. He checked his steps, and glanced back at them with that wistful, half-contemptuous curiosity of youth, and as he walked on lightly his flying curls settled to thick, black clusters around his neck. He had an exquisite feminine throat and face, and small, sunburnt hands. His dress was the buckskin suit of frontiersmen, yet it outlined a figure of undulations, unlike the square and masculine build of a man standing in the lodge door of the French.

He also was young, though his face had grown thin and his high temples sunken during his two years' exposure in the wilderness with the explorers La Salle and Tonty.

This Frenchman could see the whole Illinois town and the bluffs across the river. A mile or more up-stream one bold promontory jutted into the water, its glistening ribs of sandstone half clothed with cedars. This was the Rock of St. Louis, which La Salle had ordered his lieutenant Tonty to fortify. It stood waiting then, as it stands waiting to-day, for any human life which may briefly swarm over it and disappear.

Patches of cornfield around the outskirts of the Indian town had each its attendant squaw with her brood of children, driving off crows from the ripening maize. Farther away was the tribe's burial-place. Some of the sleepers were hidden from sight in the ground; but many were lifted high on platforms, with skins or blankets for their motionless palls, in sun and dew and rain, the voices of children and the monotone of the river forever sounding

below them. The whole country was mellow with that afternoon light of the year which we call autumn haze.

"Runaway," said the man in the lodge door, smiling at the sauntering lad, "where hast thou been idling?"

THE ARROW DANCE.

"In the old mother's lodge, learning to set arrowheads. Has Monsieur de Tonty yet returned, Sieur de Boisrondet?"

"He is coming yonder with L'Espérance. The fathers are now settled in their retreat. I saw no hint of a monk's hood in the canoe as it came down."

As the boy turned towards the river Boisrondet detected on his face the sweet eagerness which sometimes molds the features of a young girl.

Henri de Tonty was already striding up the bank, while L'Espérance pulled ashore the canoe they had used.

La Salle's lieutenant had at that time much to depress him. With only five followers, including two priests, he was holding ground in the midst of a suspicious savage tribe until La Salle could return from Fort Frontenac with new supplies and more men for their western venture.

Fort Crèvecœur—below that expansion of the Illinois River called the Lake of Pimitoui—had been destroyed by insurgents and deserters, its stores stolen, its magazine emptied, and a half-finished ship left to rot. Only the seed of future enterprises seemed saved in this Illinois town where Tonty was waiting on the explorer's order to fortify that great rock jutting into the river. He had first thought of

pitching his camp on the natural stronghold, and setting up palisades. It could be ascended at one corner only, and might be held by the smallest garrison. But that would rouse distrust in Indian neighbors whom the French could never spare. He therefore built his lodge like any other wigwam in the midst of the town.

"You stopped at the Rock again, as you passed it, Monsieur de Tonty?" inquired Boisrondet.

"Yes," replied Tonty. A line of anxiety stood upright between his black eyebrows. His face was flushed with heat, and his cap and clustering hair were pushed back from his forehead. The ends of his mustache swept down his face. The frontier dress adorned his large presence, for Tonty unconsciously carried with him always the air of courts and battlefields.

He struck dust off the stiff right gauntlet which covered his metal hand.

"Never mind, Boisrondet. We will begin our fortification the moment Monsieur de La Salle arrives. The severest discipline in any campaign is waiting for reinforcements. On that rock you can see the country as from a cloud, except the prairie south and eastward beyond the ravine and the woods. If the fathers were of my mind they would be making their retreat on the Rock."

"And what spot have they selected for their retreat?"

"A place about a league from here, not distant from the sulphur spring. L'Espérance helped them build their lodge, and we stocked it well for them. They themselves made a cross of two unhewn limbs, and planted it beside their door."

"I do congratulate them," laughed Boisrondet, "that they are able to make a religious retreat from these tiresome heathen. There were never two priests more disgusted with missionary work than Father Membré and Father Ribourde."

The peasant L'Espérance, stooping in gait and grizzled around the temples, flung some feathered game past Tonty's back at the listening French lad.

"Thou art young, thou little Renault," he called, "and I am old and tired. Dress these birds for the commandant's supper."

"How many times have I told thee, L'Espérance," exclaimed Tonty, turning on him, "not to be constantly shirking upon the little Renault?"

"But I will dress them," cried the little Renault, snatching up the task. "It is nothing for me to do, Monsieur de Tonty."

"I am tired," repeated L'Espérance in a mutter. "The lad is ever as full of spring as a grasshopper, yet must I bear all the wood, and dress all the game, and be the squaw of the camp, and take revilings if he lifts a finger to be of use."

"Growler," laughed the little Renault, striking at the old man with the birds, "go into the lodge and lie down to sleep." And L'Espérance trotted in willingly, while around the lodge side, with the hunting spoil, trailed that youthful treble which had so often waked Tonty and Boisrondet early in dewy mornings.

The two men looked at each other with silent intelligence, and forbore to interfere. Neither ever spoke to the other about the little Renault as a girl, though Boisrondet had been present when her father put her in Tonty's charge at Fort Crèvecœur. The father was a sickly and despondent Parisian of the lesser nobles who had wedded and survived a peasant censitaire's stout daughter, and roved from trading-post to trading-post, putting his orphan into boy's attire that he might keep her with him through all experiences. His selfish life ending at Fort Crèvecœur, he desired to send his little Renault home to Paris, and Tonty, in consternation, took charge of her jointly with the priests.

To Tonty she was never a girl. She was a free and vivid spirit — pinkly clothed in flesh, perhaps, and certainly looking through happy black eyes, but having above everything else a tiptoe facility in dancing over dangerous spots.

Crowded among men at Crèvecœur she never seemed to hear any brutal jest. The chastening presence of priests made safer such a place for a young girl; yet there was in her a boyish quality which deceived all but her father's confidants. She had been born to the buckskin. She had never worn women's drapery; her round childish limbs spurned any thought of it. The beautiful fire of virgin youth seemed to flash from her person. In an age when women were pretty toys or laden beasts she lived the life of a bird in the wilderness. The license of a savage camp in no way touched her. She had never suffered deeply, for the early teens are kind to natural sorrow; and all visible things around her she mingled in her mind with invisible saints.

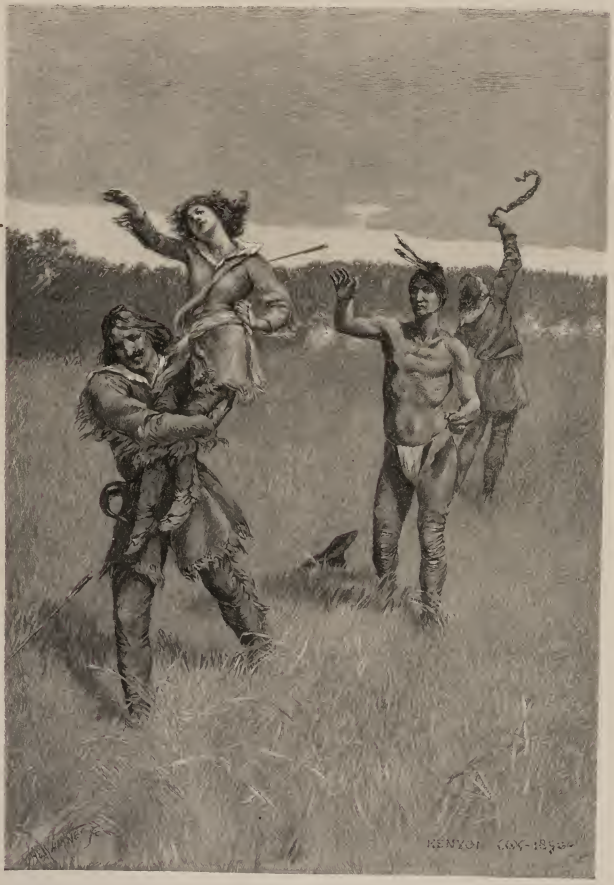
Tonty lay down on the grass, but Boisrondet still stood in the large door.

"It fills me with envy to see you so tired, Monsieur," said the younger man.

"It was necessary that one of us should stay and guard our lodge and the little Renault," replied his commandant. "But this lying like lazy, voiceless dogs at a lodge door doth unman us. Nothing has happened since our setting forth at daybreak?"

"Nothing, except that the cry of insects in the grass never seemed so loud before."

Tonty smiled, finding in himself full response to this impatient restlessness. But even men



THE IROQUOIS ARROW.

who were waiting in the midst of negative dangers might take some delight in that mellow picture of savage life.

The river was cut by a single canoe darting from the farther bank across to the town with impetuous rush like a water-fly. Boisrondet noted it, and thought idly that some hunter must be returning empty-handed and sullen.

The little Renault could be heard caroling at the other end of the lodge while she plucked birds. Their lodge was divided into three apartments by stretched blankets, and hers was the central shrine. Tonty and Boisrondet occupied one end, and the other held L'Espérance, a forge, and some tools saved from the pillage of Crèvecœur. The servant readily yielded his fire to the necessity of cooking, but it vexed him daily to have a mere boy — the little Renault, in fact — set apart as if more reverend than a priest. The priests, look you, had not been above sleeping and teaching in the lodges of the very Illinois.

Tonty lay with his head in the grass, letting the sun dazzle his half-shut eyes, while he piled up visions of this Illinois country like those transparent clouds pinnacled in the zenith. His two years in the wilderness with La Salle had been a constantly rising tide of misfortune. But tides are obliged to ebb, and this silence must be the turn. La Salle had started to Fort Frontenac in March. He was surely retracing the five hundred leagues with supplies. La Salle could outmarch any man of New France.

They would soon fortify the Rock and make it a feudal castle to these timid savages. Neighboring tribes would gather close and help to form a strong principality. It would be easy from this vantage-point to penetrate that unexplored river called the Mississippi.

But a yell rent this structure of thought like a tongue of lightning, and Tonty bounded to his feet. Calls and cries streamed in every direction, as if the whole Indian town had become a shower of meteoric voices. The women started from their cornfields, wailing in alarm, and naked children sprawled and uttered the echo of woe. Cherry stones and the stakes won thereby were forgotten. The hunter who had crossed the river was surrounded with lamentation.

Tonty found his followers at his side almost as soon as the yell broke out. They had lived so long on the edge of peril that union was their first instinct. L'Espérance was wide awake. Tonty put the little Renault between Boisrondet and himself, and as the savage mob surrounded them he unconsciously held her with his sound arm. Little Renault's curls were full of bird down, but her black eyes were full of courage.

"What is the matter?" demanded Tonty in imperfect Illinois.

"The Iroquois are coming! The Iroquois are marching here to eat us up."

"The Iroquois," screamed a wrinkled old warrior, "are your allies. They are at peace with all the French. They are your friends. But you are no friends of ours. Children, these Frenchmen have come here to betray us. They have brought the Iroquois upon us."

Out came the knives, Tonty with iron-handed arm pushing them back — persuading, shouting. The Indians drowned his voice with yells. The very squaws ran with firebrands. Some of the furious multitude fell upon the French lodge, and its mats flew in every direction. From the midst of falling poles ran sinewy red-bodied fellows dragging the tools and heavy forge which Tonty and his men had brought with such pains through the wilderness. The splash of the clinking mass in the river testified to their final use.

The lives of the Frenchmen standing back to back were scarcely a breath long. Tonty's stiff gauntlet kept the knives back, and he made his voice heard through the howling.

"If you kill us you kill yourselves. I tell you we are your friends. If you kill us your French father will not leave a man of you alive. We brought no invaders to your country. We know nothing about the Iroquois. But since they have come, I tell you we will go with you to fight them."

II.

"FULL of intelligence and courage," as a priest has described Tonty in this strait, his imperfect Illinois made the Indians slow to understand him. But as they understood, their tense threats relaxed; and with continued lamentation they turned to break up the camp.

The canoes were pushed out and filled with women, children, and provisions. Nearly all the young braves were away in a war-party in the northwest. The three or four hundred remaining were the oldest or youngest warriors. The Illinois Indian at his best estate was no model of courage. About sixty men accompanied the retreating town to a flat, wooded island down the river, where temporary lodges could be set up and defended.

The remainder at once began to prepare for battle. They brought wood and built great fires along the shore. Weapons were made ready, bodies greased and painted, and a kind of passover meal eaten.

The sun went down, and mists brooded on the river, but there was no silence all that night. The Illinois sang war-songs and danced war-dances under the slow and majestic march of the stars. Their fires shone on the water, and their dark, leaping bodies threw shadows across the deserted town.

Tonty and Boisrondet sat apart, also sleepless, taking counsel together. L'Espérance had been missing since the tumult of embarking. He, also, had taken a canoe and slipped away. Both masters were severe on him until they found next forenoon that he only went to bring the priests back, lest some of his faith should die without absolution.

Boisrondet had brought some of the scattered mats for the little Renault, and she hid in them as in a nest from the growing chill of night, sleeping like some sylvan creature reliant on the power that sheltered it.

Scouts sent out in darkness came back at early morning with news. They had seen the army of Iroquois creeping under cover of woods, armed with guns and pistols, and carrying rawhide bucklers. They had seen, they said,— scowling aside at the Frenchmen,— La Salle himself leading the invaders. And at that the whole camp again rushed to take Tonty and his followers by the throat.

"If all the Iroquois had stolen French clothes you would believe there were many Monsieur de La Salles coming to fight you," declared Tonty. "He does not turn upon his brothers as you do. I tell you we will go with you to fight the Iroquois."

The frenzied tribe at once threw themselves into their canoes with these allies and crossed the river.

It seemed to both guardians that nothing could be done with the little Renault except to carry her into the action. Boisrondet gave a bitter thought to the selfishness of her father, and Tonty regretted not sending her with the priests. But life in her rose to the occasion. Her moccasins moved in swift unison with Tonty's and Boisrondet's up the wooded hill and across a tangled ridge. Her buckskin blouse was scratched by briers, but she herself went laughing and rose-lipped like Diana, carrying a weapon and eager for game. It seemed to Boisrondet the cruelest thing ever done, this shouldering a child into battle with wolfish men.

Few of the Illinois Indians had guns. They were armed with bows and arrows. They swarmed out on the prairie to attack the Iroquois, who came from covert with whoops and prancings, and roar of firearms and low song of flying shaft mixed with savage battle-cries.

At the instant of encounter Tonty saw how it must go with his allies. They were no match for the Iroquois with all forces mustered, and this fragment of them began to give back even in the fury of onset.

He offered to carry a wampum belt to the Iroquois and to try to stop the fight, and the leaders gladly gave him the flag of truce and sent a young brave with him.

Tonty started out across the open field towards the smoking guns of the Iroquois with this Indian at his right side. He felt a touch on his left elbow, and turned his eyes to find little Renault and Boisrondet keeping abreast of him. He stopped and commanded:

"Go back — both of you. Boisrondet, your orders were to take care of the lad."

"Monsieur," said Boisrondet, to the spat of Iroquois bullets on the prairie sod all around them, "the little Renault would not be kept back."

"Monsieur de Tonty, we go with you," she said.

"You will go back," repeated Tonty, meeting the living light of her eyes with military decision. "Boisrondet, pick up the lad and carry him back. Your duty as a soldier and a gentleman is to keep him out of this danger."

Boisrondet seized and lifted the little Renault in his arms. She struggled with all an untamed creature's physical repugnance to handling, and with all a woman's despair at being dragged from the object to which she clings. In her frenzy she struck Boisrondet upon his bulging forehead with no unmuscular fist.

"Go back with them," said Tonty to the willing young Indian. And running on alone, he did not see the Iroquois arrow which stooped, jarred, and stood upright in the girl's shoulder.

The young Indian alone saw it, and pulled it out as he hurried at the heels of Boisrondet, who felt his load relaxing while he panted and trampled through resin weed and yellow flowers back to the Illinois lines.

Tonty had left his gun when he took up the belt of peace. He held the wampum strip as high as his arm could reach, and rushed directly upon the muzzles pointed at him. His dark skin and frontiersman's dress scarcely distinguished him from the savage mob which closed around him, and before he could speak one of the Iroquois warriors stabbed him in the side. The knife struck a rib and made only a deep gash instead of killing him. He half fell, but caught himself, and opened lips from which blood, not words, gushed first. He held up and shook the wampum belt, and an Iroquois chief shouted that he must be a Frenchman, since his ears were not pierced. This brought some about him who opened his shirt and tried to stop the wound. But the great howling multitude — which an Indian army must become before it can act as an engine of war — was for finishing him.

Tonty spat the blood from his mouth, and declared to them that the Illinois were under the protection of the French king and governor. He demanded that they should be let alone.

One of the braves snatched Tonty's cap and waved it high on a gun. At that the half-sus-

pended firing broke out more fiercely than ever. He urged and demanded with all his strength. A cry rose in front that the Illinois were advancing, and that instant Tonty felt a hand grasp and twist his scalp-lock. He looked over his shoulder at the fierce face of a Seneca chief; but an Onondaga knocked the scalping-knife from the Seneca's hand.

Tonty was spun in a whirlwind of clamor and threats, putting his own shout against the noise of savage throats, and proclaiming that the Illinois had countless Frenchmen to fight with or to avenge them.

No one ever worked with imperious courage more successfully on the temper of Indians. The quarrel sank to his demands. Old men ran to stop the young braves from firing.

The little Renault had been docile, and walked willingly up the ridge with Boisrondet. She told him she was ashamed of her behavior and of keeping him out of the action. But she said nothing about her wound to a man who would insist upon examining it. The arrow stab in her buckskin blouse gave no vent to the blood, for that had taken to moving in a slow trickle down her back. Boisrondet, trembling betwixt chagrin and rapture, said little, but kept his gaze upon her and around her like an atmosphere of protection.

She sat down facing the fire, and Boisrondet stood by her, on his part seeing neither smoke nor moving figures, neither dew on the turf nor distant blue strips of forest.

Two Récollet capotes moved down among the waiting Illinois, for L'Espérance had not tarried about bringing the priests. They hurried to meet Tonty. He came staggering back across the open prairie holding up an Iroquois wampum belt as the sign of his success.

The little Renault let her restrained breath escape in a sob.

"He is safe! But he is pitching forward! He is wounded, monsieur! They have hurt him!"

She herself reeled as Tonty did before the priests received him in their arms, and a deadly sickness, the like of which the little Renault had never felt before, brought her head down among the knotty herbage of the hill.

III.

THE clear September morning seemed to stream around Tonty's eyes in long pennons of flame as Father Ribourde and Father Membré helped him to reach his allies. He was still under a nightmare, and struggled for speech to warn his weak people of the treacherous enemy who were checked only by his threats. He held up the wampum belt and told the Illinois that it was an Iroquois peace, but it would be wisdom on their part to retreat from an Iroquois peace. If they and their families withdrew down the river, leaving some of their wise men in sight of signals, he would treat with the invaders and try to induce them to leave the country.

The small army which had escaped defeat could indeed see nothing better to do. They recrossed the river to their town, and set the lodges on fire, thankful for any chance of saving their national life.

An Indian might have little sentiment about his lodge, which was only a shelter, and never contained very much besides the row of fires. If destroyed, it could be rebuilt anywhere with new poles and mats. But his dead, on platform or in earth, were sacred relics to him. In the fleet of canoes retreating down the Illinois River many a shaven, dusky head was turned, many a mournful eye rested on that spot which could be no longer kept, and might soon be desecrated by a wolfish enemy.

Boisrondet and L'Espérance with the Récollet friars set to work to repair their own lodge, which the Illinois had torn down. Here the priests gave Tonty's wound a better dressing than that of his wild surgeons, and the little Renault lay on her blanket at a distance from him, seeking no remedy for her stiff hurt except to keep him in her sight.

Tonty had made the Iroquois pause; but they promptly crossed the river and prowled over that great field of smoking lodges. They took such poles and posts as had not burned, and built themselves a rough fort in the midst of the abandoned town.

Boisrondet found some blankets which he hung around the little Renault when night came. But she needed no privacy for sleep. He thought the prowling and yelling of the Iroquois made her toss, and draw her breath in tremulous starts. In the morning he was careful to get food for her, while he let L'Espérance serve Tonty and the priests. The Illinois had carried away much of their corn from the underground storehouses, but their ungathered fields still stood; and while the invaders trampled the crop, L'Espérance found some supplies for the inmates of Tonty's lodge. The little Renault awoke with fever, but that day was so full of effort and danger that the men, her guardians, overlooked her state.

They were called to a council by the savages. Tonty rose up and went with his followers into the sapling fort.

On the girl's fever-swimming eyes the circle of hideous Iroquois faces and half-naked bodies made grotesque impression.

Tonty sat in front of her, on each side of him a priest. When he had to rise they helped him; but on his feet he was like the cliff across the

river. His voice kept respect hovering in all those glittering and restless eyes, though a chief began the council by asking him insolently where were all the Illinois warriors he had boasted of, and the army of French who would keep the Iroquois braves from eating the flesh of a worthless tribe.

Tonty repeated the threats and demands he had before made. Six packs of beaver skins were laid before him. A chief proffered them piecemeal. Two were to promise that the Iroquois would not eat the children of the French — those cowardly Illinois; a third was the plaster which must heal Tonty's wound; the fourth was oil for anointing all French joints present at the council; the fifth said the sun was bright, and it was a good day to begin a journey; and the last ordered the French to arise and leave the Illinois country.

Tonty again came to his feet, and thanked his red brothers for their gift. But he desired to know when they themselves meant to leave the Illinois country.

Every copper-hued face turned darker; every guttural voice broke out, in presence of the pledge just made, with a declaration that their tribe would eat Illinois flesh before they went.

Tonty kicked the pack of beaver skins from him. It was their own method of expressing contempt for a one-sided treaty.

The Indians sprang up and drove his party out with drawn knives. The little Renault, hurried by Boisrondet, turned to see Tonty come last from the palisade, still restraining the savages by the threat they dared not disregard. He was determined to stand to the last risk between them and the tribe they had invaded.

During that day L'Espérance felt that he was throwing his scalp at the Iroquois by the frequent trips he made to the river, and all on account of that lad pampered among blankets, who would be constantly laving, and bathing, and drinking, for lack of other amusement.

Clean as a flower at all times, the little Renault was appalled to discover something like infection in her flesh, which she could not soak out. As the day wore to a close her illness so increased that she was forced to look around the blanket with glittering eyes, and whisper for the help of Father Ribourde. As shy of handling as a fawn, aversion even to his touch made her face piteous.

"Father, I cannot endure any longer to be filled with sickness from an arrow wound," she pleaded in excuse for the attendance craved. "There is something foul in my shoulder which I cannot wash away."

The buckskin was drawn partly off, and though she had covered herself, the stain of shame deepened the pink of her angelic flesh as she submitted to the surgeon.

"Why did you not speak of a wound before?" demanded Father Ribourde.

"My father, I could not."

The priest's outcry brought his brother Récollet and Tonty behind the blanket, and jealously, though reluctantly, at their heels, Boisrondet. He took note of the cowering, blush-burned girl; but Tonty saw only the green-rimmed wound on the little lad's shoulder.

"It was a poisoned arrow," pronounced Father Membré.

At that Boisrondet wheeled and rushed into the open air cursing himself, and Father Membré followed close by his ear rebuking him. In many a victim the wound must have worked death within the time she had suffered, but her strong health and wholesome blood resisted. No medicine, no surgeon's skill, could now take the burning foulness out. The poison was in her eyes; it beat in her wrist and hammered in her brain.

"Poor little lad!" groaned Tonty. "I wish I could take this from thee and add it to my dagger cut. We have all been bad guardians. The boy would not be sacrificed thus if Monsieur de La Salle had been here."

"Must I die, father?" inquired the little Renault, lifting her eyes to the priest's sorrowful face when Tonty no longer stood by.

"The lives of all of us are in the hands of God," he answered. But while he dressed the gangrened spot he examined her conscience, and finished by giving her absolution.

"The only penance I shall lay upon thee, my daughter," murmured on his priestly monotone, "is to bear with patience such suffering as may result from this misfortune."

He added tales of martyrs and triumphant saints to keep from her ear the stormy agony of Boisrondet and Father Membré's remonstrances outside the lodge.

The Iroquois allowed another night to pass, and then ordered the French to be gone, giving them a leaky canoe for their voyage.

Tonty had done all he could to protect the timid tribe in retreat. He saw that he must now set off up-river, so the boat was provided with some corn and blankets and the guns of his men. Already the Iroquois were busy tearing down the scaffoldings of the dead. The plain, so lately a peaceful barbarian city, smoldered in little heaps. Groups of Iroquois paused in their work of desecration to howl a derisive adieu to the voyagers.

As the canoe passed the foot of the Rock Tonty looked up its height, hopeless — so poorly do we gage the future — of ever planting the French flag on its summit.

IV.

THE canoe was so leaky that it had to be pulled ashore when Tonty's party had rowed up-stream about twenty-five miles. They camped early in the afternoon. The two priests built a fire, while Boisrondet and L'Espérance cut branches, and with these and blankets made a couple of knotty mattresses on which Tonty and the little Renault could rest with their feet towards the blaze. Tonty's wound was again bleeding. After efforts to mend the boat he dropped upon his pallet in deadly sickness, and lay there while the autumn afternoon dimmed and faded out as if the smile of God were being withdrawn from the world.

Father Ribourde and Father Membré tended both patients with all their monastic skill. The little Renault was full of delirious laughter. L'Espérance, while he labored on the boat with such calking as the woods afforded, groaned over the lad's state and reproached himself for ever grudging the child service. Boisrondet worked at dragging fuel as if his one desire was to exhaust himself and die. As night came on he piled a fire of huge size, though it was a dangerous beacon, for they were camped on a flat and wooded strip some distance from sheltering bluffs, and their light perhaps drew other prowlers than the Iroquois. During the night there were stirrings in thickets, and once a soft dip or two in the river, as if a canoe paddle had incautiously lapsed to its usual motion.

After a meagre supper Father Membré and L'Espérance lay down to sleep while Father Ribourde and Boisrondet kept guard. The weather was changing, and a chill wind swept along the river valley. It continually scattered the little Renault's curls over her fever-swollen face, and Boisrondet, unable to endure this, built up a screen of brush. He sat on the ground beside her pallet, and Father Ribourde sat at the other side, though the priest rose at intervals and examined Tonty.

The whole pile of burning logs was heaped between the little Renault and Tonty. He lay opposite her, with his feet, also, to the fire, sleeping as only exhausted frontiersmen can sleep. Nothing in woods or stooping clouds, or in the outcry of spirits around him, reached his consciousness all that night. He was suspended from the world in a swoon of sleep. His swarthiness was so blanched by loss of blood that his black hair and mustache startled the eye. Father Ribourde listened for his breath, into such deep recesses had his physical life made its retreat.

But the girl on the opposite side of the fire brought echoes from the darkness. She sang. She thought she was dancing in a whirl along peaks, or fishing in the river with L'Espérance, or shooting arrows at a mark with young Indians, or moving across the prairie with Tonty on his errand to the Iroquois. Through every act ran gladness. She exulted upward through the fire-gilt branches.

"O Mother of God, what joy thou hast given me! If there had been no Monsieur de Tonty — think of that! Then I should have crouched like fields blackened in frost. Then I should not know what life is. How desolate — to be without Monsieur de Tonty! The savages, and the wretches at Crèvecœur, they are all like grasshoppers beside him. I would rather have him call me his little lad than be queen of France."

The priest's soothing had no effect on her fever-driven imagination. She drank when he held a cup to her mouth, and stared at him, still laughing. But during several hours there was scarcely a pause in her talk of Tonty.

Boisrondet sat behind her back — for she lay upon her sound shoulder — and endured all this. The flower of martyrdom and the flower of love bloomed there before the priest in the dank woods beside the collapsing camp-fire. The lonesome, low wail of wind was contradicted by the little Renault's glad monotone. All the innocent thoughts which a girl pours out to her mother this motherless girl poured out to Tonty. It was a confession more sacred than any made to a priest. Boisrondet put his hands upon his ears.

Ruddy embers shone on Father Membré and L'Espérance, Récollet's capote and servant's shaggy dress rising and falling in unison throughout the night; for the watchers did not wake them at all.

When Father Ribourde rose up again to look at Tonty, Boisrondet crept to his place and sat by the delirious girl's head. The priest said nothing, and accepted the change. It became his care to keep the little Renault from jarring her wound with her groping hands.

Boisrondet's eyes may have pierced the floating veil of delirium to her consciousness. The smile of vague happiness which she gave the priest turned to a look of solicitude.

"Sieur de Boisrondet, did I hurt you?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Forgive the blow."

"I was grateful for it," muttered Boisrondet.

Still his heart-broken eyes pierced the pavilion of her gladness, and she cried out again:

"Sieur de Boisrondet, did I hurt you?"

"No, no, no!"

"Forgive the blow."

"O saints in heaven!" the man groaned, holding his head in his hands.

"How good is God," said the little Renault, returning to her heights, "who made all his creatures so happy! My Monsieur de Tonty, *my* Monsieur de Tonty —" So she moved on through the clouds.

Tonty awoke at daybreak and stood up weak and giddy, looking first at the pallet on the other side of the sylvan hearth. A stiff small figure was covered there, and Boisrondet was stretched beside it face downward on the ground.

"The poor little lad!" groaned Tonty, coming down on one knee and lifting a blanket edge. "When did he die, Boisrondet?"

Without moving Boisrondet said from the ground:

"She died not long after midnight."

Her face in its pillow of black curls was a marble dream of gladness. She had the wonderful beauty of dead children, and Tonty saw her as a dead child rather than as a woman triumphant in flawless happiness, whose uninhabited face smiled on at her wondrous fate. She had seen her hero in his splendor without man-cruelty and pettiness. The world had been a good place to the little Renault.

Father Ribourde had no candles to put at her head and feet, but he knelt saying prayers for her peace.

The day was chill and sullen, and occasional spatters of sleet glazed twigs and grass tufts. Father Membré and L'Espérance silently took the labors of the camp upon themselves. They dug roots to add to the scant breakfast, and brought fuel. Boisrondet made no response to priest or commandant, but lay on the ground without eating until the slate-gray afternoon began to thicken.

"Boisrondet," then said Tonty, stooping, and taking his subaltern by the shoulder, "the Indians left us not a tool, as you know. We cannot hollow out any grave which would be deep enough to keep the little lad from the wolves."

Boisrondet shivered as if he were beginning to feel the sleet in his hair and on the little Renault's blanket.

"We shall have to sink him in the river, Boisrondet. Be a man."

Boisrondet rose directly, with fierce readiness to do the thing at once if it must be done. He did not look at her again, but sat under a tree with his back turned while preparations were made.

L'Espérance brought many stones, and the priests ballasted and wound the body in the best blankets the camp afforded, tying the packet well with buffalo thongs. They placed it in the canoe, and Tonty called Boisrondet.

Both Récollets stood on the bank repeating prayers while Tonty and Boisrondet pulled up against the current. The river was a dull monster, but a greedy one, reaching for its prey through the boat's seams.

"Will this do, Boisrondet?" appealed Tonty.

"Pull a little farther, monsieur. I cannot bear it yet."

Tonty with his single-handed stroke continued to help hold their boat against the current.

Three times they pulled up-stream and floated down past the friars.

"Will this do, Boisrondet?" twice repeated Tonty. Twice the answer was:

"Monsieur, I cannot bear it yet."

The commandant avoided gazing at Boisrondet's misery. His fraternal gaze dwelt on the blanket chrysalis of the little Renault. He would have given his remaining hand — which meant his future career — to bring back the boy's life, but even to his large sympathy Boisrondet's passion was like a sealed house. It had been impossible for him to grasp the feminine quality in that lad's black curls and flower-fresh face.

"My poor Boisrondet," he urged, "we must have the courage to lift the little lad and do for him what he would do for us."

"Lad! lad!" burst out the other with scoffing. "Always lad to you — the sweetest woman that ever drew breath!" His voice broke down, and he distorted his face, sobbing aloud.

Tonty broke down and sobbed with him. They arose with a desperate impulse together, the man she loved and the other man who loved her, lifted their heavy burden, poised, swung, and threw it out upon the water. It smote the river and sank, and their canoe reeled with the splashing and surging of a disturbed current. Tonty staggered and sat down gripping the sides of the boat, feeling his wound start afresh. Nature's old sigh swept across the wind-harp of tree-tops. The river composed itself and again moved steadily, perhaps rocking the packet in some pebbly hollow, perhaps passing it on towards the Mississippi. And the priests' voices concluded their monotone for the dead.

"Heaven give him sweet rest in this river of the Illinois!" uttered Tonty. But Boisrondet said nothing more.

When the canoe touched the bank Boisrondet took his gun and hurried into the woods. He did not come back at nightfall or in the morning. The others at first respected his quest after comfort. Then they searched for him, discharging their guns, and calling. Yet one more day they waited for him, the weather's increasing bitterness threatening instant winter.

When they finally broke camp the worthless boat had to be abandoned. Each man made up his little pack of necessaries. The little Renault lay in the Illinois. Either Boisrondet's scalp hung before some savage wigwam, or he had hidden himself to die in the depths of the wilderness. They could only take their fate in their hands — as we must all do — and toil on towards the great lake.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

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RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE.

THE PADGETT CARRIAGE HORSES FACED THE WEST.

OLD CARAVAN DAYS.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.

IN the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, on the fifth day of June, the Padgett carriage-horses faced the west, and their mistress gathered the lines into her mitted hands.

The moving-wagon was ready in front of the carriage. It was to be driven by Zene, the lame hired man. Zene was taking a last drink from that well at the edge of the garden, which lay so deep that your face looked like a star in it. Robert Day Padgett, Mrs. Padgett's grandson, who sat on the back seat of the carriage, decided that he must have one more drink, and his aunt Corinne who sat beside him, was made thirsty by his decision. So the two children let down the carriage steps and ran to the well.

It was like Sunday all over the farm, only the cattle were not straying over the fields. The house was shut up, its new inhabitants not having arrived. Some neighbor women had come to bid the family good-bye again, though it was so early that the garden lay in heavy dew These good friends stood around the carriage; one of them held the front-door key in trust for the new purchaser. They all called the straight old lady who held the lines Grandma Padgett. She was Grandma Padgett to the entire neighborhood, and they shook their heads sorrowfully in remembering that her blue spectacles, her ancient Leghorn bonnet, her Quaker shoulder cape and decided face might be vanishing from them forever.

"You'll come back to Ohio," said one neighbor.

"The wild Western prairie country won't suit you at all."

"I'm not denying," returned Grandma Padgett, "that I could end my days in peace on the farm here; but son Tip can do very little here, and he can do well out there. I've lost my entire family except son Tip and the baby of all, you know. And it's not my wish to be separated from son Tip in my declining years."

The neighbors murmured that they knew, and one of them inquired as she had often inquired before, at what precise point Grandma Padgett's son was to meet the party; and she replied as if giving new information, that it was at the Illinois State line.

"You'll have pretty weather," said another woman, squinting in the early sun.

"Grandma Padgett won't care for weather," observed the neighbor with the key. "She moved out from Virginia in the dead o' winter."

"Yes; I was but a child," said Grandma Padgett, "and this country one unbroken wilderness. We came down the Ohio River by flatboat, and moved into this section when the snow was so deep you could ride across stake-and-rider fences on the drifts."

"Folks can get around easier now, though," said the squinting neighbor, "since they got to going on these railroads."

"I shipped part of my goods on the railroad," remarked Grandma Padgett with a laugh. "But I don't know; I ain't used to the things, and I don't know whether I'd resk my bones for a long distance or not. Son Tip went out on the cars."

"The railroads charge so high," murmured a woman near the back wheels. "But they do say you can ride as far West as you're a-goin' on the cars."

"How long will you be gettin' through?" inquired another.

"Not more than two or three weeks," replied Grandma Padgett resolutely. "It's a little better than three hundred and fifty miles."

"That's a long distance," sighed the neighbor at the wheels.

But aunt Corinne and her nephew, untroubled by the length of pilgrimage before them, ran from the well into the garden.

"I wish the kerns were ripe," said aunt Corinne. "Look out, Bobaday! You're drabblin' the bottoms of your good pants."

"'Twouldn't do any good if the kerns were ripe," said Bobaday, turning his pepper-and-salt trousers up until the linings showed. "This farm ain't ours now, and we couldn't pull them."

Aunt Corinne paused at the fennel bed: then she impulsively stretched forth her hand and gathered it full.

"I set out these things," said aunt Corinne, "and I ain't countin' them sold till the wagon starts." So she gathered sweetbrier, and a leaf of sage and two or three pinks.

"O Bodaday," said aunt Corinne — this name being a childish corruption of Robert Day: for aunt Corinne was two years younger than her nephew, and had talked baby talk when he prided himself on distinct English — "you s'pose brother Tip's got a garden like this at the new place? Oh, the pretty little primroses! Who'll watch them pop open to-night? How you and me have sat on the primrose bed and watched the t-e-e-nty buds swell and swell till finally — pop! they smack their lips and burst wide open!"

"We'll have a primrose bed out West," said Bobaday. "We'll plant sweet anise too, and have caraway seeds to put in the cakes. Aunt Krin, did you know grandma's goin' to have green kern pie when we stop for dinner to-day?"

"I knew there was kern pie made," said aunt Krin. "I guess we better get into the carriage."

She held her short dress away from the bushes, and scampered with Bodaday into the yard. Here they could not help stopping on the warped floor of the porch to look into the empty house. It looked lonesome already. A mouse had ventured out of the closet by the tall sitting-room mantel; and a faint outline of the clock's shape remained on the wall.

The house with its trees was soon fading into the past. The neighbors were going home by the road or across fields. Zene's wagon, drawn by the old white and gray, moved ahead at a good pace. It was covered with white canvas drawn tight over hoops which were held by iron clamps to the wagon-sides. At the front opening sat Zene, resting his feet on the tongue. The rear opening was puckered to a round O by a drawing string. Swinging to and fro from the hind axle, hung the tar-bucket. A feed box was fitted across the hind end of the wagon. Such stores as might be piled to the very canvas roof, were concealed from sight by a black oilcloth apron hanging behind Zene. This sheet of oilcloth was designed for an additional roof to keep the goods dry when it rained.

Under the wagon, keeping well away from the tar-

bucket, trotted Boswell and Johnson. Bobaday named them; he had read something of English literature in his grandfather's old books. Johnson was a fat black and white dog, who was obliged to keep his tongue out of his mouth to pant during the greater part of his days. He had fits of meditation, when Boswell galloped all over him without provoking a snap. Johnson was, indeed, a most amiable fellow, and had gained a reputation as a good watch dog, because on light nights he barked the shining hours away.

THE STAGE SWEPT PAST LIKE A FLASH.

Boswell was a little short-legged dog, built like a clumsy weasel; for his body was so long it seemed to plead for six legs instead of four, to support it, and no one could blame his back for swaying a little in the middle. Boswell was a brindled dog. He had yellow spots like pumpkin seeds over his eyes. His affection for Johnson was extreme. He looked up to Johnson. If he startled a bird at the roadside, or scratched at the roots of a tree after his imagination, he came back to Johnson for approval, wagging his tail until it made his whole body undulate. Johnson sometimes condescended to rub a nose against his silly head, and this threw him into such fits of delight that he was obliged to get out of the wagon-track, and bark around himself in a circle until the carriage left him behind. Then he came up to Johnson again, and panted along beside him, with a smile as open and constant as sunshine.

No such caravan as the Padgett family has been seen moving West since those days when all the States were in a ferment: when New York and the New England States poured into Ohio, and Pennsylvania and Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee into Indiana, Illinois, and even — as a desperate venture, Missouri. The Old National Turnpike was then a lively thoroughfare. Sometimes a dozen white-covered wagons stretched along in company. All classes of society were represented among the movers. There were squalid lots to be avoided as thieves: and there were carriages full of families who would raise Senators, Presidents, and large financiers in their new home. The forefathers of many a man and woman now abroad studying older civilization in Europe, came West as movers by the wagon route.

Aunt Corinne and her nephew were glad when Zene drove upon the 'pike, and the carriage followed. The 'pike had a solid rumbling base to offer wheels. You were comparatively in town while driving there, for every little while you met somebody, and that body always appeared to feel more important for driving on the 'pike. It was a glittering white highway; the ruts worn by wheels were literally worn in stone. Yet never were roadsides as green as the sloping 'pike sides. No trees encroached very close upon it, and it stretched in endless glare. But how smoothly you bowled along! People living aside in

fields, could hear your progress; the bass roar of the 'pike was as distinct, though of course not as loud, as the rumble of a train.

Going through Reynoldsburg, however, was the great triumphal act of leave-taking. The Padgetts went to church in Reynoldsburg. To-day it is a decayed village, with many of its houses leaning wearily to one side, or forward as if sinking to a nap. But then it was a lively coach town, the first station out from the capital of the State.

The Reynoldsburgers looked forth indifferently. They saw movers every hour of the day. But with recognition growing in their faces, many of them hastened to this particular carriage for parting words with Grandma Padgett and the children. Robert Day set up against the high back, accepting his tribute of envious glances from the boys he knew. He was going off to meet adventures. They had to stay at home and saw wood, and some of them would even be obliged to split it when they had a tin box full of bait and their fish-poles all ready for the afternoon's useful employment. There had been a time when Robert thought he would not like to be called "movers." Some movers fell entirely below his ideas. But now he saw how much finer it was to be travelling in a carriage than on the swift-shooting cars. He felt sorry for the Reynoldsburg boys. One of them hinted that he might be expected out West himself some day, and told Robert to watch down the road for him. He appeared to think the West was a large prairie full of benches, where folks sat down and told their adventures in coming.

Bobaday considered his position in the carriage the only drawback to the Reynoldsburg parade. He ought to be driving. In the course of the journey he hoped Grandma Padgett would give up the lines — which she had never yet done.

They drove out of Reynoldsburg. The tin-covered steeple on the church dazzled their eyes for perhaps the last time.

Then coming around a curve in the 'pike appeared that soul-stirring sight, the morning stage from Columbus. Zene and Grandma Padgett drew off to the side of the road and gave it a wide passage, for the stage had the same right of way that any regular train now has on its own track. It was drawn by six of the proudest horses in the world, and the grand-looking driver who guided them, gripped the complication of lines in his left hand while he held a horn to his mouth with the right, and through this he blew a mellow peal to let the Reynoldsburgers know the stage was coming. The stage, billowing on springs, was paneled with glittering pictures, gilded on every part, and evidently lined with velvet. Travellers inside looked through the open windows with what aunt Corinne considered an air of opulent pride. She had always longed to explore the interior of a stage, and envied any child who had been shut in by the mysterious click and turn of the door-handle. The top was crowded with gentlemen looking only less important than the luxurious passengers inside: and behind on a vast rack was such a mountain of baggage swaying with the stage, but corded firmly to place, and topped with bandboxes, that aunt Corinne believed their moving wagon would not have contained it all. Yet the stage swept past like a flash. All its details had to be gathered by a quick eye. The leaders flew over the smooth thoroughfare, holding up their heads like horse princes; and Bobaday knew what a bustle Reynoldsburg would be in during the few minutes that the stage halted.

After viewing this sumptuous pageant the little caravan moved briskly on toward Columbus. Zene kept some distance ahead, yet always in sight. And in due time the city began to grow around them. The 'pike never lost its individuality among the streets of the capital. They saw the great penitentiary surrounded by stone walls as thick as the length of a short boy. They saw trains of cars trailing in and out; manufactories, and vistas of fine streets full of stores. They even saw the capitol building standing high up on its shaded grounds, many steps and massive pillars giving entrance to the structure which Grandma Padgett said was one of the finest in the United States. It was not very long before they reached the western side of the city and were crossing the Scioto River in a long bridge and entering what was then a shabby suburb called Frankfort. At this point aunt Corinne and her nephew entered unbroken ground. They had been in Columbus, but the world lying beyond that was new. Having passed Frankfort, they expected happenings.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN WITH A BAG ON HIS BACK.

Grandma Padgett had prepared the noon lunch for that very day, but scarcely expected to make use of it. On the western borders of Columbus lived a cousin Padgett in such a country place as had long

been the talk of the entire family connection. Cousin Padgett was a mighty man in the city, and his wife and daughters had unheard-of advantages. He had kept up a formal but very pleasant intercourse with grandma's branch; and when he learned at the State Fair, the year previous, her son Tip's design to cast their future lots in the West, he said he should take it very ill if they did not spend the first night of their journey with him. Grandma Padgett decided that relationship must claim her for at least one meal.

Bobaday and Corinne saw Zene pause at the arched gates of this modern castle, according to his morning's instructions. Corinne's heart thumped apprehensively. It was a formidable thing to be going to Cousin Padgett's. He lived in such overwhelming grandeur. She knew, although she had never seen his grounds, that he kept two gardners on purpose to take care of them. His parlors were covered with carpets in which immense bouquets of flowers were wrought, and he had furniture not only of horsehair, but of flowered red velvet also. I suppose in these days Cousin Padgett's house would be considered the extreme of expensive ugliness, and a violation of all laws of beauty. But it was the best money could buy then, and that was considered enough. Robert was not affected by the fluttering awe of his young aunt. He wanted to see this seat of grandeur. And when Zene walked back down the avenue from making inquiries, and announced that the entire family were away from home, Bobaday felt a shock of disappointment.

Cousin Padgett did not know the exact date of the removal, and people wrote few letters in those days. So he could not be blamed for his absence when they came by. Zene limped up to his seat in front of the wagon, and they moved forward along the 'pike.

"Good!" breathed aunt Corinne, settling back.

"'Tisn't good a bit!" said Bobaday.

And whom should they meet in a few miles but Cousin Padgett himself, riding horseback and leading a cream-colored horse which he had been into the country to purchase. This was almost as trying as taking dinner at his house. He insisted that the party should turn back. His wife and daughters had only driven into the city that morning. Cousin Padgett was a charming, hearty man, with a ring of black whiskers extending under his face from ear to ear, and the more he talked the less Corinne feared him. When he found that his kinspeople could not be prevailed upon to return with him, he tied up his horses to the wagon in the wood-shed where Zene unhitched, and took dinner with Grandma Padgett.

Aunt Corinne sat on a log beside him and ate currant pie. He went himself to the nearest house and brought water. And when a start was made, he told the children he still expected a visit from them, and put as a parting gift a gold dollar as delicate as an old three-cent piece, into the hand of each.

Bobaday felt his loss when the cream-colored horse could no longer be discerned in the growing distance. Grandma Padgett smiled pleasantly ahead through her blue glasses: she had received the parting good wishes of a kinsman: family ties had very strong significance when this country was newer. Aunt Corinne gazed on the warm gold dollar in her palm, and wagged her head affectionately over it for Cousin Padgett's sake.

The afternoon sun sagged so low it stared into grandma's blue spectacles and made even Corinne shelter her eyes. Zene drove far ahead with his load to secure lodgings for the night. Having left behind the last acquaintance and entered upon the realities of the journey, grandma considered it time to take off her Leghorn bonnet and replace it with the brown barege one drawn over wire. So Bobaday drew out a bandbox from under the back seat and helped grandma make the change. The seat-curtain dropped over the Leghorn in its bandbox; and this reminded him that there were other things beside millinery stowed away in the carriage. Playthings could be felt by an appreciative hand thrust under the seat; and a pocket in the side curtain was also stuffed.

"I think I'll put my gold money in the bottom of that pocket," said aunt Corinne, "just where I can find it easy every day."

She drew out all the packages and dropped it in, and, having stuffed the pocket again, at once emptied it to see that her piece had not slipped through some ambushed hole. Aunt Corinne was considered a flighty damsel by all her immediate relatives and acquaintances. She had a piquant little face containing investigating hazel eyes. Her brown hair was cut square off and held back from her brow by a round comb. Her skin was of the most delicate pink color, flushing to rosy bloom in her cheeks. She was a long, rather than a tall girl, with slim fingers and slim feet, and any excitement tingled over her visibly, so that aunt Corinne was frequently all of a quiver about the most trivial circumstances. She had a deep dimple in her chin and another at the right side of

her mouth, and her nose tipped just enough to give all the lines of her face a laughing look.

But this laughing look ran ludicrously into consternation when, twisting away from the prospect ahead, she happened to look suddenly backward under the looped-up curtain, and saw a head dodging down. Somebody was hanging to the rear of the carriage.

Aunt Corinne kneeled on the cushion and stretched her neck and eyes out over a queer little old man, who seemed to carry a bunch of some kind on his back. He had been running noiselessly behind the carriage, occasionally hanging by his arms, and he was taking one of these swings when his dodging eyes met hers, and he let go, rolling in the 'pike dust.

"You *better* let go!" scolded aunt Corinne. "Bob'day, there's a beggar been hangin' on! Ma Padgett, a little old man with a bag on his back was goin' to climb into this carriage!"

"'Tisn't a bag," said Bobaday laughing, for the little old man looked funny brushing the dust off his ragged knees.

"'*Tis* a bag," said aunt Corinne, "and he ought to hurt himself for scarin' us."

"There's no danger of his doing us harm," said Grandma Padgett mildly, after she had leaned out at the side and brought her blue glasses to bear upon the lessening figure of the little old man.

Yet Corinne watched him when he sat down on a bank to rest; she watched him grow a mere bunch and battered hat, and then fade to a speck.

The 'pike was the home of such creatures as he appeared to be. The advance guard of what afterwards became an army of tramps, was then just beginning to move. But they were few, and, whether they asked help or not, were always known by the disreputable name of "beggars." A beggar-man or beggar-woman represented to the minds of aunt Corinne and her nephew such possible enemies as chained lions or tigers. If an "old beggar" got a chance at you there was no telling in what part of the world he would make merchandise of you! They always suspected the beggar boys and girls were kidnapped children. While it was desirable to avoid these people, it was even more desirable that a little girl should not offend them.

Aunt Corinne revolved in her mind the remark she had made to the little old man with a bag on his back. She could take no more pleasure in the views along the 'pike; for she almost expected to see him start out of a culvert to give her cold shivers with his revengeful grimaces. The culverts were solid arches of masonry which carried the 'pike unbroken in even a line across the many runs and brooks. The tunnel of the culvert was regarded by most children as the befitting lair of beggars, who perhaps would not object to standing knee-deep in water with their heads against a slimy arch.

"This is the very last culvert," sighed Corinne, relieved, as they rumbled across one and entered the village where they were to stop over night.

A QUEER LITTLE OLD MAN.

It was already dusk. The town dogs were beginning to bark, and the candles to twinkle. Zene's wagon was unhitched in front of the tavern, and this signified that the carriage-load might confidently expect entertainment. The tavern was a sprawled-out house, with an arch of glass panes over the entrance door. A fat post stood in front of it, upholding a swinging sign.

The tavern-keeper came out of the door to meet them when they stopped, and helped his guests alight, while a hostler stood ready to lead the horses away.

Aunt Corinne sprung down the steps, glad of the change after the day's ride, until, glancing down the 'pike over their late route, she saw tramping toward the tavern that little old man with a bag on his back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

"WE RUNNED AWAY."

By H. H.

TWO little rascally darlings, they stood.
Hand clasped in hand, and eyes full of glee,
Stock-still in the midst of the crowded street,
Naughty as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy!
Earth holds no other equal delight.
Hark! it is over — a shriek fills the air,
A woman's face flashes pallid white:

"O babies! whose are you! How came you here?"
The busy street halts aghast, at bay;
Serene smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together: "We runned away!"

"HASN'T THE CREEK ANY BOTTOM?" CRIED GRANDMA PADGETT.

OLD CARAVAN DAYS.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER III.

THE TAVERN.

BUT the little old man with a bag on his back was left out in the dusk, and aunt Corinne and her party went into the tavern parlor. The landlady brought a pair of candles in brass candlesticks, setting one on each end of the mantel. Between them were snuffers on a snuffer-tray, and a tall mass of paper roses under a glass case. The fireplace was covered by a fireboard on which was pasted wall-paper like that adorning the room. Grandma Padgett sat down in a rocking settee, and Corinne and Bobaday on two of the chairs ranged in solemn rows along the wall. They felt it would be presumption to pull those chairs an inch out of line.

It was a very depressing room. Two funeral urns hung side by side, done in India ink, and framed in chipped-off mahogany. Weeping willows hung over the urns, and a weeping woman leaned on each. There was also a picture of Napoleon in scarlet standing on the green rock of St. Helena, holding a yellow three-cornered hat under his elbow. The house had a fried-potato odor, to which aunt Corinne did not object. She was hungry. But, besides this, the parlor enclosed a dozen other scents; as if the essences of all the dinners served in the house were sitting around invisible on the chairs. There was not lacking even that stale cupboard smell which is the spirit of hunger itself.

The landlady was very fat and red and also melancholy. She began talking at once to Grandma Pad-

gett about the loss of her children whom the funeral urns commemorated, and Grandma Padgett sympathized with her and tried to outdo her in sorrowful experiences. But this was impossible; for the landlady had lived through more ordeals than anybody else in town, and her manner said plainly, that no passing stranger should carry off her championship.

So she made the dismal room so doleful with her talk that aunt Corinne began to feel terribly about life, and Robert Day wished he had gone to the barn with Zene.

Then the supper-bell rung, and the landlady showed them into the big bare dining-room where she forgot all her troubles in the clatter of plates and cups. A company of men rushed from what was called the bar-room, though its shelves and counter were empty of decanters and glasses. They had the greater part of a long table to themselves, and Zene sat among them. These men the landlady called the boarders; she placed Grandma Padgett's family at the other end of the table; it seemed the decorous thing to her that a strip of empty table should separate the boarders and women-folks.

There were stacks of eatables, including mango stuffed with cabbage and eggs pickled red in beet vinegar. All sorts of fruit butters and preserves stood about in glass and earthen dishes. One end of the table was an exact counterpart of the other, even to the stacks of mighty bread-slices. Boiled cabbage and onions and thick corn-pone with fried ham were there to afford a strong support through the night's fast. Nothing was served in order: you helped yourself from the dishes or let them alone at your pleasure. The landlord appeared just as jolly as his wife was dismal. He sat at the other end of the table and urged everybody with jokes to eat heartily; yet all this profusion was not half so appetizing as some of Grandma Padgett's fried chicken and toast would have been.

After supper Bobaday went out to the barn and saw a whole street of horse-stalls, the farthest horse switching his tail in dim distance; and such a mow of hay as impressed him with the advantages of travel. A hostler was forking down hay for the evening's feeding, and Robert climbed to his side, upon which the hostler good-naturedly took him by the shoulders and let him slide down and alight upon the spongy pile below. This would have been a delightful sensation had Bobaday not bitten his tongue in the descent. But he liked it better than the house where his aunt Corinne wandered uneasily up stairs which were hollowed in the middle of each step, and along narrow passages where bits of plaster had fallen off.

There was a dulcimer in the room aunt Corinne occupied with her mother. She took the hammer and beat on its rusty wires some time before going to bed. It tinkled a plea to her to let it alone, but what little girl could look at the queer instrument and keep her hands off it? The landlady said it was left there by a travelling showman who could not pay his board. He hired the bar-room to give a concert in, and pasted up written advertisements of his performance in various parts of the town. He sent free tickets to the preacher and schoolmaster, and the landlord's family went in for nothing. Nobody else came, though he played on the flute and harmonium, besides the dulcimer, and sang *Lilly Dale*, and *Roll on, Silver Moon*, so touchingly that the landlady wiped her eyes at their mere memory. As he had no money to pay stage-fare further, and the flute and harmonium — a small bellows organ without legs — were easier to carry than the dulcimer, he left it and trudged eastward. And no one at that tavern could tell whether he and his instruments had perished piecemeal along the way, or whether he had found crowded houses and forgotten the old dulcimer in the tide of prosperity.

Grandma Padgett's party ate breakfast before day, by the light of a candle covering its candlestick with a tallow glacier. It made only a hole of shine in the general duskiness of the big dining-room. The landlady bade them a pathetic good-by. She was sure there were dangers ahead of them. The night stage had got in three hours late, owing to a breakdown, and one calamity she said, is only the forerunner of another.

Zene had driven ahead with the load. It was a foggy morning, and drops of moisture hung to the carriage curtains. There was the morning star yet trembling over the town. Aunt Corinne hugged her wrap, and Bobaday stuck his hands deep in his pockets. But Grandma sat erect and drove away undaunted and undamped. She merely searched the inside of the carriage with her glasses, inquiring as a last precaution:

"Have we left anything behind?"

"I got all my things," said Robert. "And my gold dollar's in my pocket."

At this aunt Corinne arose and plunged into the carriage pocket on her side.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUSAN HOUSE.

The contents of that pocket she piled upon her seat; she raked the interior with her nails, then she looked at Robert Day with dilating eyes.

"*My* gold dollar's gone!" said aunt Corinne. "That little old man with a bag on his back — I just know he got into the barn and took it last night."

"You put it in and took it out so many times yesterday," said Bobaday, "maybe it fell on the carriage floor." So they unavailingly searched the carriage floor.

The little old man with a bag on his back was now fixed in Corinne's imagination as the evil genius of the journey. If he spirited out her gold dollar, what harm could he not do them! He might throw stones at them from sheltered places, and even shoot them with guns. He could jump out of any culvert and scare them almost to death! This destroyed half her pleasure as the day advanced, in watching boys fish with horse-hair snares in the runs which trickled under culverts. But Robert felt so much interest in the process that he was glad to have the noon halt made near such a small fishing-place. He took his lunch and sat on the bank with the boys. They were very dirty, and one of them had his shirtsleeve split to the shoulder, revealing a sun-blistered elbow joint that still worked with a right good will at snaring. But no boys were ever fuller of out-door wisdom. They had been swimming, and knew the best diving-hole in the world, only a couple of miles away. They had dined on berries, and expected to catch it when they got home, but meant to attend a show in one of their barns that afternoon, the admission price being ten pins. Bobaday learned how to make a slip-knot with the horse-hair and hold it in silent suspense just where the minnows moved: the moment a fish glided into the open snare a dexterous jerk whipped him out of the water, held firmly about the middle by the hair noose. It required skill and nice handling, and the split-sleeved boy was the most accomplished snarer of all.

Robert shared his lunch with these youths, and parted from them reluctantly when the horses were put in. But aunt Corinne who stood by in a critical attitude, said she couldn't see any use in catching such little fish. You never fried minnies. You used 'em for bait in deep water, though, the split-sleeved boy condescended to inform her, and you *could* put 'em into a glass jar, and they'd grow like everything. Aunt Corinne was just becoming fired with anxiety to own such a jarful herself, when the carriage turned toward the road and her mother obliged her to climb in.

About the middle of the afternoon Zene halted and waited for the carriage to come up. He left his seat and came to the rear of Old Hickory, the off carriage horse, slapping a fly flat on Old Hickory's flank as he paused.

"What's the matter, Zene?" inquired Grandma Padgett. "Has anything happened?"

"No, marm," replied Zene. He was a quiet,

BOBADAY LUNCHES WITH STRANGE BOYS.

singular fellow, halting in his walk on account of the unevenness of his legs; but faithful to the family as either Boswell or Johnson. Grandma Padgett having brought him up from a lone and forsaken child, relied upon all the good qualities she discovered from time to time, and she saw nothing ludicrous in Zene. But aunt Corinne and Bobaday never ceased to titter at Zene's "marm."

"I've been inquirin' along, and we can turn off of the 'pike up here at the first by-road, and then take the first cross-road west, and save thirty mile o' toll gates. The road goes the same direction. It's a good dirt road."

Grandma Padgett puckered the brows above her glasses. She did not want to pay unnecessary bounty to the toll-gate keepers.

"Well, that's a good plan, Zene, if you're sure we won't lose the way, or fall into any dif-fick-ulty."

"I've asked nigh a dozen men, and they all tell the same tale," said Zene.

"People ought to know the lay of the land in their own neighborhood," admitted Grandma Padgett. "Well, we'll try what virtue there is in the dirt road."

So she clucked to the carriage horses and Zene went back to his charge.

The last toll-gate they would see for thirty miles drew its pole down before them. Zene paid according to the usual arrangement, and the toll-man only stood in the door to see the carriage pass.

"I wouldn't like to live in a little bit of a house sticking out on the pike like that," said aunt Corinne to her nephew. "Folks could run against it on dark nights. Does he stay there by himself? And if robbers or old beggars came by they could nab him the minute he opened his door."

"But if he has any boys," suggested Robert looking back, "they can see everybody pass, and it'd be just as good as going some place all the time. And who's afraid of robbers!"

Zene beckoned to the carriage as he turned off the 'pike. For a distance the wagon moved ahead of them, between tall stake fences which were overrun with vines or had their corners crowded with bushes. Wheat and cornfields and sweet-smelling buckwheat spread out on each side until the woods met them, and not a bit of the afternoon heat touched the carriage after that. Aunt Corinne clasped a leather-covered upright which hurt her hand before, and leaned toward the trees on her side. Every new piece of woodland is an unexplored country containing moss-lined stumps, dimples of hollows full of mint, queer-shaped trees, and hickory saplings just the right saddle-curve for bending down as "teeters," such as are never reproduced in any other piece of woodland. Nature does not make two trees alike, and her cool breathing-halls under the woods' canopies are as diverse as the faces of children wandering there. Moss or lichens grow thicker in one spot; another particular enclosure you call the lily or the bloodroot woods, and yet another the wild-grape woods. This is distinguished for blackberries away up in the clearings, and that is a fishing woods, where the limbs stretch down to clear holes, and you sit in a root seat and hear springs trickling down the banks while you fish. Though Corinne could possess these reaches of trees only with a brief survey, she enjoyed them as a novelty.

"I would like to get lost in the woods," she observed, "and have everybody out hunting me while I had to eat berries and roots. I don't believe I'd like roots, though: they look so big and tough. And I wouldn't touch a persimmon! Nor Injun turnip. You's a bad boy that time you give me Injun turnip to eat, Bobaday Padgett!"

She turned upon her nephew, fierce with the recollection, and he laughed, saying he wished he'd some to fool somebody with now.

"It bit my mouth so a whole crock of milk wouldn't help it, and if brother Tip'd been home, Ma Padgett wouldn't let you off so easy."

"You wanted to taste it," said Robert. "And you'd eat the green persimmons if they'd puckered your mouth clear shut."

"I wanted to see what the things that the little pig that lived in the stone house filled his churn with, tasted like," admitted aunt Corinne lucidly; so she subsided.

"Do you see the wagon, children?" inquired Grandma Padgett, who felt the necessity of following Zene's lead closely. She stopped Old Hickory and Old Henry at cross-roads.

"No; but he said turn west on the first road we came to," counseled Bobaday.

"And this is the first, I counted," said aunt Corinne.

"I wish we could see the cover ahead of us. We don't want to resk gettin' separated," said Grandma Padgett.

Yet she turned the horses westward with a degree of confidence, and drove up into a hilly country which soon hid the sun. The long shades crept past and behind them. There was a country church, with a graveyard full of white stones nearly smothered in grass and briers. And there was a schoolhouse in an open space, with a playground beaten bare and white in the midst of a yellow mustard jungle. They saw some loiterers creeping home, carrying dinner-pail and basket, and taking a languid last tag of each other. The little girls looked up at the passing carriage from their sunbonnet depths, but the boys had taken off their hats to slap each other with: they looked at the strangers, round-eyed and ready

to smile, and Robert and Corinne nodded. Grandma Padgett bethought herself to ask if any of them had seen a moving wagon pass that way. The girls stared bashfully at each other and said "No, ma'am," but the boys affirmed strongly that they had seen two moving wagons go by, one just as school was out, and the boldest boy of all made an effort to remember the white and gray horses.

The top of a hill soon stood between these children and the travellers, but in all the vista beyond there was no glimpse of Zene.

Grandma Padgett felt anxious, and her anxiety increased as the dusk thickened.

"There don't seem to be any taverns along this road," she said; "and I hate to ask at any farmer's for accommodations over night. We don't know the neighborhood, and a body hates to be a bother."

"Let's camp out," volunteered Bobaday.

"We'd need the cover off of the wagon to do that, and kittles," said Grandma Padgett, "and dried meat and butter and cake and things *out* of the wagon."

"Maybe Zene's back in the woods campin' somewhere," exclaimed aunt Corinne. "And he has his gun, and can shoot birds too."

"No, he's goin' along the right road and expectin' us to follow. And as like as not has found a place to put up, while we're off on the wrong road."

"How'll we ever get to brother Tip's, then?" propounded aunt Corinne. "Maybe we're in Missouri, or Iowa, and won't never get to the Illinois line!"

"Humph!" remarked Robert her nephew; "do you s'pose folks could go to Iowa or Missouri as quick as this! Cars'd have to put on steam to do it."

"And I forgot about the State lines," murmured his aunt. "The' hasn't been any ropes stretched along 't *I* saw."

"They don't bound States with ropes," said Robert Day.

"Well, it's lines," insisted aunt Corinne.

"Do you make out a house off there?" questioned Grandma Padgett, shortening the discussion.

"Yes, ma'am, and it's a tavern," assured her grandson, kneeling upon the cushion beside her to stretch his neck forward.

It was a tavern in a sandy valley. It was lighting a cautious candle or two as they approached. A farmer was watering his team at the trough under the pump spout. All the premises had a look of Holland, which Grandma Padgett did not recognize: she only thought them very clean. There was a side door cut across the centre like the doors of mills, so that the upper part swung open while the lower part remained shut. A fat white woman leaned her elbows upon this, scarcely observing the travellers.

Grandma Padgett paused at the front of the house and waited for somebody to come out. The last primrose color died slowly out of the sky. If the tavern had any proprietor, he combined farming with tavern keeping. His hay and wheat fields came close to the garden, and his corn stood rank on rank up the hills.

"They must be all asleep in there," fretted Grandma Padgett. The woman with her arms over the half door had not stirred.

"Shall I run in?" said Bobaday.

"Yes, and ask if Zene stopped here. I don't see a sign of the wagon."

Her grandson opened the carriage door and ran down the steps. The white-scrubbed hall detained him several minutes before he returned with a large man who smoked a crooked-stemmed pipe during the conference. The man held the bowl of the pipe in his hand which was fat and red. So was his face. He had a mighty tuft of hair on his upper lip. His shirt sleeves shone like new snow, through the dark.

"Goot efenins," he said very kindly.

"I want to stop here over night," said Grandma Padgett. "We're moving, and our wagon is somewhere on this road. Have you seen anything of a wagon — and a white and a gray horse?"

"Oh, yes," said the tavern keeper. "Dere is lots of wakkons on de road aheadt."

"Well, we can't go further ourselves. Can you take the lines?"

"Oh, nein," said the tavern-keeper mildly. "I don't keep moofers mit my house. Dey goes a little furter."

"You don't keep movers!" said Grandma Padgett indignantly. "What's your tavern for?"

"Oh, yah," replied the host with undisturbed benevolence. "Dey goes a little furter."

"Why have you put out a sign to mislead folks?"

The tavern keeper took the pipe out of his mouth to look up at his sign. It swayed back and forth in the valley breeze, as if itself expostulating with him.

"Dot's a goot sign," he pronounced. "Auf your go up te hill, tere ist te house I put up mit te moof-

ers. First house. All convenient. You sthay tere. I coom along in te mornin'. Tere ist more as feefty famblies sthop mit tat house. "Oh, nien, I don't keep moofers mit te tafern."

"This is a queer way to do," said Grandma Padgett, fixing the full severity of her glasses on him. "Turn a lone woman and two children away to harbor as well as they can in some old barn! I'll not stop in your house on the hill. Who'd 'tend to the horses?"

"Tare ist grass and water," said the landlord as

"SOMETHING IN THE CELLAR!"

she turned from his door. "And more as feefty famblies hast put up tere. I don't keep moofers mit te tafern."

Robert and Corinne felt very homeless as she drove at a rattling pace down the valley. They were hungry, and upon an unknown road; and that inhospitable tavern had turned them away like vagrants.

"We'll drive all night before we'll stop in his movers' pen," said Grandma Padgett with her well-known decision. "I suppose he calls every vagabond that comes along a mover, and his own house is too clean for such gentry. I've heard about the Swopes and the Dutch being stupid, but a body has to travel before they know."

But well did the Dutch landlord know the persuasion of his house on the hill after luckless travellers had passed through a stream which drained the valley. This was narrow enough, but the very banks had a caving, treacherous look. Grandma Padgett drove in, and the carriage came down with a plunge on the flanks of Old Hickory and Old Henry, and they disappeared to their nostrils and the harness strips along the centre of their backs.

"Hasn't the creek any bottom?" cried Grandma Padgett, while Corinne and Robert clung to the settling carriage. The water poured across their feet and rose up to their knees. Hickory and Henry were urged with whip and cry.

"Hold fast, children! Don't get swept out!" Grandma Padgett exhorted. "There's no danger if the horses can climb the bank."

They were turned out of their course by the current, and Hickory and Henry got their fore feet out, crumbling a steep place. Below the bank grew steeper. If they did not get out here, all must go whirling and sinking down stream. The landing was made, both horses leaping up as if from an abyss. The carriage cracked, and when its wheels once more ground the dry sand, Grandma Padgett trembled awhile, and moved her lips before replying to the children's exclamations.

"We've been delivered from a great danger," she said. "And that miserable man let us drive into it without warning!"

"If I's big enough," said Robert Day, "I'd go back and thrash him."

"It ill becomes us," rebuked Grandma Padgett, "to give place to wrath after escaping from peril. But if this is the trap he sets for his house on the hill, I hope he has been caught in it himself sometime!"

"Where'll we go now?" Corinne wailed, having considered it was time to begin crying. "I'm drownded, and my teeth knock together, I'm gettin' so cold!"

They paused at the top of the hill, Corinne still lamenting.

"I don't want to stop here," said Grandma Padgett, adding, "but I suppose we must."

The house was large and weather-beaten; its gable-end turned toward the road. The "feefty famblies" had left no trace of domestic life. Grass and weeds

grew to the lower windows. The entrance was at one side through a sea of rank growths.

"It looks like they's ghosts lived here," pronounced Robert dismally.

"Don't let me hear such idle speeches!" said Grandma Padgett, shaking her head. "Spooks and ghosts only live in people's imaginations."

"If they got tired of that," said Robert, "they'd come to live here."

"The old house looks like its name was Susan," wept Corinne. "Are we goin' to stay all night in this Susan house, ma?"

Her parent stepped resolutely from the carriage, and Bobaday hastened to let down some bars. He helped his grandmother lead the horses into a weedy enclosure, and there unhitch them from the carriage. There was a shed covered with straw which served for a stable. The horses were watered — Robert wading to his neck among cherry sprouts to a curb well, and unhooking the heavy bucket from its chain, after a search for something else available Then leaving the poor creatures to browse as best they could, the party prepared to move upon the house. Aunt Corinne came out of the wet carriage.

Grandma Padgett picked up some sticks and chips. They attempted to unlock the door; but the lock was broken. "Anybody can go in!" remarked the head of the party. "But I don't know that we can even build a fire, and as to provisions, I s'pose we'll have to starve this night."

But stumbling into a dark front room, and feeling hopelessly along the mantel, they actually found matches. The tenth one struck flame.

There were ashes and black brands in the fireplace, left there possibly, by the landlord's last moofer. Grandma Padgett built a fire to which the children huddled, casting fearful glances up the damp-stained walls. The flame was something like a welcome.

"Perhaps," said Grandma with energy, "there are even provisions in the house. I wouldn't grudge payin' that man a good price and cookin' them myself, if I could give you something to eat."

"We can look," suggested Bobaday. "They'd be in the cellar, wouldn't they?"

"It's lots lonesomer than our house was the morning we came away," chattered aunt Corinne, warming her long hands at the blaze.

And now beneath the floor began a noise which made even Grandma Padgett stand erect, glaring through her glasses.

"*Somethin's* in the cellar!" whispered Bobaday.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

By Margaret Sidney.

SIX merry stockings in the firelight,
Hanging by the chimney snug and tight:
Jolly, jolly red,
That belongs to Ted;
Daintiest blue,
That belongs to Sue;
Old brown fellow
Hanging long,
That belongs to Joe,
Big and strong;
Little, wee, pink mite
Covers Baby's toes —
Won't she pull it open
With funny little crows!
Sober, dark gray,
Quiet little mouse,
That belongs to Sybil
Of all the house,
One stocking left,
Whose should it be?
Why, that I'm sure
Must belong to me!
Well, so they hang, packed to the brim,
Swing, swing, swing, in the firelight dim.

'Twas the middle of the night.
Open flew my eyes;
I started up in bed,
And stared in surprise;

I rubbed my eyes, I rubbed my ears,
I saw the stockings swing, I heard the stockings sing;
Out in the firelight
Merry and bright,
Snug and tight,
Six were swinging,
Six were singing,
Like everything!

"All day we carry toes,
To-night we carry candy;
Christmas comes once a year
Very nice and handy.
Run, run, race all day,
Mother mends us after play,
We don't care, life is gay,
Sing and swing away, away!

"Boots and little tired shoes,
We kick 'em off in glee;
It's fun to hang up here
And Santa Claus to see.
Run, run, race all day,
Mother mends us after play,
We don't care, life is gay,
Sing and swing, away, away!

And the red, and the blue, and the brown, and the gray,
And the pink one, and mine, had it all their own way,
And no one could stop them — because, don't you see,
Nobody heard 'em — but just poor me!

"To-morrow down we come.
The sweet things tumble out,
Then carrying toes again
We'll have to trot about.
Run, run, race all day,
Mother'll mend us after play,
We don't care, we'll swing so gay
While we can — away, away!'"

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, JULY, 1883.

[Copyright 1883, by D. Lothrop & Co.]

FRONTISPIECE. The Bribing of Arthur	G. F. Barnes.	76
A HERO. A Story of the American Revolution. Illustration: Frontispiece.	Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey	77
AUDACITY. Picture	W. P. B.	82
KATE GREENAWAY. Illustration. Portrait from L'Art.	Margaret Sidney	83
A HOME GYMNASIUM. Picture	Boz	84
BEATRICE. Poem. Illustration by Mary A. Lathbury.	Mrs. Celia Thaxter	85
A SATURDAY MORNING SORROW. Picture	W. P. B.	86
JENNY OF SWAN'S. A True Story. Two Illustrations by E. H. Garrett.	Annie Sawyer Downs	86
THE CRITIC. Poem.	Janet Miller	89
TEDDY THE TEASER. Poem. Four Illustrations by F. Childe Hassam.	M. E. B.	90
CACIQUE JOHN. Chapter II. Eight Illustrations by W. P. Bodfish.	Fred A. Ober	92
DECORATIVE PLAQUE.—VIII. The Woodland Horn. Verse by M. E. Wilkins.	G. F. Barnes	101
MISS LOLLIPOP. Poem. Three Illustrations by Addie Ledyard.	M. E. B.	102
HOW THEY CELEBRATED	Ada Carleton Stoddard	103
THE LONG WHITE SEAM. Poem. Full-page Illustration by Miss L. B. Humphrey.	Jean Ingelow	106
A DAY WITH RAGS, TATTERS, & CO. Twenty-four Illustrations by W. P. Bodfish	Amanda B. Harris	108
"WON'T TAKE A BAFF." Poem. Illustration by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.	Margaret Eytinge	116
THE JOHN SPICER LECTURES.—VIII. Fourth of July	Mrs. A. M. Diaz	116
THE "NAUGHTY BABY-BOY'S DEFENCE." Verse	Clara Louise Burnham	118
ON INDIANA ROADS. Chapters IV. V. Three Illustrations by H. P. Share.	Mary Hartwell Catherwood	119
THROUGH SPAIN ON DONKEY-BACK.—IV. Picture Serial.	W. P. Bodfish	125
MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR. Act IV. A Comedy. Two Illustrations by H. P. Share.	Charles R. Talbot	128
JUST AS THEY DID IN THE "USED-TO-BE." Poem. Illustration by Jessie McDermott.	Anna F. Burnham	133
PICTURE	W. P. Bodfish	134
COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS.—VIII. Meats.	Marion Harland	135
TANGLES	Frank E. Saville	137
MUSIC. (Edited by Louis C. Elson.) When Christie comes again	Words { Gerald Massey / Music { Louis Maas	138
PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.—X. Dinah Maria Muloch-Craik. Illustration by Robert Lewis.	Amanda B. Harris	157
THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.—X. Free Swimming Animalcules. Three Illustrations by Leon Barritt.	Mary Treat	160
FAMOUS TRIALS.—X. Trial of Madame Rachel: Spurious Cosmetics	Benjahan Vaughan Abbott	162
A BOY'S WORKSHOP.—X. A Book-rest. (*Continued*).	A Boy Carpenter	164
ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.—X. Summer Comfort.	The Next Neighbor	165
HEALTH AND STRENGTH PAPERS.—X. Bathing and Swiming. Four Illustrations by Robert Lewis from Sketches by the Author.	Prof. D. A. Sargent	168
DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS—Chapter IV. (*Continued.*) One Illustration by Herman Faber.	Dr. Felix L. Oswald.	169
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT	The Wise Blackbird	172

The author of "Nothing but Toadstools," is requested to send her P. O. address to the editors of Wide Awake.

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ON INDIANA ROADS.

(A further record of Old Caravan Days.)

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE WITH LOG STEPS.

RICHMOND must soon have seemed far behind Grandma Padgett's little caravan, had not Fairy Carrie still drowsed in the carriage, keeping the Richmond adventures always present.

They had parted from J. D. Matthews and the Virginian and his troop. Jonathan and Thrusty Ellen were somewhere on the road ahead, but at a point unknown to Robert and Corinne. They might turn off towards the southwest if all the emigrants agreed to forsake the St. Louis route. No one could tell where J. D. might be rattling his cart.

The afternoon which finally placed Richmond in diminishing perspective, Robert rode with Zene and lived his campaign over again. This was partly necessary because little Carrie lay on the back carriage-seat. But it was entirely agreeable, for Zene wanted to know all the particulars, and showed a flattering, not to say a stimulating anxiety to get a good straight look at Bobaday's prowess in rescuing the distressed. Said Zene:

"But what if her folks never turn up?"

"Then my pa will take her to live with us," said Robert Day, "and Grandma Padgett will do by her just as she does by aunt Krin and me. She isn't a very lively little girl. I'd hate to play Blind Man with her to be blinded; for seems as if she'd just stand against the wall and go to sleep. But it'll be a good thing to have one still child about the house: aunt Corinne fidgets so. I believe, though, her folks are hunting her. Look what a fuss there was about us! When people's children get lost or stolen, they hunt and hunt, and don't give it up."

In the carriage, aunt Corinne sitting by her mother, turned her head at every fifth revolution of the wheels, to see how the strange little girl fared.

"Do you s'pose she will ever be clear awake, Ma Padgett?" inquired aunt Corinne.

"She'll drowse it off by and by," replied Ma Padgett. "The rubbing I give her this morning, and the stuff the Richmond doctor made her swallow, will bring her out right."

"She's so pretty," mused aunt Corinne. "I'd like to have her hair if she never wanted it any more."

"That's a covetous spirit. But it puts me in mind," said Grandma Padgett, smiling, "of my sister Adeline and the way she took to get doll's hair."

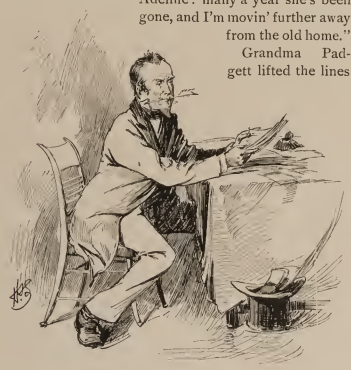
Aunt Corinne had often heard of sister Adeline and the doll's hair, but she was glad to hear the brief tale told again in the pleasant drowsing afternoon. The Indiana landscape was beautiful in tones of green and stretches of foliage. Whoever calls it monotonous has never watched its varying complexions or the visible breath of Indian summer which never departs from it at any season.

"Mother came in from meeting one day," said Grandma Padgett, "and went into her bedroom and threw her shawl on the bed. She had company to dinner and was in a hurry. It was a fine silk shawl with fringe longer than my hand. Uncle Henry brought it over the mountains as a present. But Adeline come in and saw the fringe and thought what nice doll hair it would make. So by and by mother has an errand in the bedroom, and she sees her shawl travelling down behind the bed, and doesn't know what to think. Then she hears something snip, snip, and lifts up the valance and looks under the bed, and there sets Adeline cutting the fringe off her shawl! She had it half cut off."

"And what did Grandma do then?" aunt Corinne omitted not to ask.

"Oh, she punished Adeline. But that never had any effect on her. Adeline was a funny child," said Grandma Padgett, retrospective tenderness showing through her blue glasses. "I remember once she got to eatin' brown paper, and mother told her it would kill her if she didn't quit it. Adeline made up her mind she was going to eat brown paper if it did kill her. She never doubted that it would come true as mother said. But she prepared to die, and made her will and divided her things. Mother

found it out and put a stop to the business. I remember," said Grandma Padgett, laughing, "that I was disappointed, because I had to give back what she willed to me! yet I didn't want Adeline to die. She was a lively child. She jumped out of windows and tom-boyed around, but everybody liked her. Once I had some candy and divided fair enough, I thought, but Adeline after she ate up what she had, said I'd be sorry if I didn't give her more, because she was going to die. It worked so well on my feelings that next time I tried that plan on Adeline's feelings, and told her if she didn't do something I wanted her to do *she'd* be sorry; for I was going to die. She said she knew it; everybody was going to die some day, and she couldn't help it and wasn't going to be sorry for any such thing! Poor Adeline: many a year she's been gone, and I'm movin' further away from the old home." Grandma Padgett lifted the lines



THE LAWYER.

and slapped them on the backs of old Hickory and Henry. Rousing themselves from coltish recollections of their own, perhaps, the horses began to trot.

In Indiana, some reaches of the 'pike were built on planks instead of broken stone, and gave out a hollow rumble instead of a flinty roar. The shape and firmness of the road-bed were the same, but the ends of boards sometimes cropped out along the sides. In this day, branches of the old national thoroughfare penetrate to every part of the Hoosier State. The people build 'pikes instead of what are called dirt roads. There are, of course, many muddy lanes and by-ways. But they have some of the best drives which have been lifted out of the Mississippi Valley.

Though the small caravan had lost time, and Son Tip might be waiting at the Illinois line before they reached that point, Grandma Padgett said they would all go to morning meeting in the town where they stopped Saturday night, and only drive a short piece on Sunday afternoon. She hated to be on expense, but they had much to return thanks for; and the Israelites made Sabbath day's journeys when they were moving.

The first Sunday — which seemed so remote now — had been partially spent in a grove where they camped for dinner, and Grandma Padgett read the Bible, and made Bobaday and Corinne answer their catechism. But this June Sunday was to be of a thanksgiving character. And they spent it in Greenfield.

At Cambridge City little Carrie roused sufficiently to eat with evident relish. But no such recollection of Dublin, Jamestown — called Jimtown for short, by some inhabitants, and only distinguished by its location from another Jamestown in the State — Knightstown and Charlottesville, remained to her as remained to Bobaday and Corinne. The Indiana village did not differ greatly from the Ohio village situated on the 'pike. There were always the church with a bonny little belfry, and the schoolhouse more or less mutilated as to its weather boarding. The 'pike was the principal street, and such houses as sat at right angles to it, looked lonesome, and the dirt roads weedy or dusty.

Greenfield was a country seat and had a court house surrounded by trees. It looked long and straggling in the summer dusk. Zene, riding ahead to secure lodgings, came back as far as the culvert to tell Grandma Padgett there was no room at the tavern. Court was in session, and the lawyers on the circuit filled the house. But there was another place, near where they now halted, that sometimes took in travellers for accommodation's sake. He pointed it out, a roomy building with a broad flight of log steps leading up to the front doors. Zene said it was not a tavern, but rather nicer than a tavern. He had already prevailed on the man and woman keeping it to take in his party.

Robert and aunt Corinne scampered up the log steps and Grandma Padgett led Fairy Carrie after them.

A plain tidy woman met them at the door and took them into a square room. There were the home-made carpet, the centre-table with daguerreotypes standing open and glaring such light as they had yet to reflect, samplers and colored prints upon the walls, but there was also a strange man busy with some papers at the table.

His hat stood beside him on the floor, and he dropped the sorted papers into it. He was, as Grandma Padgett supposed, one of the lawyers on the circuit. After looking up, he kept on sorting and folding his papers.

The woman went out to continue her supper-getting. In a remote part of the house bacon could be heard hissing over the fire. Robert and Corinne sat upright on black chairs, but their guardian put Carrie on a padded lounge.

The little creature was dressed in aunt Corinne's clothing, giving it a graceful shape in spite of the broad tucks in sleeve, skirt and pantalet, which kept it from draggling over her hands or on the floor. She leaned against the wall, gazing around her with half-awakened interest. The dark circles were still about her eyes, but her pallor was flushed with a warmer color. Grandma Padgett pushed the damp curls off her forehead.

"Are you hungry, Sissy?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am," replied Carrie. "Yes, ma'am," she added, after a moment's reflection.

"She actually doesn't know," said Bobaday, sitting down on the lounge near Carrie. Upon this, aunt Corinne forsook her own black chair and sat on the other side of their charge.

"Do you begin to remember, now?" inquired Robert Day, smoothing the listless hands on Carrie's lap.

"How we run off with you — you know," prompted aunt Corinne, dressing a curl over her finger.

The child looked at each of them, smiling.

"Don't pester her," said Grandma Padgett, taking some work out of her dress pocket and settling herself by a window to make use of the last primrose light in the sky.

"If we don't begin to make her talk, she'll forget how," exclaimed aunt Corinne. "Can't you 'member anything about your father and mother now, Carrie?"

The man who was sorting his papers at the table, turned an attentive eye and ear toward the children. But neither Bobaday nor Corinne considered that he broke up the family privacy. They scarcely noticed him.

"Grandma," murmured Carrie vaguely, turning her eyes toward their guardian by the window.

"Yes, that's Grandma," said Bobaday. "But don't you know where your own pa and ma are?"

"Papa," whispered Carrie, like a baby trying the words. "Mamma. Papa — mamma."

"Yes, dear," exclaimed aunt Corinne. "Where do they live? She's big enough to know that if she knows anything."

"Let's get her to sing a song," suggested Bobaday. "If she can remember a song, she can remember what happened before they made her sing."

"That papa?" said Carrie, looking at the stranger by the table.

"No," returned aunt Corinne, deigning a glance his way. "That's only a gentleman goin' to eat supper here. Sing, Carrie. Now, Bobaday Padgett," warned aunt Corinne, shooting her whisper behind the curled head, "don't you go and scare her by sayin' anything about that pig-man."

"Don't you scare her yourself," returned Robert with a touch of indignation. "You've got her eyes to stickin' out now. Sing a pretty tune, Carrie. Come on, now."

The docile child slid off the lounge and stood against it, piping directly one of her songs. Yet while her trembling treble arose, she had a troubled expression, and twisted her fingers about each other.

In an instant this expression became one of helpless terror. She crowded back against the lounge and tried to hide herself behind Bobaday and Corinne.

They looked toward the door, and saw standing there the young man who sold tickets at the entrance of the pig-headed individual's show. His hands were in his pockets, but he appeared ready to intone forth:

"Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen, and hear Fairy Carrie, the child vocalist!" And the smoky torch was not needed to reveal his satisfaction in standing just where he did.

CHAPTER V.

"COME TO MAMMA!"

Though the dissipated looking young man only stood at the door a moment, and then walked out on the log steps at a sauntering pace, he left dismay behind him. Aunt Corinne flew to her mother, imploring that Carrie be hid. Robert Day stood up

before the child, frowning and shaking his head.

"All the pig-headed folks will be after her," exclaimed aunt Corinne. "They'll come right into this room so soon as that fellow tells them. Le's run out the back way, Ma Padgett!"

Grandma Padgett, who had been giving the full strength of her spectacles to the failing light and her knitting, beheld this excitement with disapproval.

"You'll have my needles out," she objected. "What pig-headed folks are after what? Robert, have you hurt Sissy?"

"Why, Grandma Padgett, didn't you see the doorkeeper looking into the room?"

what despondently. "I wish I did. She's a child that seems to be lost from her friends."

"But you can't take her away and give her to the show people again," exclaimed aunt Corinne, turning on this stranger with nervous defiance. "She's more ours than she is yours, and that ugly man scared her so she couldn't do anything but cry or go to sleep. If brother Tip was here he wouldn't let them have her."

"That man that just went out, is a showman," explained Robert Day, relying somewhat on the stranger for aid and re-inforcement. "She was in the show that he tended door for. They were awful

THE "YOUNG MAN WHO SOLD TICKETS" APPEARS AT THE DOOR.

"Some person just looked in — person they appear to object to," said the strange man, giving keen attention to what was going forward. "Are these your own children, ma'am?"

Grandma Padgett rolled up her knitting, and tipped her head slightly back to bring the stranger well under her view.

"This girl and the boy belong to my family," she replied.

"But whose is the little girl on the lounge?"

"I don't know," replied Grandma Padgett, some-

people. Aunt Krin and I slipped her off with us."

"That's kidnapping. Stealing, you know," commented the stranger.

"*They'd* stolen her," declared Bobaday.

"How do you know?"

"Look how 'fraid she was! I peeped into their wagon in the woods, and as soon as she opened her eyes and saw the man with the pig's head, she began to scream, and they smothered her up."

Grandma Padgett was now sitting on the lounge with Carrie lifted into her lap. Her voice was steady,

but rather sharp. "This child's in a fit! Robert Day, run to the woman of the house and tell her to bring hot water as soon as she can."

During the confusion which followed, and while Carrie was partially undressed, rubbed, dipped, and dosed between her set teeth, the stranger himself went out to the log steps and stood looking from one end of the street to the other. The dissipated young man appeared nowhere in the twilight.

Returning, the lawyer found Grandma Padgett holding her patient wrapped in shawls. The landlady stood by, much concerned, and talking about a great many remedies beside such as she held in her hands. Aunt Corinne and Robert Day maintained the attitude of guards, one on each side of the door.

Carrie was not only conscious again, but wide awake and tingling through all her little body. Her eyes had a different expression. They saw everything, from the candle the landlady held over her, to the stranger entering: they searched the walls piteously, and passed the faces of Bobaday and aunt Corinne as if they by no means recognized these larger children.

"I want my mamma!" she wailed. Tears ran down her face and Grandma Padgett wiped them away. But Carrie resisted her hand.

"Go away!" she exclaimed. "You aren't my mamma!"

"Poor little love!" sighed the landlady, who had picked up some information about the child.

"And you aren't my mamma!" resented Carrie. "I want my mamma to come to her little Rose."

"Says her name's Rose," said Grandma Padgett, exchanging a flare of her glasses for a startled look from the landlady.

"She says her name's Rose," repeated the landlady, turning to the lawyer as a general public who ought to be informed. Robert and Corinne began to hover between the door and the lounge, vigilant at both extremes of their beat.

"Rose," repeated the lawyer, placing his hands upon his knees and bending forward to inspect the child. "Rose what? Have you any other name, my little girl?"

"I not your little girl," wept their excited patient. "I'm my mamma's little girl. Go away! you're an ugly papa."

Bobaday and Corinne chuckled at this accusation. Aunt Corinne could not bring herself to regard the lawyer as an ally. If he wished to play a proper part he should have gone out and driven the doorkeeper and all the rest of those show-people from Greenfield. Instead of that, he stood about, listening, without moving a muscle of his face.

"I haven't even seen such people," murmured the landlady in reply to a whispered question from Grandma Padgett. "There was a young man came in to ask if we had more room, but I didn't like his looks and told him no, we had no more. Court-times we can fill our house if we want to. But I'm always particular. We don't take shows at all. The shows that come through here are often rough. There was a magic-lantern man we let put up with us. But circuses and such things can go to the regular tavern, says I. And if the regular tavern can't accommodate them, it's only twenty mile to Injunop'lis."

"I was afraid they might have got into the house," said Grandma Padgett. "And I wouldn't know what to do. I couldn't give her up to them again, when the bare sight throws her into spasms, unless I was made to do it."

"You couldn't prove any right to her," observed the lawyer.

"No, I couldn't," replied Grandma Padgett, expressing some injury in her tone. "But on that account ought I to let her go to them that would mistreat her?"

"She may be their child," said the lawyer. "People have been known to maltreat their children before. You only infer that they stole her."

Aunt Corinne told her nephew in a slightly guarded whisper, that she never had seen such a mean man as that one was.

"They ought to prove it before they get her, then," said Grandma Padgett.

"Yes," he assented. "They ought to prove it."

"And they must be right here in the place," she continued. "I'm afraid I'll have trouble with them."

"We could go on to-night," exclaimed Robert Day. "We could go on to Indianapolis, and that's where the governor lives, Zene says; and when we told the governor, he'd put the pig-headed folks in jail." Small notice being taken of this suggestion by the elders, Robert and Corinne bobbed their heads in unison and discussed it in whispers together.

The woman of the house locked up that part which let out upon the log steps, before she conducted her guests to supper. She was a partisan of Grandma Padgett's.

At table the brown-eyed child whom Grandma Padgett still held upon her lap, refused food and continued to demand her mother. She leaned against the old lady's shoulder seeing every crack in the walls, every dish upon the cloth, the lawyer who sat opposite, and the concerned faces of Bobaday and Corinne. Supper was too good to be slighted, in spite of Carrie's dangerous position. The man of the house was a Quaker, and while his wife stood up to wait on the table, he repeatedly asked her in a thee-and-thou

"COME TO MAMMA!"

language highly edifying to aunt Corinne, for certain pickles and jams and stuffed mangoes; and as she brought them one after the other, he helped the children plentifully, twinkling his eyes at them. He was a delicious old fellow; as good in his way as the jams.

"And won't thee have some in a sasser?" he inquired tenderly of Carrie, "and set up and feed thyself? Thee ought to give thy grandame a chance to eat her bite — don't thee be a selfish little dear."

"I want my mamma," responded Carrie, at once taking this twinkle-eyed childless father into her confidence. "I'm waiting for my mamma. When she comes she'll give me my supper and put me to bed."

"Thee's a big enough girl to wait on thyself," said the Quaker, not understanding the signs his wife made to him.

"She doesn't live at your house," pursued the child. "She lives at papa's house."

"Where is papa's house?" inquired the lawyer, helping himself to bread as if that were the chief object of his thoughts.

"It's away off. Away over the woods."

"And what's papa's name?"

Carrie appeared to consider the questioner rather than the question, and for some unexpressed reason, remained silent.

"Mother," said the Quaker from the abundant goodness of his heart, "doesn't thee mind that damson p'serve thee never let's me have unless I take the ag'y and shake for it? Some of that would limber a little girl's tongue, doesn't thee think?"

"It's in the far pantry on a high shelf," said the woman of the house, demurring slightly.

"I can reach it down."

"No, I'll bring it myself. The jars are too crowded on that shelf for a man's hands to be turned loose among 'em."

The Quaker smiled, sparkling considerably under his gray eyebrows while his wife took another light and went after the damson preserve.

She had been gone but a moment when knocking began at the front door, and the Quaker rose at once from his place to answer it.

Robert Day and Corinne looked at each other in apprehension. They pictured a fearful procession coming in. Even their guardian gave an anxious start. She parted her lips to beg the Quaker not to admit any one, but the request was absurd.

Their innocent host piloted straight to the dining-room a woman whom Robert and Corinne knew directly. They had seen her in the show, and recalled her appearance many a time afterwards when speculating about Carrie's parents.

"Here you are!" she exclaimed to the child in a high key. "My poor little pet! Come to mamma!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VOL. XVII.
WIDE AWAKE

OLIVES

THE GUARD IN WINTER. A CAVE.

THE OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE.

IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD.

GATHERING OLIVES.

Wide awake — Aug 1883 — no other — in bibliography

ON INDIANA ROADS.

(A further record of Old Caravan Days.)

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER VI.

FAIRY CARRIE DEPARTS.

NEITHER William Sebastian, the Quaker landlord, nor his wife, returning with the damson preserves in her hand — not even Grandma Padgett and her family, looked at Fairy Carrie more anxiously than the lawyer.

"Is this your mother, sissy?" inquired Grandma Padgett.

"No," replied the child, a blank, stupid expression replacing her excitement. "Yes. Mamma?"

The woman sat down and took Carrie upon her lap, twisting her curls and caressing her.

"Where have you been, frightening us all to death!" she exclaimed. "The child is sick; she must have some drugs to quiet her."

"She's just come out of a spasm," said Grandma Padgett distantly. "Seems as if a young man scared her."

"Yes; that was Jarvey," said the woman. "'E found her here. Carrie was always afraid of Jarvey after he tried to teach her wire-walking, and let her fall. Jarvey would 've fetched her right away with him, but 'e knows I don't like to 'ave 'im meddle with her now."

"She says her name's Rose," observed the wife of William Sebastian, taking no care to veil her suspicion.

"'Tis Rose," replied the woman indifferently, passing her hand in repeated strokes down the child's face as it was pressed to her shoulder. "The h'other's professional — Fairy Carrie. We started 'igher. I never expected to come down with my child to such a miserable little combination. But we've 'ad misfortunes. Her father died coming over. We're English. We 'ad good engagements in the Provinces, and sometimes played in London. The manager as fetched us over, failed to keep his promises, and I had no friends 'ere. I had to do what I could."

An actual resemblance to Carrie appeared in the woman's face. She wiped tears from the dark rings under her eyes.

William Sebastian's wife rested her knuckles on the table, still regarding Carrie's mother with perplexed distrust.

While returning none of the caresses she received, the child lay quite docile and submissive.

"Well," said Grandma Padgett, still distantly, "folks bring up their children different. There's gypsies always live in tents, and I suppose show-people always expect to travel with shows. I don't know anything about it. But I do know when that child came to me she'd been dosed nearly to death with laudanum, or some sleepin' drug, and didn't really come to her senses till after her spasm."

The woman cast a piteous expression at her judge.

"She's so nervous, poor pet! Perhaps I'm in the 'abit of giving her too much. But she lives in terror of the company we 'ave to associate with, and I can't see her nerves be racked."

"Thee ought to stop such wrong doings," pronounced William Sebastian, laying his palm decidedly on the table. "Set theeself to some honest work and put the child to school. Her face is a rebuke to us that likes to feel at peace."

The woman glanced resentfully at him.

"The child is gifted," she maintained. "I'm going to make a hartist of her."

She smoothed Carrie's wan hands, and, as if noticing her borrowed clothing for the first time, looked about the room for the tinsel and gauze.

"The things she had on her when she come to us," said Grandma Padgett, "were literally gone to nothing. The children had run so far and rubbed over fences and sat in the grass. I didn't even think it was worth while to save the pieces; and I put my least one's clothes on her for some kind of a covering."

"It was her concert dress," said the woman, regarding aunt Corinne's pantalets with some contempt. "I suppose I hought to thank you, but since she was hinticed away, I can't. When one 'as her

feelings 'arrowed up for nearly a week as mine have been 'arrowed, one can't feel thankful. I will send these 'ere things back by Jarvey. Well, ladies and gentlemen, let me bid you good evening. The performance 'as already begun and we professionals cannot shirk business."

"You give an exhibition in Greenfield to-night, do you?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, standing with Carrie in arms. She had some difficulty in getting at her pocket, but threw him a handbill.

Then passing out through the hall, she shut the front door behind her.

There were two other front doors to the house, though only the central one was in constant use, being left open in the summer weather, excepting on occasions such as the present, when William Sebastian's wife thought it should be locked. One of the other front doors opened into the sitting-room, but was barred with a tall bureau. The third let into a square room devoted to the lumber accumulations of the house. A bar and shelves for decanters remained there, but these William Sebastian had never permitted to be used since his name was painted on the sign.

Mrs. Sebastian felt a desire to confuse the outgoing woman by the three doors and imprison her in the old store room.

"I don't think the child's hers," exclaimed Mrs. Sebastian.

"Thee isn't Solomon," observed the Quaker, twinkling at his wife. "Thee cannot judge who the true mother may be."

"She shouldn't got in here if I'd had the keeping of the door," continued Mrs. Sebastian. "I may not be Solomon, but I think I could keep the varmints out of my own chicken house."

Grandma Padgett set her glasses in a perplexed stare at the door.

"She didn't let us say good-by to Fairy Carrie," exclaimed aunt Corinne indignantly, "and kept her face hid away all the time so she couldn't look at us. I'd hate to have such a ma!"

"She'll whip the poor little thing for running off with us, when she gets her away," said Robert Day, listening for doleful sounds.

"Well, what does thee think of this business?" inquired William Sebastian of the lawyer who was busying himself drawing squares on the tablecloth with a steel fork. "It ought to come in thy line. Thee deals with criminals and knows the deceitfulness of our human hearts. What does thee say to the woman?"

The lawyer smiled as he laid down his fork, and barely mentioned the conflicting facts:

"She took considerable pains to tell something about herself: more than was necessary. But if they kidnapped the child, they are dangerously bold and confident in exhibiting and claiming her."

CHAPTER VII.

SUNDAY ON THE ROAD.

Aunt Corinne occupied with her mother a huge apartment over the sitting-room, in which was duplicated the fireplace below. At this season the fireplace was closed with a black board on which paraded balloon-skirted women cut out of fashion plates. The chimneys were built in two huge stacks at the gable-ends of the house, outside the weather boarding: a plan the architects of this day utterly condemn. The outside chimney was, however, as far beyond the stick-and-clay stacks of the cabin, as our fire-stone flues are now beyond it. This house with log steps no longer stands as an old landmark by the 'pike side in Greenfield. But on that June morning it looked very pleasant, and the locust-trees in front of it made the air heavy with perfume. There is no flower like the locust for feeding honey to the sense of smell. Half the bees from William Sebastian's hives were buzzing overhead, when Bobaday and aunt Corinne sat down by Zene on the log steps to unload their troubles. All three were in their Sunday clothes. Zene had even greased his boots, and looked with satisfaction on the moist surfaces which he stretched forth to dry in the sun.

He had not seen Carrie borne away, but he had been to the show afterwards, and heard her sing one of her songs. He told the children she acted like she never see a thing before her, and would go dead asleep if they didn't stick pins in her like they did in a woman he seen walkin' for money once. Robert was fain to wander aside on the subject of this walking woman, but aunt Corinne kept to Fairy Carrie, and made Zene tell every scrap of information he had about her.

"After I rubbed the horses this mornin'," he proceeded, "I took a stroll around the burg, and their tent and wagon's gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed aunt Corinne. "Clear out of town?"

Zene said he allowed so. He could show the children where the tent and wagon stood, and it was bare ground now. He had also discovered the time-honored circus-ring, where every summer the tinseled host rode and tumbled. But under the circumstances, a circus-ring had no charms.

"Then they've got her," said Bobaday. "We'll never see the pretty little thing again. If I'd been a man I wouldn't let that woman have her, like Grandma Padgett did. Grown folks are so funny. I did wish some grand people would come in the night and

THE CHILD LAY QUITE DOCILE AND SUBMISSIVE.

say she was their child, and make the show give her up."

Aunt Corinne arose to fly to her mother and Mrs. Sebastian with the news. But the central door opening on the instant and Mrs. Sebastian, her husband and guest coming out, aunt Corinne had not far to fly.

"The woman is a stealer," she added to her breathless recital. "She didn't even send my things back."

"She's welcome to them," said Grandma Padgett, shaking her head, "but I feel for that child, whether the rightful owners has her or not."

"This is Lord's Day," said William Sebastian to the children, "along the whole length of the 'pike, and across the whole breadth of the country. Thy little friend will get her First Day blessing."

He wore a gray hat, half-high in the crown, and a gray coat which flapped his calves when he walked. His trousers were of a cut which reached nearly to his armpits, but this fact was kept from the public by a vest crawling well toward his knees. Yet he looked beautifully tidy and well-dressed. His wife, who was not a Quaker, had by no means such an air of simple grandeur.

Grandma Padgett and aunt Corinne, somewhat reluctantly followed by Zene, were going to the Methodist church. Already its bell was filling the air. But Robert hung back and asked if he might not go to Quaker meeting.

"Thee couldn't sit and meditate," said William Sebastian.

Bobaday assured William Sebastian he could sit very still, and he always meditated. When he ran after his grandmother to get her consent, it occurred to him to find out from Zene how the pig-headed man was, and if he looked as ugly as ever. But aunt Corinne scorned the question, and quite flew at him for asking it.

The Methodist services Robert knew by heart:

the open windows, the high pulpit where the preacher silently knelt first thing, hymn books rustling cheerfully, the hymn given out two lines at a time to be sung by the congregation, then the kneeling of everybody and the prayer, more singing, and the sermon, perhaps followed by an exhortation, when the preacher talked loud enough for the boys sitting out on the fence to hear every word. Perhaps a few children whispered, or a baby cried and its mother took it out. Everybody seemed happy and astir. After church there was so much hand-shaking that the house emptied very slowly.

But on his return he described the Quaker meeting to aunt Corinne.

"They all sat and sat," said Bobaday. "It was a little bit of a house and not half so many folks could get in it as sit in the corners by the pulpit in Methodist meeting. And they sat and sat, and nobody said a word or gave out a hymn. The women looked at the cracks in the floor. You could hear everything outdoors. After a long time they all got up and shook hands. Mrs. Sebastian said to Mr. Sebastian when we came away, 'The spirit didn't appear to move anybody this morning.' And he said, 'No: but it was a blessed meeting.'"

"Didn't your legs cramp?" inquired aunt Corinne.

"Yes; and my nose tickled and I wanted to sneeze. But you dursn't move your thumb even. That lawyer that ate supper here last night would like such a meeting, wouldn't he?"

The lawyer was coming up the log steps while Robert spoke of him. And with him was a lady who looked agitated, and whom he had to assist.

Robert and Corinne, at the open sitting-room window, looked at each other with quick apprehension.

"Aunt Krin, *that's* her mother," said aunt Krin's nephew. His young relative grasped his arm and exclaimed in an awe-struck whisper:

"Bobaday Padgett!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HER MOTHER ARRIVES.

Both children regarded the strange lady with breathless interest when the lawyer seated her in the room. They silently classed her among the rich, handsome and powerful people of the earth. She had what in later years they learned to call refinement, but at that date they could give it no name except niceness. When Grandma Padgett and the landlord's wife were summoned to the room, she grew even younger and more elegant in appearance, though her face was anxious and her eyes were darkened by crying.

"This is Mrs. Tracy from Baltimore," said the lawyer. "She was in Chicago yesterday, and I telegraphed for her a half-hour or so before the child was taken out of the house. She came as far as Indianapolis, and found no Pan Handle train, this morning, so she was obliged to get a carriage and drive over. Mrs. Sebastian, will you be kind enough to set out something for her to eat as soon as you can? She has not thought of eating since she started. And Mrs. —— what did I understand your name to be?"

"Padgett," replied the children's guardian.

"THIS IS LORD'S DAY," SAID WILLIAM SEBASTIAN.

"Yes; Mrs. Padgett. Mrs. Padgett, my client is hunting a lost child, and hearing this little girl was with you some days, she would like to make some inquiries."

"But the child's taken clear away!" exclaimed Grandma Padgett.

"If you drove out from Injunop'lis," said the

Quaker's wife, "you must have met the show-wagon on the 'pike."

"The show-wagon took to a by-road," observed the lawyer. "We have men tracking it now."

"I knew it wasn't right for them to carry off that child," said the Quaker's wife, "and if I'd tended the door they wouldn't carried her off."

"It was best not to arouse their suspicions before she could be identified," said the lawyer. "It's easy enough to take her when we know she is the child we want."

"Maybe so," said the Quaker's wife.

"Easy enough. The vagabonds can't put themselves beyond arrest before we can reach them, and on the other hand, they could make a case against us if we meddle with them unnecessarily. Since Mrs. Tracy came West a couple of weeks ago, and since she engaged me in her cause, we have had a dozen wrong parties drawn up for examination; children of all ages and sizes."

"Did she," inquired Mrs. Tracy, bringing her chair close to Grandma Padgett and resting appealing eyes on the blue glasses, "have hair that curled? Rather long hair for a child of her years."

"Yes'm," replied Grandma Padgett with dignified tenderness. "Long for a child about five or six, as I took her to be. But she was babyish for all that."

"Yes — oh, yes!" said Mrs. Tracy.

"And curly. How long since you lost her?"

The lady from Baltimore sobbed on her handkerchief, but recovered with a resolute effort, and replied:

"It was nearly three months ago. She was on the street with her nurse, and was taken away almost miraculously. We could not find a trace. Her papa is dead, but I have always kept his memory alive to her. My friends have helped me search, but it has seemed day after day as if I could not bear the strain any longer."

Grandma Padgett took off her glasses and polished them.

"I know how you feel," she observed, glancing at Robert Day and Corinne. "I had a scare at Richmond, in this State."

"Are these your children?"

"My youngest and my grandson. It was their notion of running away with the little girl, and their gettin' lost, that put me to such a worry."

Mrs. Tracy extended her hands to Bobaday and aunt Corinne, drawing one to each side of her, and made the most minute inquiries about Fairy Carrie. She knew that the child had called herself Rose, and that she had been in a partially stupified state during her stay with the little caravan. But when Robert mentioned the dark circles in the child's face, and her crying behind the tent, the lady turned white and leaned back, closing her eyes and groping for a small yellow bottle in her pocket. Having smelled of this, she recovered herself.

But aunt Corinne, in spite of her passionate sympathy, could barely keep from tittering at the latter action. Though the smelling bottle was yellow, instead of a dull blue, like the one Ma Padgett kept in the top bureau drawer at home, aunt Corinne recognized her enemy and remembered the time she hunted out that treasure and took a long, strong, tremendous snuff at it, expecting to revel in odors of delight. Her head tingled again while she thought about it; she felt a thousand needles running through her nose, and saw herself sitting on the floor shedding tears. How anybody could sniff at a hartshorn bottle and find it a consolation or restorative under any circumstances, she could not understand.

Mrs. Sebastian, in her First Day clothes, and unwilling to lose a word of what was going on in the sitting-room, had left the early dinner to her assistant. But she brought in a cup of strong tea, and some cream toast, begging the bereaved mother to stay her stomach with that until the meal's victuals was ready. Mrs. Tracy appeared to have forgotten that her stomach needed staying, but she thanked the landlady and drank the tea as if thirsty, between her further inquiries about the child.

"Are you not sure," she asked the lawyer, "that we are on the right track this time?"

He said he was not sure, but indications were better than they had been before.

"I don't wish to reproach you," said Mrs. Tracy, "but it is a fearful thought to me that they may be poisoning my child with opiates again and injuring her perhaps for life. You might have detained her."

"That's what I've said right along," exclaimed Mrs. Sebastian.

"But there was that woman who pretended to be her rightful mother," observed Grandma Padget, who, though not obliged to set up any defence, wanted the case seen in all its bearings. "There *she* set, easy and deliberate, telling *her* story, how the little thing's father died comin' over the water, and how hard it was for her to do the right thing by the child. She maintained she only dosed the child to keep her from

sufferin'. I didn't believe her, but we had nothing to set up against her."

Mrs. Tracy became as erect and fierce in aspect as such a delicate creature could become. The long veil of crape which hung from her bonnet and swept the floor, emphasizing the blackness of all her other garments, trembled as she rose.

"Why am I sitting here and waiting for anything, when that woman is claiming my child for her own? The idea of anybody's daring to own my child! It is more cruel than abuse. I never thought of their being able to teach her to forget me — that they could confuse her mamma with another person in her mind!"

"You're tired out," said the lawyer, "and matters are moving just as rapidly as if you were chasing over all the roads in Hancock County. You must quiet yourself, ma'am, or you'll break down."

Mrs. Tracy made apparent effort to quiet herself. She took hold of Grandma Padgett's arm when they where called out to dinner. Robert walked on the other side of her, having her hand on his shoulder, and aunt Corinne went behind, carrying the end of the crape veil as if Fairy Carrie's real mother could thus receive support and consolation through the back of the head.

Nobody was more concerned about her trouble than William Sebastian. And he remembered more tempting pickles and jellies than had ever been on the table before at once. Yet the dinner was soon over.

Grandma Padgett said she had intended to go a piece on the road that afternoon anyhow, but she could not feel easy in her mind to go very far until the child was found. Virginia folks and Marylanders were the same as neighbors. If Mrs. Tracy would take a seat in the carriage, they would make it their business to dally along the road and meet the word the men out searching were to bring in. Mrs. Tracy clung to Grandma Padgett's arm as if she knew what a stay the Ohio neighbors had always found this vigorous old lady. The conveyance which brought her from Indianapolis had been sent back. She was glad to be with the Padgetts. No railroad trains would pass through until next day. William Sebastian helped her up the carriage steps, and aunt Corinne set down reverently on the back seat beside her. Zene was already rumbling ahead with the wagon. Mrs. Sebastian came down the steps of log and put a hearty lunch in. It was particularly for the child they hoped to find.

"Make her eat something," she counselled the mother. "She hardly tasted a bite of supper last night, and according to all accounts, she ain't in hands that understands feedin' children now."

MRS. TRACY MAKES INQUIRIES.

"The Lord prosper all thy undertakings," said William Sebastian, "and don't thee forget to let us know what hour we may begin to rejoice with thee."

The lawyer touched his hat as Hickory and Henry stepped away on the plank 'pike. He remained in Greenfield, and was to ride after them if any news came in about Fairy Carrie.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOY BLUE.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1889.

Old Italian Masters. Giotto . . . . . *W. J. Stillman* 323
With engravings from the originals and notes by T. Cole.

Horses of the Plains . . . . . *Frederic Remington* 332
Illustrations by the author.

The Winter Lakes . . . . . *William Wilfred Campbell* . . 343

The Romance of Dollard. III. Begun in November . . . . *Mary Hartwell Catherwood* . . 344
Illustration by Henry Sandham.

Strange True Stories of Louisiana: Françoise . Edited by *George W. Cable* 358

Pagan Ireland . . . . . *Charles de Kay* 368
Illustrations by J. W. Alexander, W. H. Drake, A. B. Davies, from photographs by W. G. Moore and W. Lawrence, Dublin.

A Fire Opal . . . . . *Edith M. Thomas* 379

The Life of Administrative Exiles . . . . . *George Kennan* 380

Olin Warner, Sculptor . . . . . *Henry Eckford* 392
Illustrations drawn by Kenyon Cox, Wyatt Eaton, and Robert Blum, from the work of Olin L. Warner.

An American Apprentice System . . . . . *Richard P. Auchmuty* 401

An Old Sermon . . . . . *Zoe Dana Underhill* 405

A Perverted Franchise . . . . . *A. C. Gordon* 406
Illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

Round About Galilee . . . . . *Edward L. Wilson* 413
Illustrations drawn by Harry Fenn, Kenyon Cox, W. Taber, Otto H. Bacher, etc., from photographs by F. M. Good and the author.

Abraham Lincoln: The Announcement of Emancipation . . *J. G. Nicolay, John Hay* . . . 427

A Regret . . . . . *Agnes Maule Machar* 448

Pictures of the Far West. III. The Sheriff's Posse . . . . * * * * 448
Illustration by Mary Hallock Foote.

The Poet of the Future . . . . . *James Whitcomb Riley* . . . 450

An Old Man from the Old Country . . . . . *George H. Jessop* 450
Illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

The West Point of the Confederacy . . . . . *John S. Wise* 461
Illustrations by W. Taber, C. A. Vanderhoof, and Wyatt Eaton, from photographs.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Annexation, or Federation? 471
Separate Municipal Elections 472
Are we Just to our Architects? 473
A Crisis in the Copyright Agitation 474

OPEN LETTERS.

"Lawyers' Morals"—The Responsibility of Laymen . . . *John D. Works* 475
A Letter of Lincoln . . . . . *William C. Wilkinson* 477
The Life of Lincoln—A Letter from . . . . . *Gen. G. W. Smith* 477
The Mother's Right . . . . . *J. F. L.* 478

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Her Smile his Sunlight . . . . . *Frank Dempster Sherman* . . . 480
Observations . . . . . *Ivan Panin* 480
The Jester . . . . . *Maude Annulet Andrews* . . . 480

The wood-engravings of this number are by T. Cole, J. W. Evans, E. Heinemann, R. Varley, H. Wolf, J. F. Jungling, W. H. Morse, R. C. Collins, T. Schussler, G. P. Williams, J. Pinkey, Frank French, E. Ertz, H. Velten, D. Nicols.

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breed of horses. I have watched a herd of cowponies being driven over the prairie where the undulations of the backs in the moving throng were as regular and easy as the rise and fall of the watery waves. The fox-trot, which is the habitual gait of all plainsmen, cowboys, and Indians, is easily cultivated in him, and his light, supple frame accommodates itself naturally to the motion.

This particular American horse lays claim to another quality, which in my estimation is not least, and that is his wonderful picturesqueness. He graces the Western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the heat and burden and the vicissitudes of all that pale of romance which will cling about the Western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or the wagon he seems a living protest against utilitarianism; but, unlike his red master, he will not go. He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain-man, and the vaquero through all the glories of their careers; but they will soon be gone, with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new régime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the ground.

Frederic Remington.

THE WINTER LAKES.

OUT in a world of death far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer,
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird;
But only the silence and white, the shores that grow chiller and dumber,
Wherever the ice-winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid, faint glimmer of dawn;
Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfs are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like specters, whited regions of winter,
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles on miles of lake far out under the night;
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rimmed, winding,
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and landward it roars.

William Wilfred Campbell.

DOLLARD AND HIS COMMAND TAKING THE OATH.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.[1]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

XII.

DOLLARD'S CONFESSION.

IF Dollard was surprised at finding Claire standing by the fire dressed for her journey, he gave himself no time for uttering it, but directed Jacques to bring down madame's boxes and to wake Louise.

"One casket will be enough, Jacques," countermanded madame; "the one which has been opened. If there is such haste, the others can be sent hereafter. As for my poor Louise, I will not have her waked; this is but her second night's sleep on land. Some one can be found in Montreal to attend me, and I shall see her again soon."

Jacques shuffled down from his master's apartment, carrying the luggage on his shoulder and his candle in one hand. Dollard waited for him, to say aside:

"In three weeks come to Montreal and ask for your lady at the governor's house. Subject yourself to her orders thenceforward."

"Yes, m'sieur," grunted Jacques.

Again his candle on the twisted staircase caused great shadows to stalk through the cellar gloom — Claire's shadow stretching forward a magnified head at its dense future; Dollard's shadow towering so high as to be bent at right angles and flattened on the joists above. Once more were the bars put up, this time shutting two inmates out of the seigniory house.

Dollard hurried his wife into the boat. One Indian held the boat to the beach, another stored the luggage, and immediately they dropped into their places and took the oars, and the boat was off.

It was a silent night and very little breeze flowed along the surface of the water. The moon seemed lost walking so far down the west sky. She struck a path of gold crosswise of Lake St. Louis, and it grew with the progress of the boat, still traveling down-river and twinkling like a moving pavement of burnished disks.

Going with the current, the Hurons had little need to labor, and the gush of their oars came at longer intervals than during the upstream voyage.

Dollard had wrapped Claire well. He held the furs around her with one arm. By that ghostly daylight which the moon makes she could follow every line and contour of his face. He examined every visible point on the river's surface, and turned an acute ear for shore sounds. Before he began to speak, the disturbance of his spirit reached her, and quite drove all mention of Mademoiselle de Granville from her lips.

Having satisfied himself that no other craft haunted the river, Dollard turned his eyes upon Claire's, and spoke to her ear so that his voice was lost two feet away.

"Claire, the Iroquois are the curse of this province. Let me tell you what they have done. They are a confederation of five Indian nations: their settlements are south of the great Lake Ontario, but they spread themselves all along the St. Lawrence, murder settlers, make forays into Montreal and Quebec; they have almost exterminated the Christian Hurons, and when they offer us truces they do it only to throw us off our guard. The history of this colony is a history of a hand-to-hand struggle against the Iroquois."

"If they are so strong," whispered Claire, "how have the settlements lived at all?"

"Partly because their mode of warfare is peculiar, and consists in overrunning, harassing, and burning certain points and then retiring to the woods again, and partly because they needed the French. We are useful to them in furnishing certain supplies for which they trade. But they also trade with the Dutch colony on the Hudson River. Only lately have they made up their minds to sweep over this province and destroy it."

"How do you know this?"

"I know that at this time two bands of these savages, each hundreds strong, are moving to meet each other somewhere on the Ottawa River. We have heard rumors, and some prisoners have been brought in and made to confess, and the mere fact that no skulking parties haunt us shows that they are massing."

Dollard drew a deep breath.

"I shall not dread this danger, being with you," said Claire.

"This is what I must tell you. Claire, there was a man in Montreal who thought the sacking of New France could be prevented if a few

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determined men would go out and meet these savages on the way, as aggressors, instead of fighting simply on the defensive, as we have done so long. This man found sixteen other young men of his own mind, and they all took a sacred oath to devote themselves to this purpose."

"Sixteen!" breathed the shuddering girl. "Only sixteen against a thousand Indians?"

"Sixteen are enough if they be fit for the enterprise. One point of rock will break any number of waves. These sixteen men and their leader then obtained the governor's consent to their enterprise, and they will kneel in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu and receive absolution at daybreak this morning."

"Their leader is Adam Dollard!" Claire's whispered cry broke out.

"Their leader is Adam Dollard," he echoed.

She uttered no other sound, but rose up in the boat.

Dollard caught her in his arms and set her upon his knees. They held each other in an embrace like the rigid lock of death, the smiling, pale night seeming full of crashing and grinding noises, and of chaos like mountains falling.

Length after length the boat shot on, dumb heart-beat after dumb heart-beat, mile after mile. It began to shiver uneasily. Alert to what was before them, and indifferent to their freight of stone in the boat's end, the Hurons slipped to their knees, each unshipped his oars and took one of the dripping pair for a paddle, fixed his roused eyes on the twisting current, and prepared for the rapids of Lachine. Like an arrow just when the bowstring twangs came the boat at a rock, to be paddled as cleanly aside as if that hissing mass had been a shadow. Right, left, ahead the rapids boiled up; slight shocks ran through the thin-skinned craft as it dodged, shied, leaped, half whirled and half reversed, tumultuously tumbled or shot as if going down a flume. While it lasted the danger seemed endless. But those skilled paddlers played through it with grins of delight folding creases in their leather faces, nor did they settle down dogged and dull Indians again until the boat shot freely out of the rapids upon tame moonlighted ripples once more.

After the Lachine, Dollard lifted his head and said to Claire:

"We start on our expedition as soon as mass is done this morning. It goes without saying that I was pledged to this when I went to Quebec. I cannot go back from it now."

"There is no thought of your going back from it now," Claire spoke to him. "But, Dollard, is there hope of any man's returning alive from this expedition?"

"We are sworn to give no quarter and to take none."

The Indians, pointing their boat towards Montreal, were now pulling with long easy strokes. A little rocky island rose between voyagers and settling moon.

"O Claire! I loved you so! that is all my excuse. I meant not to bring such anguish upon you."

"Dollard, I forbid you to regret your marriage. I myself have no regrets."

"I knew not what I was doing." His words dropped with effort. She could feel his throat strongly sobbing.

"Don't fret, my Dollard." Claire smoothed down those laboring veins with her satin palm. "We are, indeed, young to die. I thought we should live years together. But this marriage gave us nearly a week of paradise. And that is more happiness, I am experienced enough to believe, than many wedded couples have in a lifetime."

"Claire, the family of the Governor Maisonneuve will receive you and treat you with all courtesy; first for your own sake, and in a small degree for mine. I have set down in my will that you are to have all my rude belongings, and Jacques is sworn your trusty servant."

"Dollard, hear what I have to say," she exclaimed, pressing his temples between her hands. "You meant to leave me behind you at St. Bernard. You forget that the blood of man-warriors, the blood of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, runs in my veins. Doubt not that I shall go with you on this expedition. Do you think I have no courage because I am afraid of mice and lightning?"

"I knew not that you were afraid of mice and lightning, my Claire."

"Am I to be the wife of Dollard and have sixteen young men thrust between him and myself, all accounted worthy of martyrdom above me?"

"Daughter of a Montmorency!" burst out Dollard with passion; "better than any man on earth! I do you homage—I prostrate myself—I adore you! Yet must I profane your ears with this: no woman can go with the expedition without bringing discredit on it."

"Not even your wife?"

"Not even my wife. After absolution in the chapel this morning we are set apart, consecrated to the purpose before us."

Claire dropped her face and said:

"I comprehend." He held her upon his breast the brief remainder of their journey, prostrated as she had not been by the shock of his confession.

Mount Royal stood dome-like on Montreal island, a huge shadow glooming out of the north-west upon the little village. After shifting

about from a river point of view, those structures composing the town finally settled in their order: the fort, the rough stone seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hôtel Dieu, the wooden houses standing in a single long row, and eastward the great fortified mill surrounded by a wall. The village itself had neither wall nor palisade.

Surrounding dark fields absorbed light and gave back no glint of dew or springing green blade, for the seed-sowing was not yet finished. Black bears squatting or standing about the fields at length revealed themselves as charred stumps and half trees.

"You have not told me the route your expedition goes," whispered Claire.

"We go in that direction — up the Ottawa River." Dollard swept out his arm indicating the west.

"There is one thing. Do not place me in the governor's charge. How can I be a guest, when I would lie night and day before some shrine? Are there no convents in Montreal? A convent is my allotted shelter."

"There are only the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu," he murmured back. "They, also, would receive you into kind protection; but, my Claire, they are poor. Montreal is not Quebec. Our nuns lived at first in one room. Now they have the hospital; but it is a wooden building, exposed by its situation."

"Let me go to the nuns," she insisted. "And there is one other thing. Do not tell them who I am. Say nothing about me, that I may have no inquiries to answer concerning our marriage and his reverence the bishop."

"Our nuns of St. Joseph and the Sulpitians of Montreal bear not too much love for the bishop," said Dollard. "But every wish you have is my wish. I will say nothing to the nuns, and you may tell them only what you will."

A strong pallor toning up to yellow had been growing from the east to the detriment of the moon. Now a pencil line of pink lay across the horizon, and the general dewiness of objects became apparent. The mountain turned from shadow into perpendicular earth and half-budded trees. Some people were stirring in Montreal, and a dog ran towards the river barking as the boat touched the wharf.

XIII.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HÔTEL DIEU.

JOUANEAUX, the retainer of the hospital nuns, though used to rising early to feed their pigs and chickens, this time cast his wary glance into the garden while it was yet night. The garden held now no tall growths of mustard, in which the Iroquois had been known to lurk until daylight for victims, but Jouaneaux felt it necessary that he should scan the inclosure himself before any nun chanced to step into it.

The sisterhood's dependent animals were quartered under the same roof with themselves, according to Canadian custom. Jouaneaux scattered provender before the cocks were fairly roused to their matin duty of crowing; and the sleepy swine, lifting the tips of their circular noses, grunted inquiringly at him without scrambling up through the dusk.

Scandal might have attached itself even to these nuns of the Hôtel Dieu for maintaining so youthful a servitor as Jouaneaux, had not the entire settlement of Montreal known his cause for gratitude towards them and the honest bond which held him devoted to their goodness.

He was not the stumpy type of French peasant, but stood tall and lithe, was rosy-faced, and had bright hair like a Saxon's. A constant smile parted Jouaneaux's lips and tilted up his nose. He looked always on the point of telling good news. Catastrophe and pain had not erased the up-curves of this expression. So he stood smiling at the pigs while Indian-fighters were gathering from all quarters of Montreal towards the hospital chapel.

"Jouaneaux!" spoke a woman's well-modulated voice from an inner door.

"Yes, honored Superior," he responded with alacrity, turning to Sister Judith de Brésoles, head of the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to whom he accorded always this exaggerated term of respect. She carried a taper in her hand, its slender white flame casting up the beauty of her stern spiritualized features.

Bound at all times to the duty of the moment, whether that duty was to boil herbs for dinner, to ring the tocsin at an Indian alarm, or to receive the wounded and the dying, Sister Brésoles conferred briefly with her servitor.

"Jouaneaux, is the chapel in complete readiness?"

"Yes, honored Superior; everything is ready."

"The Commandant Dollard has arrived, and he brought his young relative with him to place her in our care."

"His sister who lives on his seigniory?"

"Certainly. Could it be any other? His sister, Mademoiselle Dollard, therefore — "

"Pardon, honored Superior," — the tip of his nose shifted with expressive twitches, and he had the air of imparting something joyful, — "Mademoiselle de Granville. She is but half-sister to Monsieur Dollard."

"The minutest relationships of remote families are not hid from you, Jouaneaux," commented Sister Brésoles. "But I have to mention to you that the parlor fire must be lighted now

and every morning for Mademoiselle de Granville, if she choose to sit there."

"It shall be done, honored Superior."

"And that is all I had to tell you, I believe," concluded Sister Judith, turning immediately to the next duty on her list.

Early as it was, the population of Montreal was pressing into the palisade gate of the Hôtel Dieu. Matrons led their children, who mopped sleep from their eyes with little dark fists and stood on tiptoe to look between moving figures for the Indian-fighters. Some women had pale and tear-sodden cheeks, but most faces showed that rapturous enthusiasm which heroic undertaking rouses in the human breast. Unlike many meetings of a religious character, this one attracted men in majority: the seignior, the gentilhomme, the soldier from the fort, the working-smith or armorer.

When Sister Brésoles received Claire she had given her directly into the hands of a white, gentle, little nun, the frame-work of whose countenance was bare and expressive. She took the girl's hand between her sympathetic and work-worn tiny palms.

They stood in the refectory, the dawn-light just jotting their outlines to each other.

"I am Sister Macé, dear mademoiselle," said the little nun. "Do you wish me to sit by you in the chapel?"

"I cannot sit in the chapel, Sister."

"Then let me take you to our parlor. My Sister Brésoles will have a fire lighted there. On these mornings the air from the river comes in chill."

"No, Sister," said Claire, her eyes closed. "Thank you. Be not too kind to me. I wish to retain command of myself."

Sister Macé let a tear slip down each cheek hollow and took one hand away from Claire's to tweak her dot-like nose and catch the tears on a corner of her veil. The Sisters of St. Joseph were poorly clad, but the very fragrance of cleanness stirred in Sister Macé's robe. She glanced about for something which might comfort Claire by way of the stomach; for stomach comfort had gained importance to these gently bred nuns after their Canadian winters on frozen bread.

"Sister," said Claire, "is there any hiding-place about the walls of the chapel where I can thrust myself so that no weakness of mine may be seen, and behold the ceremonies?"

"There is the rood-loft," replied Sister Macé. "And if you go directly to it before the chapel is opened for the service, nobody would dream you were there."

"Let us go directly," said Claire.

Directly they went. Sister Macé paused but to close with care the chapel door behind them. The chapel was dark and they groped across it and up the stairway, Sister Macé talking low and breathlessly on the ascent.

"Ah, mademoiselle, what a blessed and safe retreat is the rood-loft! How many times have my Sister Maillet and I flown to that sacred corner and prostrated ourselves before the Holy Sacrament while the yells of the Iroquois rung in our very ears! We expected every instant to be seized and to feel the scalps torn from our heads. I have not the fortitude to bear these things as hath my Sister Brésoles,—this way, mademoiselle; give me your hand,—but I can appreciate noble courage; and, mademoiselle, I look with awe upon these young men about to take their vows."

The sacrament and its appendages had been removed from Sister Macé's retreat to the altar below. There was a low balustrade at the front of this narrow gallery which would conceal people humble enough to flatten themselves beside it, and here the woman bereft and the woman her sympathizer did lie on the floor and look down from the rood-loft. Before many moments an acolyte came in with his taper and lighted all the candles on the altar. Out of dusk the rough little room, with its few sacred daubs and its waxen images, sprung into mellow beauty.

Claire watched all that passed, sometimes dropping her face to the floor, and sometimes trembling from head to foot, but letting no sound betray her. She saw the settlement of Montreal crowd into the inclosure as soon as the chapel door was opened, and a Sulpitian priest stand forth by the altar. She saw the seventeen men file into space reserved for them before the altar and kneel there four abreast, Dollard at their head kneeling alone.

The chapel was very silent, French vivacity, which shapes itself into animated fervor on religious occasions, being repressed by this spectacle.

Claire knew the sub-governor Maisonneuve by his surroundings and attendants before Sister Macé breathed him into her ear.

"And that man who now comes forward," the nun added as secretly—"that is Charles Le Moyne, as brave a man as any in the province, and rich and worthy, moreover. His seigniory is opposite Montreal on the south-east shore."

Charles Le Moyne, addressing himself to the kneeling men, spoke out for his colleagues and brethren of the settlement who could not leave their farms until the spring crops were all planted. He urged the seventeen to wait until he and his friends could join the expedition. He would promise they should not be delayed long.

Claire watched Dollard lift his smiling face

and shake his head with decision, against which urging was powerless.

She witnessed the oath which they took neither to give quarter to nor accept quarter from the Iroquois. She witnessed their consecration and the ceremonial of mass. The kneeling men were young, few of them being older than Dollard.[1] They represented the colony, from soldier and gentilhomme down to the lower ranks of handicraftsmen. Whatever their ancestry had been, a baptism of glory descended upon all those faces alike. Their backs were towards the crowded chapel, but the women in the rood-loft could see this unconscious light, and as Claire looked at Dollard she shuddered from head to foot, feeling that her whole silent body was one selfish scream, "He is forgetting me!"

Lighted altar, lifted host, bowed people, and even the knightly splendor of Dollard's face, all passed from Claire's knowledge.

"It is now over, dear mademoiselle," whispered Sister Macé, sighing. "Do you see?—the men are standing up to march out four abreast, headed by the commandant. Ah, how the people will crowd them and shake their hands! Are you not looking, my child? O St. Joseph! patron of little ones, she is in a dead faint. Mademoiselle!" Sister Macé began to rub Claire's temples and hands and to pant with anxiety, so that the rood-loft must have been betrayed had not the chapel been emptying itself of a crowd running eagerly after other objects.

"Let me be," spoke Claire, hoarsely. "I am only dying to the world."

Sister Macé wept again. She patted Claire's wrist with her small fingers. The girl's bloodless face and tight-shut eyes were made more pallid by early daylight, for the candles were being put out upon the altar. Sister Macé in her solicitude forgot all about the people pouring through the palisade gate and following their heroes to the river-landing.

"Oh, how strong is the love of brother and sister!" half soliloquized this gentle nun. "These ties so sweeten life; but when the call of Heaven comes, how hard they rend asunder!"

The trampling below hastened itself, ebbed away, entirely ceasing upon the flags of the Hôtel Dieu and becoming a clatter along the wharf.

"Is the chapel vacant now, Sister?" her charge breathed at her ear.

"The last person has left it, dear mademoiselle."

"Presently I will go down to lie on that spot where he knelt before the altar."

"Shall I assist you down, dear mademoiselle?" said Sister Macé with the solicitude of a sparrow trying to lift a wounded robin.

"No, Sister. But of your charity do this for me in my weakness. Go down and stand by the place. I have not known if any foot pressed it, and I will not have it profaned."

Sister Macé, therefore, who respected all requests, and who herself had lain stretched on that cold stone pavement doing her religious penances, descended the stairs and stood near the altar; while her charge followed, holding by railing or sinking upon step, until she reached the square of stone where Dollard had knelt.

As a mother pounces upon her child in idolatrous abandon, so Claire fell upon that chill spot and encircled it with her arms, sobbing:

"Doubt not that I shall find you again, my Dollard, my Dollard! Once before I prayed mightily to Heaven for a blessing, and I got my blessing."

While she lay there, cheer after cheer rose from the river-landing, wild enthusiasm bursting out again as soon as the last round had died away. The canoes had put out on their expedition. Those who watched them with the longest watching would finally turn aside to other things. But the woman on the chapel floor lay stretched there for twenty-four hours.

1 The following list may be found in the parish register of Villemarie, June 3, 1660:

1. Adam Dollard (Sieur des Ormeaux), commandant, âgé de 25 ans.
2. Jacques Brassier, âgé de 25 ans.
3. Jean Tavernier, dit la Hochehère, armurier, âgé de 23 ans.
4. Nicolas Tellemont, serrurier, âgé de 25 ans.
5. Laurent Hebert, dit la Rivière, 27 ans.
6. Alonié de Lestres, chaufournier, 31 ans.
7. Nicolas Josselin, 25 ans.
8. Robert Jurée, 24 ans.
9. Jacques Boisseau, dit Cognac, 23 ans.
10. Louis Martin, 21 ans.
11. Christophe Augier, dit Desjardins, 26 ans.
12. Étienne Robin, dit Desforges, 27 ans.
13. Jean Valets, 27 ans.
14. René Doussin (Sieur de Sainte-Cécile), soldat de garnison, 30 ans.
15. Jean Lecomte, 20 ans.
16. Simon Grenet, 25 ans.
17. François Crusson, dit Pilote, 24 ans.

Also cited in "Histoire de la Colonie Française," II., 414, 416:

"A ces dix-sept héros chrétiens, on doit joindre le brave Annahotaha, chef des Hurons, comme aussi Metiwemeg, capitaine Algonquin, avec les trois autres braves de sa nation, qui tous demeurent fidèles et moururent au champ d'honneur; enfin les trois Français qui périrent au début de l'expédition, Nicolas du Val, serviteur au fort, Mathurin Soulard, charpentier du fort, et Blaise Juillet, dit Argnon, habitant."

Of the ambush in which these last-mentioned three men were slain, and the subsequent volunteering of others in their places, this romance does not treat.

XIV.

MASSAWIPPA.

All that pleasant afternoon, while a spring sun warmed seeds in the ground and trees visibly unfurled green pennons, Montrealists stood in groups looking solemnly up-river where the expedition canoes had disappeared, or flinging their hands in excited talk. "They talked too much," says one of their chroniclers. For the expedition was to be kept secret, particularly from all passing Indians.

There was no wind to cut away tremulous heat simmering at the base of the mountain. Grass could be smelled, with the delicious odor of the earth in which it was quickening. On such a day the soul of man accomplishes its yearly metempsychosis, and finds itself in a body beating with new life.

Jouaneaux carried his happy countenance from group to group along the single street of Montreal, standing with respectful attention when his superiors talked, or chiming in with authority when his equals held parley instead of pushing their business.

Before night a small fleet of Indian canoes came up the river and landed on the wharf of Montreal forty warriors and a very young girl. The chief, leading the girl by the hand, stalked proudly westward along the street, his feathers dancing, his muscular legs and moccasined feet having the flying step of Mercury. His braves trod in line behind him.

"All Hurons," remarked Jouaneaux to his crony, a lime-burner.

"And should be seeding their island of Orleans at this season," said the lime-burner, "if Quebec set them any example but to quarrel and take to the woods."

"That chief can be nobody but Annahotaha," said Jouaneaux. "Now where dost thou say he stole that brown beauty of a little Sister?"

"He stole her," responded the lime-burner, "from a full-blooded French girl below Three Rivers, that some Quebec Jesuit mixed up with him in marriage. My cousin lives in the same côte, and little liking hath she for this half-breed who scorns her mother's people and calls herself a princess."

"Good hater art thou of Quebec Jesuits," said Jouaneaux, spreading his approving smile beyond dots of white teeth around large margins of pink gums. "But Quebec Jesuits have done worse work than mixing the blood of this princess. What a little Sister of St. Joseph she would make!" he exclaimed, stretching his neck after the girl and disclosing the healthy depths of his mouth.

"You never look at a woman but to take her measure for the Sisterhood of St. Joseph," laughed the lime-burner.

"And to what better life could she be measured?" demanded the nuns' retainer, instantly aggressive, "or what better Sisterhood?"

"There be no better women," yielded the lime-burner.

All night Sister Brésoles and Sister Macé in turns kneeled beside the prostrate woman in the chapel. She was not disturbed by offers of food or consolation, for they respected her posture and her vigil. The young novices, of whom there were a few, had duties set for them elsewhere. All night a taper burned upon the altar and a nun knelt by it, her shadow wavering long and brown; and the woman's body, with its arms stretched out on the stones, stirred only at intervals when the hands grasped and wrung each other in renewed prayer.

Before matins Sister Brésoles left her support of this afflicted spirit to devote herself to the revival of the body, by concocting a broth for which she is yet celebrated in Church annals on account of the Divine assistance she received in its preparation. The very odor should rouse Claire from her long fast and cause her to eat and rise, bearing her burdens.

During Sister Brésoles's absence another figure came in and bowed before the altar.

Conscious of physical disturbance, Claire turned her vacant look towards it, as she had done each time the nuns changed vigils.

This was no serene Sister of St. Joseph, but a dark young girl also flattening herself on the pavement, and writhing about in rages of pain.

"My child, what ails *you?*" whispered Claire, compassion making alive the depths of her eyes.

But the girl, without heeding her, ground a few prayers between convulsive teeth, and then beat her head upon the stones.

By degrees the silence and self-restraint of a woman not greatly her elder, lying in trouble as abject as her own, had its quieting effect on her. Tears, scantily distilled in her, ran the length of her eyelid rims and fell in occasional drops on the floor.

Their cheeks resting on a level, the two unhappy creatures looked at each other across a stone flag.

"Has your father or your brother gone with Dollard?" whispered Claire.

"Madame, my father goes to fight the Iroquois."

"I thought it."

"Madame, I have just been making a vow."

"So have I."

"I will follow my father wherever he is going, come life or come death, and nobody shall prevent me."

Claire rose upon her knees.

Sister Brésoles opened the chapel door, carrying in a bowl of soup as she would have carried it to a soldier whose wounds refused to allow his being lifted.

The patient was in evident thanksgiving. Daylight had just begun to glimmer in. Claire's face shone with the passionate white triumph which religious ascetics of that day looked forward to as the crowning result of their vigils. Flushed with reactionary hope, she rose to her feet as if the pavement had left no stiffness in her muscles, and met the nun.

"St. Joseph and all the Holy Family give you peace, mademoiselle."

"Peace hath been granted me, Sister. My prayer is answered."

"Great is the power of the Holy Family. But after your long vigil you will need this strengthening broth which I have made for you."

"Sister, you are kind. Let me take it to your refectory. I know the place. And may this young girl attend me?"

"I will carry it myself, mademoiselle," said Sister Judith, "to our rude parlor, if you will follow me up the stairs. The refectory is somewhat chilly, and in the parlor we have a fire kindled. And you may bathe your face and hands before eating your soup."

Up a stairway Claire groped behind the nun, and came into a barn-like huge room, scant of comforts except an open fire, which Jouaneaux had but finished preparing entirely for her. The cells of the nuns were built along one side of this room, and from the cells they now emerged going devoutly to matins.

"Touching the half-breed girl of whom you spoke," said Sister Brésoles, lingering to put a basin of water and coarse clean towel within reach of her guest, "she shall come to you as soon as she hath finished her morning devotions. Her father is chief of the Hurons, and hath placed her here as a novice. We have many girls come," added Sister Brésoles with a light sigh, "but few remain to bear the hardships of life in a frontier convent."

"Girls are ungrateful creatures," said Claire, "bent on their own purposes, and greedy of what to them seems happiness. I am myself so. And if I do or say what must offend you, forgive me, Sister."

She unfastened her necklace and held it up—a slender rope braided of three strings of seed pearls and fastened by a ruby.

"This is a red sapphire, Sister, and has been more than a hundred years in the house of—"

She suppressed "Laval-Montmorency," and pressed her necklace upon the nun's refusing palm.

"Why do you offer me this, mademoiselle?"

"Because from this day gems and I part company forever. That is the only hereditary ornament I brought with me into New France. Enrich some shrine with it if you have no need to turn it into money for your convent."

"Our convent is very poor, mademoiselle," replied Sister Brésoles, divided between acceptance and refusal. "But we want no rich gifts from those who make their retirement with us. Also, the commandant, your brother, left with us more value than our poor hospitality can return to you."

"Yet be intreated, Sister," urged Claire. "I want it to be well placed, but no more about my throat."

Sister Brésoles, with gentle thanks, therefore,—"It shall still do honor to your house in works of charity, mademoiselle,"—accepted the gift and went directly to matins.

When Claire had washed her face and hands and tightened the loose puffs of her hair, she took her bowl of soup and sat before the fire, eating it with the hearty appetite of a woman risen from despair to resolution.

The odor of a convent, how natural it was to her!—that smell of stale incense intertwined with the scentless breath of excessive cleanliness. Through the poor joints of the house she could hear matin chanting arise from the chapel. Daylight grew stronger and ruddier, and a light fog from the river showed opal changes.

On moccasined feet, and so deft of hand that Claire heard her neither open nor close the door, the half-breed girl came to the hearth. A brown and a white favor in woman beauty were then set in strong contrast. Both girls were slenderly shaped, virginal and immature lines still predominating. Claire was transparently clear of skin, her hair was silken white like dandelion down, and the brown color of her eyes, not deeply tinged with pigment, showed like shadow on water; while the half-breed burned in rich pomegranate dyes, set in black and fawn tints. They looked an instant at each other in different mood from their first gaze across the flagstone.

"Your father is an Indian chief, the Sister tells me," said Claire.

"My father is Étienne Annahotaha, chief of the Hurons."

"And what is your name?"

"Massawippa."

"Massawippa, the Virgin sent you into the chapel to answer my prayer."

The half-breed, standing in young dignity, threw a dark-eyed side-glance at this perfect lily of French civilization. She was not yet prepared to be used as an answer to the prayers of any Frenchwoman.

"Did you know that an expedition started yesterday to the Ottawa River?" inquired Claire.

Massawippa shook her head.

"But your father, also — he is going to fight the Iroquois?"

"I know not where they are, but I shall find out," said Massawippa.

"I know," said Claire. "The Iroquois are coming down the Ottawa."

"From their winter trapping," the girl assented with a nod.

"Your father, therefore, will follow Dollard's expedition."

"My father has but forty-three men," Massawippa said gloomily.

"Child," said Claire, "Dollard has only sixteen!"

"And, madame, the Iroquois are like leaves for number. But I did not mean our Hurons are forty-three strong. Mituvemeg,[1] the Algonquin, meets my father here."

"Do you know this country? Have you lived much in the woods?"

"Yes, madame."

"Have you ever been up the Ottawa River?"

"Yes, madame. The very last summer my father took me up the Ottawa beyond Two Mountains Lake."

"Two Mountains Lake?"

"Yes, madame; a widening of the river, just as Lake St. Louis is a widening of the St. Lawrence."

"Could we go up this river in a boat, you and I?"

Massawippa looked steadily at Claire, searching her for cowardice or treachery. The Laval-Montmorency smiled back.

"Twenty-four hours, Massawippa, I lay on the chapel pavement, praying the Virgin to send me guide or open some way for me to follow the French expedition up that Ottawa River. You threw yourself beside me and answered my prayer by your own vow. We are bound to the same destination."

The half-breed girl looked with actual solicitude at the tender white beauty of her fellow-plotter.

"Madame, it will be very hard for you. You and I could not, in a boat, pass the rapids of Ste. Anne at the head of this island; they test the skill of our best Huron paddlers."

"Can we then go by land?"

"We shall have to cross one arm of the Ottawa to the mainland. Montreal is on an island, madame. Two or three leagues of travel would bring us to that shore near the mouth of the Ottawa."

Sister Macé, unobtrusive as dawn, opened the door and stole softly in from matins, breaking up the conference. She called Massawippa to learn how pallets must be aired and cells made tidy. The half-breed girl saw all this care with contempt, having for years cast out of mind her bed of leaves and blankets as soon as she arose from it.

Claire went with unpromising novice and easy teacher to breakfast in the refectory, and afterwards by herself to confession — a confession with its mental reservation as to her plans; but the rite was one which her religion imposed upon her under the circumstances. She had been even less candid towards the nuns in allowing them to receive and address her as Dollard's sister. The prostration of grief and reaction of intense resolve benumbed her, indeed, to externals. But in that day of pious deception, when the churchmen themselves were full of evasive methods, a daughter of conventual training may have been less sensitive to false appearances than women of Claire's high nature bred in a later age. She saw no more of Massawippa until nightfall, but lay in the cell assigned to her, resting with shut eyes, and allowing no thought to wander to the men paddling towards that lonely river.

All day the season grew; shower chased sun and sun dried shower, and in the afternoon Jouaneaux told Sister Brésoles that he had weeded the garden of a growth which would surprise her.

At dusk, however, he brought the usual small log up to the parlor, and with it news which exceeded his tale of weeding.

Sister Brésoles was folding her tired hands in meditation there, and Massawippa, sullen and lofty from her first day's probation, curled on the floor in a corner full of shadows.

"Honored Superior," said Jouaneaux after placing his log, "who say'st thou did boldly walk up to the governor to-day?"

"Perhaps yourself, Jouaneaux. You were ever bold enough."

"I was there, honored Superior, about a little matter of garden seeds, and I stood by and hearkened, as it behooved the garrison of a convent to do; for there comes me in this chief of the Hurons, Annahotaha, swelling like —"

Jouaneaux suppressed "cockerel about to crow." His wandering glance caught Massawippa sitting in her blanket. The Sisters of St. Joseph were at that time too poor to furnish any distinguishing garments to their novices; and so insecure were these recruits from the world that any uniform would have been thrown away upon them. With the facility of Frenchmen, Jouaneaux substituted,

1 "They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal. . . . Thither, accordingly, they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, the Huron with thirty-nine."— *Francis Parkman.*

—"like a mighty warrior, as he is known to be. And he asks the governor, does Annahotaha, for a letter to Dollard; and before he leaves the presence he gets his letter."

Sister Brésoles raised a finger, being mindful of two pairs of listening ears, and two souls just sinking to the peace of resignation.

"Honored Superior," exclaimed Jouaneaux, in haste to set bulwarks around his statement, "you may ask Father Dollier de Casson if this be not so, for he had just landed from the river parishes, and was with the governor. V'là," said Jouaneaux, spreading an explanatory hand, "if Annahotaha and his braves join Dollard without any parchment of authority, what share will Dollard allow them in the enterprise? Being a shrewd chief and a man of affairs, Annahotaha knew he must bear commission."

"Come down to the refectory and take thy supper and discharge thy news there," Sister Brésoles exclaimed, starting up and swiftly leaving the room.

Jouaneaux obeyed her, keeping his punctilious foot far behind the soft rush of her garments.

He dared not wink at the nun, even under cover of dusk and to add zest to his further recital; but he winked at the wall separating him from Massawippa and said slyly on the stairs:

"Afterwards, however, honored Superior, I heard the governor tell Father de Casson that he wrote it down to Dollard to accept or refuse Annahotaha, as he saw fit."

As soon as the door was closed Claire came running out of her cell and met Massawippa at the hearth, silently clapping her hands in swift rapture as a humming-bird beats its wings.

"Now thou see'st how the Virgin answers prayer, Massawippa!"

The half-breed, sedately eager, said:

"We must cross the arm of the Ottawa and follow their course up that river. Madame, I have troubled my mind much about a boat. For if we got over the Ottawa arm and followed the right-hand shore, have you thought how possible it is that they may fix their camp on the opposite side?"

"Can we not take a boat with us from Montreal?"

"And carry it two or three leagues across the country? For I cannot paddle up the Ste. Anne[1] current. But if we could get one here it would draw suspicion on us and we might be followed. I see but one way. We must depend upon that walking woman above Carillon; and if she be dead, and they camp on the other side, we must raft across the Ottawa. But if we must first make a raft to cross at the mouth, how much time will be lost!"

"Massawippa, we have vowed to follow this expedition, and with such good hap as Heaven sends us we shall follow it. May we not start to-morrow?"

"Madame, before we start there are things to prepare. We must eat on the way."

"What food shall we carry?"

"Bread and smoked eels would keep us alive. I can perhaps buy these with my wampum girdle," suggested Massawippa, who held the noble young dame beside her to be as dowerless as a Huron princess, and thought it no shame so to be.

"Why need you do that?" inquired Claire. "I have two or three gold louis left of the few I brought from France."

"Gold, madame! Gold is so scarce in this land we might attract too much attention by paying for our supplies with it."

"I have nothing else, so we must hazard it. And what must we take beside food and raiment?"

"Madame, we cannot carry any garments."

"But, Massawippa, I cannot go to Dollard all travel-stained and ragged!"

"If we find him, madame, he will not think of your dress. Is he wedded to you?"

Claire's head sunk down in replying.

"He is wedded to glory. Men care more for glory than they care for us, Massawippa."

"Madame," said the younger, her mouth settling to wistfulness, "the more they care for glory the more we love them. My father is great. If he was a common Indian little could I honor him, whatever penance the priest laid upon me."

"Yes, Dollard is my husband. He is my Dollard," said Claire.

"The nuns call you mademoiselle."

"I have not told them."

"They might see!" asserted Massawippa, slightingly. "Do women lie in deadly anguish before the altar for brothers?" she demanded, speaking as decidedly from her inexperience as any young person of a later century, "or for detestable young men who wish to be accepted as lovers?"

"Assuredly not," said Claire, smiling.

"But fathers, they are a different matter. And in your case, madame, husbands. We shall need other things besides bread and eels. For example, two knives."

"To cut our bread with?" inquired Claire.

"No; to cut our enemies with!" Massawippa

[1] Ste. Anne de Bellevue, an old village at the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, "always a rendezvous of the voyageurs and coureurs de bois up the Ottawa."

"The waters of the Ottawa are about three inches higher than the waters of Lake St. Louis (in the St. Lawrence), and are therefore precipitated through the two channels running around Ile Perot with considerable force, forming a succession of short rapids."—*From Report of Public Works*, 1866.

replied, with preoccupied eye which noted little the shudder of the European.

"O Massawippa! they may be engaged with the Iroquois even now. Dollard has been gone two days."

"Have no fear of that, madame. There will be no fighting until Annahotaha reaches the expedition," assumed the chief's daughter with a high air most laughable to her superior. And after keen meditation she added: "We might start to-morrow daybreak if we but had our supplies ready."

"Massawippa," exclaimed Claire, "how do you barter with merchants? Can we not send for them and buy our provisions at once?"

"Madame, send for the merchants? You make me laugh! Very cautiously will I have to slip from this place to that; and perhaps I cannot then buy all we need, especially with gold louis. They may, however, think coureurs de bois have come to town. And now at dusk is a better time than in broad daylight."

Claire went in haste to her casket, which stood in the nuns' parlor, and selected from it things which she might not have the chance of removing later. These she put in her cell, and came back to Massawippa with her hand freighted.

"How much, madame?" the half-breed inquired as pieces were turned with a clink upon her own palm.

"All. Three louis."

"Take one back, then. Two will be too many, though one might not be enough. Madame, that Frenchman who feeds the nuns' pigs and tends this fire, he will let me out; and what I buy I will hide outside the Hôtel Dieu."

XV.

THE WOOING OF JOUANEAUX.

In consequence of Massawippa's plan the Frenchman who fed the nuns' pigs guarded in dolor his palisade gate at about 10 o'clock of the evening.

The hospital had these bristling high pickets set all about its premises as a defense against sudden attacks, and its faithful retainer felt that he was courting its destruction in keeping its bolts undone so late. There was, besides, the anticipative terror of a nun's stepping forth to demand of his hands the new novice. Cold dew of suspense stood on his face; and he could only hope that Sister Maillet, who usually had charge of the last novice, believed her to be folded safely in her cell by Sister Brésoles, and that Sister Brésoles believed her to be thus folded by Sister Maillet. When at last the cat footsteps of Massawippa passed through the palisade gate she requited his sufferings with scarce a nod of thanks, though she hesitated with some show of interest to see him fasten both gate and convent door. Indignation possessed him while he shot the bolts, and freed itself through jerks of the head.

But instead of going to her cell, Massawippa entered the chapel; and Jouaneaux, feeling himself still responsible for her, followed and closed the door behind him.

A solitary light burned on the altar. The girl knelt a long time in her devotions.

Jouaneaux knelt also, near the door, and after a pater and an ave it may be supposed he begged St. Joseph to intercede for a poor sinner who felt beset and impelled to meddle with novices.

Having finished her prayers, Massawippa began to ascend the stairway to the rood-loft.

"Where are you going?" whispered Jouaneaux, following her in wrath.

She turned around and held to the rail of the stair, while he stood at the foot, she guarding her voice also in reply.

"I am going up here to sleep, lest I wake the Sisters. The floor is no harder than their pallets, and the night is not cold."

"And in the morning my honored Superior calls me to account for you."

"No one has missed me. I shall be up early."

"How do you know you are not missed? Some one may this moment open that chapel door."

"Go away and quit hissing at me then," suggested Massawippa, contracting her brows.

Jouaneaux, drawn by a power irresistible, fell into the error of vain natures, and set himself to lecture the creator of his infatuation.

"I want to talk to you. I want to give you some good advice. Sit down on that step," he demanded.

Massawippa settled down, and rested her chin on her dark soft knuckles. Sparks of amusement burned in the deeps of her eyes. Accustomed to having men of inferior rank around her, she was satisfied that he kept his distance and sat three steps below her, literally beneath her feet. Her beaver gown cased her in rich creases.

Seeing her thus plastic, Jouaneaux's severity ran off his cheeks in a smile. He forgot her abuse of the privilege he had stolen for her. His genial nose tilted up, and as overture to his good advice, showing all his gums, he whispered:

"What a pretty little Sister of St. Joseph you will make!"

Massawippa stirred, and with her dull red blanket arranged a rest for her head against the balustrade.

"What do you think of me?" he inquired.

After reticent pause of a length to embarrass a modest questioner, Massawippa admitted:

"You are not so black and oily as La Mouche."

"Who is La Mouche?"

"He is my father's adopted nephew."

"Does he want to wed you?"

"He dare not name such a thing to me!"

"That is excellent," commended Jouaneaux. "You have the true spirit of a novice. You must never think of marriage with any man." He gloated upon her, his entire chest sighing.

The scandal of the situation, should any nun open the chapel door, was a danger which made this interview the most delightful sin of his life. But the two Sisters most given to vigils had watched all the previous night, and he counted upon nature's revenge to leave him unmolested.

The taper burned upon the altar, and there were the sacred images keeping guard, chastening both speakers always to a reverent murmur of the voice which rose no louder, and which to a devout ear at the door might have suggested, in that period of miracles, some gentle colloquy between the waxen St. Joseph and his waxen spouse. Massawippa, childishly innocent, and Jouaneaux, nearly as innocent himself, would scarcely be such objects of veneration, though their converse might prove equally harmless.

"Is this the good advice you wished to give me?" inquired Massawippa.

"It is the beginning of it," replied Jouaneaux.

"I do not intend to wed. There is no man fit to wed me," said the half-breed girl in high sincerity, leveling her gaze above his bright poll.

"Look you here, now!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I am good enough for you, if I would marry you. For while your fathers were ranging the woods, mine were decent tillers of the soil, keeping their skins white and minding the priest. Where could you get a finer husband than I would make you? But I shall never marry. The Queen of France would be no temptation to me. There you sit, enough to turn the head of our blessed St. Joseph, for you turned my head the moment I looked upon you; but I don't want you."

"I will bid you good-night," said Massawippa, drawing her blanket.

"At the proper time, little Sister; when I speak my mind freer of its load. I must live a bachelor, it is true; but if I were a free man I would have you to-morrow, though you scratched me with your wild hands."

"I am not for your bolts and bars," returned Massawippa, scornfully.

"If we were settled in the house I made upon my land," said Jouaneaux, tempting himself with the impossible while he leaned back smiling, "little need you complain of bolts and bars. My case is this: I had a grant of land on the western shore of this island of Montreal."

"Not where the Ottawa comes in?" questioned Massawippa, impaling him with interest.

"That was the exact spot." Jouaneaux widened his mouth pinkly as he became retrospective. "And never wouldst thou guess what turned me from that freeholding to a holy life. I may say that I lead a holy life, for are not vows laid upon me as strait as on the Sulpitian fathers? And straiter; I am under writings to the nuns to serve them to the day of my death, and they be under writings to me to maintain my sickness and old age. It is likely my skeleton barn still stands where I set it up to hold my produce. Down I falls from the ridge of it headlong to the ground, and here in the Hôtel Dieu I lay for many a month like a rag, the Sisters tending me. It was then I said to myself, 'Jouaneaux, these be angels of pity and patience, yet they soil their hands feeding pigs and bearing up such as thou.' Though I am equal to most of my betters, little Sister, I always held it well to be humble-minded. The result is, I give up my land, I bind myself to serve the saints in this Hôtel Dieu, and therefore I cannot marry."

Jouaneaux collapsed upon himself with a groaning sigh.

"Then your house and your barn were left to ruin?" questioned Massawippa, passing without sympathy his nuptial restrictions.

"My house!" said Jouaneaux, looking up with reviving spirit. "Little Sister, you would walk over the roof of my house and not perceive it."

"In midwinter?"

"No, now, when young grass springs. I could endure to risk my store of crops where the Iroquois might set torch to them, but this pretty fellow, this outer man of me, I took no risks with him. I chooses me a stump, a nice hollow stump."

"And squeezed into it like a bear?"

"Jouaneaux is a fox, little Sister. Call your clumsy La Mouche the bear. No: I burrows me out a house beneath the stump; a good house, a sizable hole. Over there is my fireplace, and the stump furnishes me a chimney. Any Iroquois seeing my stump smoking would merely say to himself, 'It is afire.' Let a canoe spring out on the river or a cry ring in the forest — down went Jouaneaux into his house, and, as you may say, pulled the earth over his head. I also kept my canoe dragged within there, for there was no telling what might happen to it elsewhere."

Massawippa regarded him with animation. "You had also a boat?"

"Indeed, yes!" the nuns' man affirmed, kindled higher by such interest. "A good birch craft it was, and large enough for two people." Another groaning sigh paid tribute to this lost instrument of happiness.

"But your house may be all crumbled in now."

"Not that house, little Sister. Look you! it had ceiling and walls of timbers well fastened together and covered with cement. Was not that a snug house? It will endure like rock, and some day I must go and see it once more."

"Perhaps you could not find it now."

Jouaneaux laughed.

"My house! I could walk straight to it, little Sister, and lay my hand on the chimney. That chimney stump, it standeth near the river, the central one in a row of five. Many other rows of five there be in the field, but none, to my eye, exactly like this."

Massawippa rose suddenly and dived like a swallow up the stairway. So much keener was her ear than Jouaneaux's that she was out of sight before he realized the probability of an interruption.

A hand was on the chapel latch, and he turned himself on the step as Sister Judith Brésoles entered, her night taper in her hand. When she discovered him, instead of screaming, she stood and fixed a stern gaze on him, her mouth compressed and her brows holding an upright wrinkle betwixt them. Her servitor stood up in his most pious and depressed attitude.

"Jouaneaux, what are you doing here?"

"Honored Superior, I have been sitting half an hour or so meditating before the sacred images."

"Where is the novice Massawippa?"

"That is what troubles my conscience, honored Superior." Beneath his childlike distress Jouaneaux was silently blessing St. Joseph that it was not Sister Macé with her tendency to resort to the rood-loft. "Here is the case I stand in: the little Sister you call Massawippa, she came begging me for a breath of air by the river before I fastened the bolts to-night."

"You turned that child upon the street!" exclaimed Sister Brésoles. "I cannot find her in any cell or anywhere about the Hôtel Dieu. You have exceeded your authority, Jouaneaux. It is a frightful thing you have done!"

"Honored Superior, she will be back in the morning. Those half-Indians are not like French girls; they have the bird in them. This one will hop over all evil hap."

"I would ring the tocsin," said Sister Brésoles, "if alarming the town would recall her. Without doubt, though," she sighed, "the girl has returned to her father."

"Honored Superior, if she comes not back to matins as clean and fresh as a brier-rose, turn me out of the Hôtel Dieu."

"Get you to bed, Jouaneaux, and, let me tell you, you must meddle no more with novices. These young creatures are ever a weight on one's heart."

"Especially this one," lamented Jouaneaux, as, leaving the chapel behind Sister Brésoles, he rolled his eyes in one last gaze at the rood-loft.

XVI.

FIRST USE OF A KNIFE.

THE capeline, or small black velvet cap, which Claire had worn on her journeys about New France sheltered her head from the highest and softest of April morning skies. Though so early and humid that mists were still curling and changing form around the mountain and in all the distances, it promised to be a fine day.

Massawippa led the way across the clearing, leaning a little to one side as a sail-boat does when it flies on the wind, her moccasined feet just touching the little billows of plowed ground; and Claire followed eagerly, though she carried her draperies clutched in her hands. The rising sun would shine on their backs, but before the sun rose they were where he must grope for them among great trees.

One short pause had been made at the outset while Massawippa brought, from some recess known to herself among rocks or stumps in the direction of the mountain, a hempen sack filled with her supplies. She carried this, and a package of what Claire had made up as necessaries from her box in the Hôtel Dieu, as if two such loads were wings placed under the arms of a half-Huron maid to help her feet skim plowed ground.

When they had left the clearing and were well behind a massed shelter of forest trunks, Claire was moist and pink with haste and exertion, and here Massawippa paused.

They were, after all, but young girls starting on an excursion with the morning sky for a companion, and they laughed together as they sat down upon a low rock.

"When I closed the door of the parlor," said Claire with very pink lips, "I thought I heard some one stirring in the cells. But we have not been followed, and I trust not seen."

"They were rousing for matins," said the half-Huron. "No, they think I ran away last night; and you, madame, they do not expect to matins. We are taking one risk which I dread, but it must be taken."

"You mean leaving the palisade and entrance doors unfastened? My heart smote me

for those good nuns. Is the risk very great? We have seen no danger abroad."

"Not that. No, madame. Their man, that stupid, who ranks himself with Sulpitian fathers, he is always astir early among his bolts and his pigs. It is his suspicion I dread. For he knows I slept in the chapel last night, and he told me of his house, and in that house we must sleep to-night. Perhaps he dare not tell the Sisters, and in that case he dare not follow to search his house for us. We have also his stupidity to count on. Young men are not wise."

Present discomfort, which puts coming risks farther into the future in most minds, made Claire thrust out her pointed satin feet and look at them dubiously.

"What would Dollard think of these, Massawippa? I have one other pair of heeled shoes in that packet, but they will scarcely hold out for such journeying."

"Madame, that is why I stopped here," said Massawippa, opening her sack. "It was necessary for us to kneel in the chapel and ask the Holy Family's aid before we set out; but we have no time to spend here. Let me get you ready."

"Am I not ready?" inquired Claire, giving her companion a rosy laugh.

"No, madame; your feet must be moccasined and your dress cut off."

The younger girl took from the sack a pair of new moccasins and knelt on one knee before Claire — not as a menial would kneel, but as a commanding junior who has undertaken maternal duty. She flung aside the civilized foot-beautifiers of Louis' reign and substituted Indian shoes, lacing them securely with fine thongs.

"These are the best I had, madame, and I carried them out of the Hôtel Dieu under my blanket and hid them with our provisions last night."

"What a sensible, kind child you are, Massawippa! But while you were doing this for me I took no thought of any special comfort for you."

"They will bear the journey."

Massawippa rose and took from her store two sheathed knives with cross hilts — not of the finest workmanship, but of good temper: their pointed blades glittered as she displayed them. She showed her pupil how to place one, sheathed, at a ready angle within her bodice, and then took up the other like a naked sword.

"Now stand on the rock, madame, and let me cut your dress short."

"Oh, no!" pleaded Claire for her draperies. "You do not understand, Massawippa. This is simply the dress which women of my rank wear in France, and because I am going into the woods must I be shorn to my knees like a man?"

Retreating a step she stretched before her the skirt of dark glacé satin with its Grecian border of embroidery at the foot, and in doing so let fall from her arm the overskirt, which trailed its similar border upon the ground behind her.

"Madame," argued Massawippa, suspending the knife, "we have a road of danger before us. That shining stuff hanging behind you will catch on bushes, and weary you, and will soon be ragged though you nurse it on your arm all the way."

"Cut that off, therefore," said Claire, turning. "I am not so childish as to love the pall we hang over our gowns and elbows. But the skirt is not too long if it be lifted by a girdle below the waist. Cut me out a rope of satin, Massawippa."

The hiss of a thick and rich fabric yielding to the knife could be heard behind her back. Massawippa presently lifted the plenteous fleece thus shorn, and pared away the border while the elder girl held it. Together they tied the border about Claire's middle for a support, and over this pulled the top of her skirt in a pouting ruff.

It was now sunrise. Having thus finished equipping themselves they took up each a load, Claire bearing her packet on the arm her surplus drapery had burdened, and when Massawippa had thrust both cast-off shoes and satin under a side of the rock they hurried on.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA. III.

FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN BAYOU PLAQUEMINE — THE FIGHT WITH WILD NATURE.

PLAQUEMINE was composed of a church, two stores, as many drinking-shops, and about fifty cabins, one of which was the court-house. Here lived a multitude of Catalans, Acadians, negroes, and Indians. When Suzanne and Maggie, accompanied by my father and John Gordon, went ashore, I declined to follow, preferring to stay aboard with Joseph and Alix. It was at Plaquemine that we bade adieu to the old Mississippi. Here our flatboat made a détour and entered Bayou Plaquemine.[1]

Hardly had we started when our men saw and were frightened by the force of the current. The enormous flatboat, that Suzanne had likened to a giant tortoise, darted now like an arrow, dragged by the current. The people of Plaquemine had forewarned our men and recommended the greatest prudence. "Do everything possible to hold back your boat, for if you strike any of those tree-trunks of which the bayou is full it would easily sink you." Think how reassuring all this was, and the more when they informed us that this was the first time a flatboat had ventured into bayou!

Mario, swearing in all the known languages, sought to reassure us, and, aided by his two associates, changed the manœuvring, and with watchful eye found ways to avoid the great uprooted trees in which the lakes and bayous of Attakapas abound. But how clouded was Carpentier's brow! And my father? Ah! he repented enough. Then he realized that gold is not always the vanquisher of every obstacle. At last, thanks to Heaven, our flatboat came off victor over the snags, and after some hours we arrived at the Indian village of which you have heard me tell.

If I was afraid at sight of a dozen savages among the Spaniards of Plaquemine, what was to become of me now? The bank was entirely covered with men, their faces painted, their heads full of feathers, moccasins on their feet, and bows on shoulder — Indians indeed, with women simply wrapped in blankets, and children without the shadow of a garment. And all these Indians running, calling to one another, making signs to us, and addressing us in incomprehensible language. Suzanne, standing up on the bow of the flatboat, replied to their signs and called with all the force of her lungs every Indian word that — God knows where — she had learned:

"Chacounam finnan! O Choctaw! Conno Poposso!" And the Indians clapped their hands, laughing with pleasure and increasing yet more their gestures and cries.

The village, about fifty huts, lay along the edge of the water. The unfortunates were not timid. Presently several came close to the flatboat and showed us two deer and some wild turkeys and ducks, the spoils of their hunting. Then came the women laden with sacks made of bark and full of blackberries, vegetables, and a great quantity of baskets; showing all, motioning us to come down, and repeating in French and Spanish, "Money, money!"

It was decided that Mario and Gordon should stay on board and that all the rest of the joyous band should go ashore. My father, M. Carpentier, and 'Tino loaded their pistols and put them into their belts. Suzanne did likewise, while Maggie called Tom, her bulldog, to follow her. Celeste declined to go, because of her children. As to Alix and me, a terrible contest was raging in us between fright and curiosity, but the latter conquered. Suzanne and papa laughed so at our fears that Alix, less cowardly than I, yielded first, and joined the others. This was too much. Grasping my father's arm and begging him not to leave me for an instant, I let him conduct me, while Alix followed me, taking her husband's arm in both her hands. In front marched 'Tino, his gun on his shoulder; after him went Maggie, followed by Tom; and then Suzanne and little Patrick, inseparable friends.

Hardly had we gone a few steps when we were surrounded by a human wall, and I real-

[1] Flowing, not into, but out of, the Mississippi, and, like it, towards the Gulf.—TRANSLATOR.

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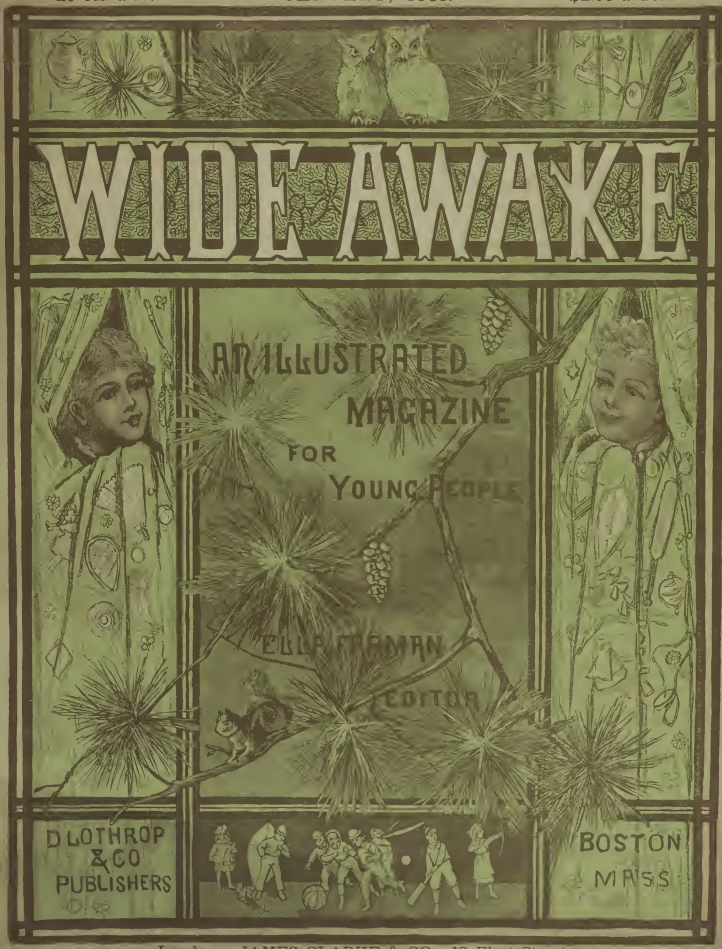

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, JANUARY, 1881.

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FRONTISPIECE. The Piper sounded one clear, sharp note. . . . . MISS L. B. HUMPHREY. . . 10

THE CHILDREN OF THE KOPPENBERG. . . . . ELIOT MCCORMICK. . . . 11
Two Illustrations by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY: Frontispiece; The Rat-Catcher's House.

A TALE OF A COMET. Poem. . . . . J. T. TROWBRIDGE. . . . 16
Eight Illustrations: Great excitement prevails upon the earth; A comical chap; "Bless my stars! here I am;" The Comet comes out the other side; The Comet tries needle and thread; The Comet tries his glue-pot; Cheerfully sewing and gluing; The Comet goes his way rejoicing.

ON CHRIST-DAY NIGHT. Poem. . . . . NORA PERRY. 20
Three Illustrations by F. H. LUNGREN: Dulcet sounds; And on her cold lips dropped a kiss; After the fete.

ROCKY FORK. Chapters I., II., III. . . . . MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. 23
Three Illustrations by G. F. BARNES: "Whose little girl are you?" Bluebell; At the pasture bars.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND ALL'S WELL. Poem. . . . . M. S. E. P. 29

TWO CHAPTERS OF HISTORY. Poem. . . . . JOHN JAMES PIATT. . . . 30
Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS.

THE SILKEN SHOE. . . . . PAUL H. HAYNE. . . . 31
Illustration by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

UNCLE TOM'S MINCE PIE STORY. . . . . JAMES B. MARSHALL. . . 32
Two Illustrations by PALMER COX: Nick tries his hand at pie-making; Nick wears purple and fine linen.

CHRISTMAS WITH GRANDPA LONGLEGS. A Hint for Christmas-night Sport. G. B. BARTLETT. . . . 35

CHRISTMAS CAROL. Poem. . . . . JULIET B. MARSH. . . . 36
Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS.

WILLIE WEE. Poem. . . . . MRS. A. M. DIAZ. . . . 37
Illustration by MISS M. A. LATHBURY: "You tell very big stories," quoth little Willee.

MID-WINTER. Picture. . . . . E. P. HAYDEN. . . . 40

TO-DAY. No. I. . . . . EDWARD E. HALE. . . . 40

THE FLOWER PUZZLE: A Cipher. Prize Page. . . . . C. L. K. 43
Illustration by M. A. L.

HOW DOT HEARD "THE MESSIAH." . . . . HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. . 44
Four Illustrations by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY: "Comfort ye;" Dot; Dot has never heard such music before; The Alto stood looking steadily at Dot.

THE SILENT CHILDREN. Poem. . . . . ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. . 50
Illustration by J. WELLS CHAMPNEY: "I show you now a wonder, the audiphone," he said.

WAITING A WINTER'S TALE. Poem. . . . . MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT. . 51
Illustration by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY: Santa Klaus, high lord and master of all fairies.

THE STORY OF HONOR BRIGHT. Chapters I., II. . . . . AUTHOR OF "ROYAL LOWRIE." 53
Three Illustrations by WALTER SHIRLAW: In a towering rage; The boat pushed slowly out; Not all that a fastidious taste could desire.

GRACIE'S FANCIES. Poem. . . . . BRENDA AUBERT. . . . 60
Illustration by L. L. ENGLE.

FLAXIE FRIZZLE'S CRAZY CHRISTMAS. . . . . SOPHIE MAY. 62
Illustration by L. B. H.: Milly rescues Flaxie from Johnny.

POLLY COLOGNE. The Little Folks' Serial. Chapter I. . . . . MRS. A. M. DIAZ. . . . 67
Ten Illustrations by BOZ: Polly Cologne; Annetta Plummer's baby-house; The thing so strange and sad; "Go find her!" The Jimmyjohns; Mr. Tompkins, the Lobster Man; Josephus, the baby; The Funny Man; The Funny Man's house; Looking for Polly Cologne.

THE CENTIPEDE'S DILEMMA. . . . . E. F. L. C. 70

TANGLES. . . . . F. E. SAVILLE 71

MUSIC. O Happy Night. . . . . { Words, M. E. B. / Music, LOUIS C. ELSON. . . . 72

The February WIDE AWAKE will offer the boys an amusing seven-paged illustrated ballad, "Jan Upernavik of Omenak." Mr. Arthur Gilman will tell a funny story of the "Battle of the Types," and there will be other good stories: "Racing a Thunder Storm," by Frank H. Taylor, "A True Bit of History," "Dolly's Valentines," etc. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston will open the number with a ringing poem, which the boys will seize upon for declamation, entitled "The Roman Boy," and accompanied by a beautiful Frontispiece by Mr. Barnes.

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"Ah, would she smile on *me* like this
And would she give *me* kiss for kiss
If I could stand there at her side?"
The wistful watcher softly cried.
Even as she spoke she closer crept,
Upon the broad low terrace stept,
And nearer leaned. — Just then, just there,
A street light sent a sudden flare

Across her face. — One startled glance,
And from the changes of the dance,
With beating heart and eyes dilate,
The girlish mistress of the fête
Sprang swiftly forth. — A moment more
And through the window's opened door
Another guest was ushered in.
Her lip was pale, her cheek was thin,

No costly robe of silk and lace
Apparelled her, and on her face
And in her dark bewildered eyes
A shock of fear and shamed surprise
Did wildly, desperately gleam
While here and there, as in a dream,
She vaguely heard, yet did not hear,
The sound of voices far and near.

She tried to speak: some word she said
Of all her troubled doubt and dread,
Some childish word — "what would they do?"
Then all at once a voice rang through
Her troubled doubt, her troubled fear,
"What will they do, why, this — and this!"
And on her cold lips dropped a kiss,

And round her frozen figure crept
A tender clasp. — She laughed and wept
And laughed again, for this and this,
This tender clasp, this tender kiss,
Was more than all her dream come true:
Was earth with Heaven's light shining through;
Was Christ's own promise kept aright —
His word fulfilled on Christ-day night!

AFTER THE FÊTE.

ROCKY FORK.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER I.

DOCTOR GARDE'S LITTLE GIRL.

MORE than twenty years ago the morning sun looked down among the tall hills of central Ohio, and saw one little girl patting along a path. The path wound down through a hollow, and up, up over wood-clothed heights which she thought nearly touched the sky.

At first glance this little girl appeared to be a large slat sun-bonnet taking a walk on a pair of long pantalettes. But at second glance one brown, thin arm escaped from a short sleeve might have been seen carrying a calico bag by its drawing-string; and under the pantalettes a pair of stout-shod little feet skipped along.

It was not more than seven o'clock. The tall meadow grass was glittering, and every bird known to the State was singing with his morning voice. When she reached the small run which twisted along the hollow, and put her foot on the first of the stepping-stones which crossed it, the little girl could not help stopping to gaze in the water. The minnows played around the stone with a quiver of their tiny bodies which fascinated the gazer. She stooped cautiously and tried to catch one in her hand, but sunshine on the pebbles was not more elusive.

"Good morning, little girl," said a winning voice; and the little girl jumped up, reeled, set one foot in the water, and brandished her reticule in the effort to regain her balance. The sugared butter-bread and sweet cookies tumbled against currant-pie and cherries, and all settled to an upside-down condition as she finally got on the bank and saw a gentleman preparing to trip across the stones.

It was an uncommon thing to meet any one, and especially a stranger, on that long two-mile path to school. But it was a wonderful thing to meet such a grand stranger. She dropped a bobbing curtsy, and the gentleman, having crossed, stopped and smiled. He had glittering black eyes, and curly hair and whiskers, glittering teeth and boots, fine clothes, and altogether the look of a "town gentleman."

"Whose little girl are you?" inquired this town gentleman affably, rubbing the wet soles of his boots on the grass.

Under the long slat sun-bonnet a round face blushed all about its blue eyes and quite back to its auburn hair, and a timid voice piped from the calico funnel: "I'm Doctor Garde's little girl."

"Ah? where does Doctor Garde live?"

"Right back there in that big house."

"And who lives in this house I just passed?"

"Mrs. Banks. Her little girls go to school with me."

"Yes. And where do you go to school?"

"In the school-house 'way at the other side of the hills."

"Oho — many children go there?"

"All of 'em in our district. There's Willeys', and Pancosts', and Harris', and Halls', and Banks', and Martins', and me, and my little sister's going when she gets big enough."

"Yes. Well, thank you. I may call there in the course of the day. Does that path lead back to your school-house?"

"Yes, sir. But you must turn to the right at the big sand-banks, and cross the foot-log over Rocky Fork by Hall's mill."

The gentleman nodded, and passed on smiling as Doctor Garde's little girl dropped him another curtsy. She skipped across the stones and hastened up rising ground to the Banks'. Theirs was a weather-beaten domicile, part log and part frame, with a covered stoop at one door on which Tildy sat plaiting her long hair preparatory to going to school.

Tildy, it must be confessed, was a raw-boned girl, but with a low-browed, serious face. Her nature leaned to the solemn side of life, as her sister Teeny's leaned towards what was merry. Matilda liked to sit in the grass and dress her locks, or to watch from the door-step the rocks and glooms on each side of her home.

Teeny appeared within, tying her bonnet, the

string of her reticule across her arm. A bunch of old-fashioned pink roses was pinned to her dress, which hooked in front and was just long enough to sweep her heels when she walked. Teeny was a big girl who felt quite a young woman, since she was "going on" fifteen, ciphered in long division, and had finished a sampler with her name, "Christine Banks," embroidered under a beautiful piece of poetry. "We're takin' curran'-pie for our dinner to-day, Melissy," announced Tildy solemnly as Dr. Garde's little girl ran up.

"I got some, too," she responded with triumph. So little made a triumph in that region and time.

"'Tain't sweetened with sugar."

"'Tis too! I saw Liza put in heaps." She sat

"WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

down on the steps and explored her reticule. There was rather a sorry mess in its depths, but the slices of bread were reduced again to their proper basis, and the other goodies piled carefully on them.

"Why don't you call me Bluebell?" she suggested with a rather hopeless accent.

"'Cause that ain't your name," said Tildy, strictly.

"I guess my father always calls me that."

"'Tain't your name, anyhow. Your name is Melissy Jane Garde, goin' on eight years old."

"It's just Melissy," cried the younger, doggedly, as if she would like to disown that.

"My mother called me Bluebell, too, and she's gone to heaven. I sh'd think you might call me what my mother called me."

"Your name's Melissy," repeated Tildy, looking with undisturbed eyes upon the distance. Here the argument dropped, as it usually did. The defeated party turned to other things.

"I pretty near fell in the run. The' was a man come along and scared me so. He was prettier than my father!" exclaimed Melissa, pausing after this climax; "that is, dressed up prettier; and he said he was coming to school to-day. I wonder what he's coming there for?"

"Prob'ly it's somebody the directors is sending to whip us," opined Matilda with serious resignation. "They say Mr. Pitzer ain't strict enough."

"Oh, do you s'pose it is?" cried the credulous little girl beside her. "I never got whipped at school yet."

"Now, Tildy," exclaimed the pink-faced elder sister, stepping out, "if you don't hurry up we'll go on and leave you."

"I think I'll stay at home," said Tildy, reflecting on the fine stranger's probable errand.

"No, you won't," cried her mother's voice from an inner room, making a pause in the monotonous rattle of a loom; and though it was a plaintive voice and not very decided, Tildy was moved by it to get her sun-bonnet and follow the other two. They were making a round of the garden, to gather pinks, hollyhocks, bouncing-betties, bachelor-buttons and asparagus sprays. Having tied up a bunch apiece, they left the house and began their root-matted and rocky ascent. There were levels above where the woods made a twilight at noon, where ferns crowded to their knees, and some stood as high as their waists. Who could help stopping to inhale that breath which is no plant's but a fern's?

"There's vinegar-balls on this oak," remarked Tildy, casting her eyes up as they passed under a dark-leaved tree. So, sticks and climbing being brought to bear upon the tree, one or two small apple-shaped bunches were brought down to yield a tart juice to sucking lips. I do not pretend to say the balls were wholesome. But the same lips loved the white, honey-filled ends of clover-blossoms, tender sticks of sweet-briar when stripped of its skin, and they doted on "mountain-tea" a winter-green of three rich fleshy leaves, which clung all over these heights in fragrant mats. The three girls were lovers of Mother Outdoors. Melissa especially gloried in the woods. The noble tree arches, the dew, and sweet earth-smell filled her with worshipping joy. It was so nice to be a little girl with a sun-bonnet hanging off her shoulders by the strings, and the great woods cooling her face, and sighing away off as if thinking up some song to sing to her!

In due course they came to three giant ridges of

sand. These stood in a clear place, and nobody in that region troubled himself about the geological cause of their existence in the heart of the woods. There they were, too tempting to be resisted. Melissa dropped her reticule, Tildy seriously followed her example, and Christine forgot her dress hooking in front and her claims to big girlhood. All three mounted the dunes, sat down, gathered their clothing close about their feet, and shot down the sides as if on invisible sleds. This queer sort of coasting was great fun. When it seemed expedient to adjourn, they shook the clean sand from their dresses, and the eldest and youngest untied their low shoes to turn them upside down. Matilda being barefoot and therefore free from such civilized cares, improved the time by taking an extra slide, which was too much for the other girls, so they tried it again.

Thus the morning waxed later. So by the time they crossed the foot-log over Rocky Fork and approached the log school-house, "books" were actually "taken up."

The school-house was chinked with clay and had double doors which opened close beside a travelled road. The woods and heights rose behind it, and at one side a sweep of play-ground extended into a viney hollow where hung the grape-vine swing for which all the girls in school daily brought pocketfuls of string.

Chapter II.

mr. pitzer.

Christine stepped over the threshold and dropped a curtsy which dipped her dress in the dust. Matilda followed and was taken with a similar convulsion on the same spot. Then the smallest bobbed violently; all this homage being paid to a somewhat threadbare man who sat behind a high desk opposite the door.

Continuous high desks on a raised platform extended around the walls, and continuous benches ran in front of them. Here sat the elders of the school—the big boys and girls, with their backs to smaller fry who camped on long benches set along the middle of the floor, swinging their heels and holding spellers in their hands. The benches were made of split logs, the flat sides planed smooth, and the round sides bored with holes into which legs were stuck; as these legs were not always even, boys at opposite ends of a bench could "teeter-totter" the whole row of urchins between them. There were no backs against which you might rest your shoulders, but any tired little fellow might lie down if he took his own risks about rolling off. There had been teachers who would not allow the muscles thus to relax. But Mr. Pitzer was a kind, soft-hearted old man, who, as Matilda has hinted, was not considered strict enough. He had taught the school many seasons.

The directors said he might do for summer, but each winter they determined to engage some strapping modern pedagogue who could control the young men and wild young women who sallied knowledge-ward during the long term. Still Mr. Pitzer was found in his place. He taught manners and morals as well as the common branches, and his sweet, severe face under iron-gray hair became stamped on every mind that entered the double doors.

The tardy pupils, unchallenged, hung their bonnets and dinner-bags on nails in the wall, Teeny took her big-girls' seat, and straightway lay flat on her desk in the agonies of writing a morning copy, while the other two sat side by side on a bench murmuring the first reading-lesson. A hum like the music of many hives sounded all over the room. "D-i-s—dis, d-a-i-n, dain, disdain," crossed "in-com-pat-i-bil-i-ty;" and the important scratching of slate-pencils in the hands of ciphering big boys, seemed to supplement a breathing and occasional sputter of quill pens.

"First Reader may stand up!" cried the master.

Bluebell's class, including her tall friend Matilda, formed in a row in front of the master's desk, each holding his reader clinched before his face.

A polished walnut ferule lay at Mr. Pitzer's hand, and the text-book sprawled on the desk. He wore spectacles of so slight an iron frame that the glasses seemed suspended miraculously between his stern eyes and the eyes turned up to him. Like a commander giving some military order, he now cried out: "Attention!"

At the signal every girl dipped low and every boy bent forward with a bow. It would have been a misdemeanor for the girls to bow and the boys to curtsy, and they knew it. Then the boy at the top of the class began to read in a voice which could be heard on the opposite side of the road; he was followed by a timid little girl who put her nose close to the book and spelled and whispered; and she in turn by a merry girl who had been put back from the Second Reader

in one of the master's pets, for pronouncing ships wrecked, "shipses rick-ed." Very little did she care, for, knowing the First Reader by heart, it was easy for her to rattle off the story of wilful Ralph Wick and his nurse with the roses. Bluebell read in a clear, sensitive, appreciative voice, and Tildy followed. They spelled the words which the master pronounced to them, and had another lesson set. The military order was then varied :

BLUEBELL.

"Obedience!"

At this they saluted as before, and took their seats.

Business went on as usual. The large girls recited in smart, high voices, and the boys blundered in monotone, excepting little Jo Hall, who was such a mite of a fellow, yet so smart he knew almost as much as the master. Jo had ciphered farther into the jungles of arithmetic than anybody else, and could parse as fast as his tongue would run. He always had his atlas lessons, and some said had been clear through the geography, while his writing was so wonderful, the master sometimes let him set copies when he himself was very busy.

"Somethin's the matter with the master this mornin'," whispered Tildy to Bluebell, as they wriggled around trying to rest their backs.

It was true. He stalked about with his hands under his coat-tails, sticking his under lip out. Even

Jo Hall's grandiloquent rendering of Fourth Reader text could not draw his mind from some internal strain; and after recess the trouble came out.

Mr. Pitzer read the rules of the school. Whenever he had heard complaint, he brought out those ponderous rules and visited them upon the pupils that they might know what he required of them, even if he did not exact it. Every listener, except the new or very dull ones, knew those rules by heart. They were written on tall cap sheets in the best of flourishes, and covered the whole duty of boy and girl.

To-day the master read them with frowns and a sonorous voice.

"ARTICLE THIRTEENTH!" he thundered at last; "*Every boy or girl in going to or from school shall treat with civility all persons whom they meet upon the highway, he or she making a bow or a curtsy as the case may be. It shall be a high misdemeanor to treat impolitely any stranger or strangers in the schoolroom, on the play-ground, or the highway.*"

And here as if to test Mr. Pitzer's pupils in their behavior, a strange man did step over the threshold, taking off his hat as he did so.

The schoolmaster stopped and glared. But Bluebell's heart came into her mouth. She felt unreasonably terrified and trapped by fate. For it was the curly, glittering gentleman who had promised to come to the school-house, possibly on that dread errand suggested by Tildy — to whip the whole school!

CHAPTER III.

THE GEOGRAPHY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

"May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?" said the fine stranger to Mr. Pitzer. The schoolmaster bowed stiffly, said "Certainly, sir," with some pomp, and came forward. He evidently felt distrust, not to say hostility; but after ARTICLE THIRTEENTH, he was bound to set the school an example in politeness.

There was a stricture around Bluebell's heart while she watched them talking in low tones near the door. The stranger was pliant, eager and voluble. Oh, *how* he did want to get at them all with his stick! *Would* Mr. Pitzer give them over to such shame and pain! She reflected about the black ripe cherries in her reticule, and wished she had propitiated the good old man by giving them to him at recess. The school stopped droning, and held its breath, just as the earth does before a storm, to catch some hint of this colloquy. Mr. Pitzer seemed more and more mellowed to the man's proposals. The curves of his stern face turned upwards; he nodded his head at the end of every sentence; and finally, leading the way to his high desk, he told the school that Mr. Runnels had something important to impart to them.

Bluebell shut her eyes, and cowered. Little Jo Hall sat bolt-upright, and all the big scholars turned around on their seats.

"He's going to begin with them on this bench," whispered Tildy to Bluebell. Mr. Runnels smiled with his teeth and picked up the ferule.

Oh, how earth brightened again as his business unfolded! The faint, worm-eaten odor of the glass-smooth bench which she clutched, seemed quainter to Bluebell than ever before. She had heard the Fourth Reader class sing out the tale of Ginevra; and that chest, "carved by Antony of Trent," had just such an indescribable, pungent smell, she felt certain, as the desk and seats of this school-house. It had always given her a pleasant sensation; it now added to her joy; her heart expanded; Mr. Runnels was a very nice man. He did not even hint that a school ought to be whipped wholesale; Tildy Banks didn't know anything about it. His errand was to organize a geography school!

"The method," said Mr. Runnels, "is altogether new. I have a fine and complete set of painted maps representing every part of the earth's surface, and the exercise of storing the mind with this important science is not only vastly improving, but novel and delightful. All of you speak to your parents. The charge is trifling, but the benefit will be lasting. Everybody is invited free to the organization of the school to-night at Harris' chapel west of this school-house. All the boys and girls and young people of the next district will be there. So don't fail to urge your parents to bring you. So many bright eyes," said Mr. Runnels with a charming smile —

The school giggled with delight —

—"so many intelligent faces, instructed by a wise, kind master —"

Mr. Pitzer straightened his back and smiled around —

—"must surely take an interest in this beautiful globe on which we live."

Mr. Runnels went on and gave them a short lecture on geography. He told them anecdotes of that ignoramus who did not believe the world was

round and turned on its axis, because, if this were the case, his father's mill-pond would spill all its water. The children laughed uproariously, though few of them had ever thought of the earth except as an expanse of rocks, trees and robe-like sward, cleft by the Rocky Fork.

Mr. Pitzer and the geography teacher parted with ceremonious bows. The schoolmaster himself made a few cautious remarks to cool his own enthusiasm; but the next class, which was the grave elders' arithmetic, constantly broke out with fractional questions about a different science.

At last the sun had retreated from the middle of the floor to the very door-sill. By this token they knew it was high noon. Spellers were laid straight on the benches around the wall, desk lids were shut down over their miscellany. Eyes looked expectantly at the master, and all arms were folded. He uttered one magic word: "Dismissed!"

The school seemed to turn a complete summersault: every child projected himself like an arrow toward the door, whooping, singing, scampering and tumbling. Chaos surged to the brown wooden joists. Some nimble little boys got on the desks and galloped around, while others slipped out through the windows, which were set sidewise instead of lengthwise in the log walls, looking like windows that had lain down to dream. The master, swinging a thick wooden cane, walked to his house which was near. It might confer distinction to go home to one's dinner, but this distinction was not courted even by children who lived in sight. Could anything be more delightful than that noon hour! Was it only an hour —that time stuffed full of events as a month? It was the kernel of all day, at any rate.

Bluebell and Tildy went to their playhouse to eat dinner. This summer residence was formed by a triplet of trees growing so close together as to form a deep alcove. The floor was carpeted thick with moss which Bluebell and Tildy changed every few days. They had some gnarly chairs, which you might have called chunks. Hanging their sun-bonnets up on scales of bark, they ate their dinners in society, much as foreign people attend the theatre. For all about them were similar boxes, or residences, whose occupants visited, and exchanged samples from each others' reticules, so what was cooked on one side of the district was tested on the other side.

Amanda Willey and Perintha Pancost knocked at the bark door of Misses Garde and Banks, and were bidden to come right in and take chairs. The residence being already comfortably full, however, and no chairs visible, they staid outside and took grass, which was far more comfortable. Tildy and Perintha swapped a fragment of cherry pie and a bit of rather stale cake, while Amanda gave Bluebell a piece of her cheese for some cherries. These were grave transactions, each party examining what she received with due caution, excepting Bluebell, who was willing to fling her repast right and left without considering whether she got its equivalent or not. Amanda Willey was a large-faced, smiling girl with very smooth hair cut short around her neck. Over her ordinary dress she wore a long-sleeved pink sack, and a pink apron tied about the waist like a grown woman's. The costume was most pleasing in Bluebell's eyes.

"I got a black-silk apron," she observed, smoothing and patting Amanda's drapery. "I'm going to ask Liza to let me wear it to geography-school."

"I'm going," exclaimed Perintha Pancost. "The man's to board at our house. He had his breakfast there."

"I ain't," said Tildy. "He looks like a raskil. Mebby he's come down here to rob folks."

The blue eyes, brown eyes and hazel eyes around her stood out at this suggestion. Tildy spoke as if her acquaintance with rascals was thorough.

"I don't think that's very smart of you, Till Banks," said Perintha, the "raskil's" hostess. "My pa and ma don't have robbers at our house. He's the pertiest kind of a man. I like him."

"So do I," decided Bluebell with a sigh of relief. Her credulous nature had been staggered by Matilda. "I'll take my Noey's Ark book to read in at g'ography school."

The boys, having swallowed their dinners, were already shouting at "Bull in the Pen," when the girls gathered to take turns at the swing. How sweet these allotted ten or a dozen rushes through the air were, with some swift-footed girl running under you to send you up among the branches! The glee with which you grabbed a leaf, your slow reluctance in "letting the old cat die," and another succeed you! The number of games of "Black Man," "Poison," "Base," which can be crowded into one noon, has never been computed. Every muscle is strained, the hair clings to pink foreheads, lungs and hearts work like engines, and the outdoor world is *too* sweet to be given up when that rattle of the master's ferule against

the window sash is supplemented by the stern call of "Books!"

Drenched in the dew of health, every little body rushed again to the hard benches. Bluebell told herself she always liked afternoon, it seemed so short; and as the sun stooped lower and lower, a lump of homesickness grew in her for the old weather-stained house, her father's return from his daily rounds, and the baby's tow head and black eyes which were sure to meet her at the lower bars. Then there was the spelling-class which crowned every day's labor. Orthography may not be the most important element of education, but Bluebell thought it was, and she had a genius for it. While Tildy swung sleepy legs, Bluebell mentally counted her own "head-marks," and speculated on what the master's offered prize might be at the end of the term. Classes succeeded each other, and the sweet dream-producing hum went on, until Bluebell found herself again going triumphantly "down foot," having scored still another head-mark.

Then the roll was called, while reticules, bonnets and caps were slyly gathered off their pegs and passed from hand to hand, that no one might keep the others waiting. Jo Hall responded to his name with a shout, while Amanda Willey's voice could scarcely be heard; some pupils answered "half a day;" and for others there was a hurried cry of "absent," not always correct, as in the case of John Tegarden, who shook fist and head many times at Jo Hall for shouting absent to his name when he was there in the body. Jo ducked his shoulders, and intimated by lifting his eyebrows, grimacing and nodding, that this was an oversight on his part. And John was obliged to carry his grievance outdoors, as he was the first boy on his bench. Dinner-bag and cap in hand, he stopped at the door to scrape and say "good-evening!"

AT THE PASTURE BARS.

to the master, receiving a stately "good-evening" in return. Thus one by one they filed out, each child stopping to make that grave salutation, until the master was free to close the double doors and fasten them with chain and padlock.

It was more than two hours till sunset; but there were long shadows in the woods, and an evening coolness was stealing over the beautiful earth.

The Rocky Fork foaming over boulders or spreading into still pools at the feet of beaming trees, shaded, variable, but clear as spring water, cut the home path in two, and was spanned by a foot-log. The wheel of Hall's mill turned lazily here, and the

mill-race made Bluebell's brain unsteady. Not so the shady pebbles in the stream. She sat and watched them after crossing until Tildy's voice up the ascent gave her warning to hurry.

All the country was in that afterglow of sunset when she reached the pasture-bars behind the house. And of course there was the little sister at the bars, her curly tow hair dovetailed at the back, her black eyes spread and both white claws clinging around the wood.

"Some tump'ny's tum!" she cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND ALL'S WELL!"

(A Christmas Rhyme of Might-have-been.)

BY M. S. E. P.

I.

I KNOW ot an Owl,
A story-book Owl,
And he dwells in a Cloudland tree,
So way-high-up *you* never see
A glimpse of the great white fowl.

II.

And this ancient fowl,
This story-book Owl,
Sometimes to himself he speaks,
—Once in a thousand years or so—
In a voice that crackles and creaks
And never is heard by the children below:
"Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
I sleep by day,
Of course I do—
It's the sensible way."

III.

For when little children lie fast asleep,
And darkness enshrouds the world so deep,
And weary eyes close to gaze only in dreams,
This story-book bird
With the big round eyes,
Whom nothing escapes,
So knowing and wise,
Watches and peers, with never a wink,
Into crannies and nooks when one might think
No danger would come, so peaceful it seems.

IV.

And prying about, this story-book bird
In the snowy thick
Of a Christmas eve
—If you will believe—
Just in the nick
Found the strangest thing that ever you heard:
Santa Klaus asleep,
All down in a heap,
On the floor of his sleigh
Ready packed for the way!

V.

And think of the stockings swaying
At 'leven o' the night,
With the silent firelight
All over them fitfully playing—
A dangling host
From the chimney nails
As warm as toast—
But empty, pitiful,
They promise a million wails
From just one city-full!

VI.

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
Here's a to-do!"
Said the sleepless bird,
The wise old Owl,
The watchful fowl.
He flew and he whirred,
Soft Cloudland exploring,
Led up like an arrow
By the wildest of snoring,
Till he stopped,
Then dropped

On the edge of a cloud,
— Oh, the snoring was loud! —
Then stalked to that sleigh.
— Ah, what a fine doze! —
He flashed out one claw, and
Tweaked Santa Klaus' nose.

VII.

Santa woke with a jump,
Sat up in his sleigh,
Rubbed his nose,
— And I don't suppose
Understands to this day —
And gazing around, he took in the plight,
He seized his reins in the funniest fright,
And down he came in the snowy midnight
All rosy and bright —
The great merry elf,
Just like himself,
Bluster and noise, nonsense and fun,
With gifts for the children, every one;
While, soft and far, every bell
Chimed "*Twelve o' the clock, and all's well!*"
And the slumbering world might have heard
The great white wide-winged story-book bird
A-calling "Merry Christmas!" forth in glee
As he flew up to his Cloudland tree.

VIII.

And the Owl never told — I alone knew —
So don't *you* tell, whatever you do,
How near the world came to a disaster most shocking,
Making Christmas morning without one filled stocking!

TWO CHAPTERS OF HISTORY
I
TWO KINGS RULED IN AN EASTERN LAND,
KING GENTLE-HEART, KING MIGHTY-HAND.
WITH MIGHTY-HAND THE KING, NOW FAST
THE FERTILE FIELDS TO DESERT PASSED!
BEES FLEW DISTRAUGHT, AND BLOSSOMS FAILED;
THE MOTHERS WEPT; THE CHILDREN WAILED.
ALL HARVESTERS AN ARMED BAND
THE SWORD WAS IN EACH REAPER'S HAND.
THERE SHONE NO JOYOUS CHRISTMAS DAY
WHEN MIGHTY-HAND THE KING HAD SWAY.
II
TWO KINGS RULED IN AN EASTERN LAND,
KING GENTLE-HEART, KING MIGHTY-HAND.
WITH GENTLE-HEART THE KING AGAIN
THE DESERT GREW A HARVEST PLAIN.
BEES HUMMED, AND BLOSSOMS APPLES MADE;
BIRDS PUT DELIGHT IN SUN AND SHADE;
MOTHERS O'ER CRADLES CROONING HUNG;
STRONG MEN IN WHEAT-FIELDS REAPING SUNG.
THEN CHRISTMAS CAME, THE CHILDREN'S DAY,
WHEN GENTLE-HEART THE KING HAD SWAY.

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WIDE AWAKE

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EDITOR

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, MARCH, 1881.

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FRONTISPIECE. Close to her tip-toed the tithing-man. . . . . G. F. BARNES. . . . 138

THE TITHING-MAN. Poem. . . . . MARY E. WILKINS. . . . 139
Illustration: Frontispiece.

BESSIE'S STORY. . . . . FRANK H. CONVERSE. . . . 140
Full-page Illustration by F. T. MERRILL: The tables are suddenly turned on the conspirators.

CONTRARY TOWN. Verse. . . . . CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. . . . 145

THE DOUGH-BOY. Poem. . . . . MRS. A. M. DIAZ. . . . 146
Illustration by BOZ: The Dough-Boy.

HOW PHILIP SULLIVAN DID AN ERRAND. . . . . MARY DENSIL 147
Illustration by R. L.: Not going to lose Chain Lightning at any rate.

TO-DAY. No. III. . . . . EDWARD E. HALE. . . . 149

ROCKY FORK. Chapters VI., VII. . . . . MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. . . . 153
Three Illustrations by G. F. BARNES: Bluebell at the Mary Ann Furnace; Mr. Pitzer's schoolhouse; Which shall choose up?

THE BEGGAR KING. Ballad. . . . . MARY E. WILKINS. . . . 160
Six Full-page Illustrations by G. F. BARNES.

MONEY PRIZE OFFER, NO. III. To Students in History. 166

PEACOCK BLUE. Poem. . . . . MRS. AMANDA SHAW ELLSEFFER. 166

THE GIRL THAT HAD PATIENCE TO PRACTISE. . . . . L. BATES. 167
Full-page Illustrations by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY: To-Day — Another Day.

TOT, THE DWARF. A Two-Part Story. Part II. . . . . MARGARET EYTINGE. . . . 170
Four Illustrations by G. F. B.: Tot and his father; Clover-Blossom steals safely past; The bell; Clover-Blossom is safe!

"MR. SLOCUM." . . . . CANNIE HICKS. 175
Full-page Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS: Cynthia introduces "Mr. Slocum."

WHY LITTLE BIRDS HOP, AND OTHER BIRDS WALK. Poem. . . . L. J. BATES. 178

THE STORY OF HONOR BRIGHT. Chapters V., VI. . . . . AUTHOR OF "ROYAL LOWRIE." 179
Three Illustrations by WALTER SHIRLAW: Fresh from a long nap; Ruggles settles the question; Reading the first chapter of Genesis.

SOME INDIAN SCHOOLS. . . . . MRS. THEODORA R. JENNESS. 185
Six Illustrations by R. L.: Five minutes of nine; Mother Robertson; Nancy Goose's trials with Robert Stuart's blouse; A Cherokee glee-club; Target-shooting; A Cherokee maiden.

HOW JONATHAN RAN AWAY FROM SCHOOL. . . . . ELIZABETH CUMINGS. . . . 191
Full-page Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS: The woman who had a presentiment comes to the rescue.

POLLY COLOGNE. Little Folks Serial. Chapter III. . . . . MRS. A. M DIAZ. . . . 194
Eleven Illustrations by BOZ: Joey Moonbeam; Night in the baby-house; Polly Cologne's lonely bed; The oldish man from the city; A button-hole bouquet; Juliana Armstrong; Luella and her three brothers; Polly dances the German; Polly has ice-cream; Polly travels in a mouse-trap; Polly is in this trunk.

TANGLES. . . . . FRANK E. SAVILLE. . . . 199

MUSIC. In Wonderland. . . . . LOUIS C. ELSON. . . . 200

SUPPLEMENT. WARLOCK O' GLENWARLOCK. Chapters XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI. } GEORGE MACDONALD.
Four Illustrations by G. F. BARNES.

The April WIDE AWAKE will celebrate the return of spring with beautiful stories and pictures, giving an exquisite frontispiece drawn by two of our promising young artists, Mr. Hayden and Mr. Miller. Among the attractions will be the story of "Mooley," by Miss Whitney, and the ballad of "Little Miss Muffet," illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Mrs. Samuels will describe in an illustrated article "How Logs go to Mill," and the following stories will have full-page illustrations: "The Bandits' Cave," by W. J. Chase; "The Quaker Wedding," by Mrs. Alfred Macy, and "The Mite Society at Sagetown," by Mrs. Evans.

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ROCKY FORK.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NARROWS AND MARY ANN FURNACE.

"OH!" added the man, frightened to see such a little shape cling to the plunging horse, "I thought it was the doctor."

The doctor was fortunately making a short call; and he now appeared to quiet the still snorting creature.

"I held on tight, father!" said his little girl, trembling in every nerve.

"I didn't mean to scare anything," apologized the furnace-man with some compunction, though with his own anxiety and errand uppermost; "but I saw the horse, like you, was startin' away and I wanted to stop you. We've had an accident down to the Furnace. I went in to your place, but Liza said you'd gone this way, so I come along expectin' to meet you. Eli Ridenour fell over the Narrows."

"I'll come," said the Doctor. "Is he at the Furnace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you go in and tell the family. Cautiously, mind; his mother isn't strong yet. And have them send a wagon with plenty of bedding to bring him home."

The furnace-man entered the house without ceremony, according to the custom of the country, and Doctor Garde swung himself again into the saddle, taking his little girl this time before him.

"You ought to be in bed," he observed as they flew up the slope. "Guess I better let you down where the lane turns off. You can run along then, can't you?"

Run along that dark lane, half a mile in length, through blackness, all alone! Fathers are not mothers; and this father, though the tenderest in intention, was so accustomed to heroic methods himself, that he did not realize what terror his proposition held for his little girl.

"Don't make me get off," she pleaded, patting his shaven cheek. She thought of Billy Bowl. It is impossible to explain how this mythical character could haunt her after dark. He was a monster of ingratitude in a story, and Bluebell had a greater horror of him than of any other image her mind could call up. Billy Bowl was a bow-legged fellow who slipped into a pit: there he lay bellowing for

BLUEBELL AT THE MARY ANN FURNACE.

help — Bluebell could fancy his hoarse cries — until some good man came along and pulled him out. It was easy to picture this excellent person reaching

into the pit and taking hold of Billy's repulsive hand. And being pulled out, what did the bow-legged Billy do? He turned around — how strongly the case was stated in that! — he *turned around* and pushed in the man who pulled him out! Many a night Bluebell wished Billy Bowl had been left in the pit! Many a time did she regret Liza had ever told her the story. She believed him always abroad, an element of evil on the air! She could not tell any grown person about it. Father would laugh, and show the absurdity of the fancy.

Father had not the slightest idea that his little girl nursed any Bugaboo or felt her flesh creep at braving Billy Bowl the whole length of that lane! With a shade of disapproval, however, he did observe:

"I hope my little girl isn't a coward?"

Fear of Billy Bowl and general cowardice were two distinct things in Bluebell's mind.

"'Course I'm not!" she answered with direct truth. "Didn't I hold tight and not get throwed off? And I didn't scream, either. But do take me along, you never took me to see any patients. I like to go with you, father," confessed Bluebell, half-ashamed to reveal how much she enjoyed his society. And she added, patting his shaven cheek again:

"Little father!"

"Little father" was not displeased by the caress. He kissed her on the forehead, and thought what a companion she would grow to be for him. They cantered past the turning off of their lane. The road soon required all his attention. They entered what was known about Rocky Fork as the Narrows: a shelf dug out along a precipice. It was only a mile or so in extent, but being of semi-circular shape, those who used the pass could see but a few yards ahead of them. Above it the hill rose perpendicularly in masses of rock and distorted pines as high as Bluebell could see. Below it — many jagged, straight-down yards below it — the Rocky Fork murmured along a bed of boulders.

About the middle of the Narrows a huge mass of rock hung over the way, threatening every passer: it was called the Table. Every hard storm brought part of it down, and a dangerous gully was worn under it. The road was comfortably wide for horsemen, though in passing, the one who had a right to the wall was thankful therefor; but vehicles could not possibly pass each other.

Whenever two carriages met on the Narrows, the driver nearest the entrance unhitched his horses, fastened them to the rear of his vehicle and drew it backward into a broader place. No railing of any sort protected the edge. No one but a native, or a person perfectly familiar with every step of the way, would cross the Narrows, especially after night.

The doctor's horse picked her way, not too close to the mountain-wall. Rock-splinters and flint-dust rolled over the edge and were heard dropping and dropping until the brain turned dizzy following them. She knew every foot of the road, but snorted frequently as if her disapproval of it was unconquerable. Bluebell's fingers tightened on her father's coat. Her face was toward the ravine. It was a gulf of darkness: there was no moon, and it was just as well that little could be seen except the white flinty track. Just after they passed the Table rock, where Ballie had to tread quite on the outside to keep from knocking her rider's head, they heard footfalls advancing toward them. Bluebell knew father would take care of her! still they must turn to the right, and the right was the outside.

The footfalls quickened, they thumped tumultuously: it was a horse galloping. No man in his senses would make a horse gallop along that perilous cut. Bluebell could feel her father gathering himself, tightening his hold on the bridle and around her little body to a cruel clench. He leaned forward and whispered, "H——st!" to the mare, and then shouted ahead:

"Look out there!"

The galloping horse, which they could see was riderless, plunged back and reared directly in front of them. The Arabian recoiled, her hind feet went over the precipice, and she scrambled like a cat to hang on with her front hoofs and regain her hold. Father leaned to her neck — Bluebell felt almost crushed for an instant; then they were on the solid road, the riderless horse had dashed around the curve, and the agile Arabian, trembling in every limb, turned her head back to throw the glare of her eye upon her master's face.

"Well done!" he said, patting her.

She uttered an exultant neigh, and hurried forward with a quicker step.

"Did I hurt you?" the doctor asked his little girl.

"No, sir," she replied, breathing hard, but proud of having controlled herself in this second fright. "There isn't another horse in the world as smart as Ballie!"

"She has brought me out of so many tight places,"

said the doctor, "I could trust my life to her. But I wish you were in bed."

"I didn't make any fuss!"

"No," said father, "I'm glad you didn't; you showed your old Irish pluck, the pluck of your great-great-grandfather, old Sir James. During the Irish rebellion in the last century, rough mobs gathered with pikes at every bridge to spear men of his belief."

"What's a pike, father?"

"A pole with a sharp knife on the end. Once when he came by with his followers the bridge was full, and he rode straight through, fighting them on all hands, and the rioters missed the pleasure of throwing his speared body in the stream."

"It was right for him to fight, was it, father?"

"It is right to meet any emergency with pluck, and overcome it."

Bluebell felt her heart swell. She determined to show her Irish pluck in every emergency of life.

The road broadened and a glare fell across it: they had reached the Furnace. The Furnace, which was called Mary Ann to distinguish it from other furnaces in the ore region, was an open brick building built into the hillside. It furnished an industry for many poor men. Here iron was melted, and the fires seldom went out. Even in sunny days smoke hung over the cluster of houses in a valley below, which was named from the Furnace, Mary Ann Post-office.

It was a wonderfully picturesque sight which the riders came upon. A flare lit up the coal-dust road, and you could look between brick pillars at what seemed to be the centre of the earth on fire. Men passed to and fro, thrown into strong relief, and each one wore a red-flannel blouse known thereabouts as a "wamus;" the "wamuses" did not lessen the general effect.

Bluebell felt excited. She did not miss a point of the picture. Her father, she thought, was like old Sir James riding through danger.

But the doctor dismounted at once to serious business. One furnace-man tied his horse, and another gave Bluebell a seat on a stool behind one of the brick pillars.

"I met a horse galloping around the Narrows," said Dr. Garde.

"'Twas Eli's," said a furnace-man. "It throwed him just at this end of the Narrows, and went gallopin' down to Mary Ann. And just a few minutes ago back it comes on the homeward road. We tried to catch it, and that set it off on the run again. You had a pretty close shave of it, didn't you, Doc?"

"Very close," replied the doctor. He went to his patient, who lay outside on a bed of coats.

Bluebell sat quietly watching the fires and feeling sorry for the injured man when he groaned. She heard somebody say it might have gone worse with him, and that he was not badly hurt after all. Her head settled against the brick pillar, and the men came and went before her like figures in a dream. She wondered if it were true, as John Tegarden said, that all the coal underground for rods around had been on fire since the old furnace burnt down some years before. He said horses' feet sunk through and were in danger of burning off! Then she heard frogs in the Rocky Fork singing their loudest, as if to drown the far-reaching cry of insects which make the summer night ring; and the cool wind and a smell of blossoming laurel rushed over her face.

But, waking next morning on her own bed, she had not the least idea how she got there. Nor had she dreamed that the events of that finished day were to make a great change in her life.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS MELISSA FURTHER DISAPPROVES OF THE ROCKY FORK.

Father had started on his rounds again when his daughter came down to breakfast, and Miss Calder and Liza were at table, talking politely. Liza wore a cool, faded lawn, one of her best afternoon dresses, over which her kitchen apron was tied. Miss Calder, with less of the sun in her blood, was in a black barège relieved by white sleeves and collar. Each woman seemed so sweet and fair in her way, that Bluebell hardly knew which to admire most.

Liza settled the little girl's dress with a matronly twitch and fastened a loose hook or two: then poured out her glass of milk and helped her to bread and butter and fried chicken.

"You won't want to go to school to-day, will you, Bluebell?" she said.

"Bluebell?" repeated Miss Calder, questioningly. "She is not commonly called Melissa?"

"Well, no," replied Liza apologetically; "seems like her mother give her a kind of a pet name when she was a baby, because her eyes were so blue. But laws! they're gray now to what they were before she had the whooping-cough. Whooping-cough is very

hard on children. She had it two years ago, and so had Rocco, and I was worryin' about them the whole summer."

Bluebell had been considering the sacrifice of a school-day. She thought of her head-marks, and the probability of Perintha Pancost or Tildy Banks accumulating wealth of that kind to her detriment, in her absence. She thought of the noon play, and the geography-school excitement. Giving up school for the day, and for perhaps as many days as god-mother stayed, was a serious sacrifice. Still, what little girl *could* go off to school when her god-mother was on a visit to the family?

"I won't go," said Bluebell, hoping Perintha Pancost at least might not get the head-mark.

"You must not stay at home on my account," said Miss Melissa. "I want to see your school. Your father said he would be driving by that way in the afternoon and would fetch me home."

"But it's so far!" cried the little girl eagerly. "Can you walk all that way?"

"I think I should enjoy it," replied Miss Calder, smiling. "I am quite a pedestrian."

Bluebell at once felt it was to be an important day. Teeny and Tildy Banks would be aides-de-camp in the march. She would show her god-mother off before the school. Perintha Pancost needn't take on airs about the geography-teacher. She could not remember when so distinguished a visitor had honored the school. The whole pageant flashed before her mind, even to the finale when her father's low-seated buggy would be whirled up before the step by Ballie, and Miss Calder disappear in a cloud of dust.

So after breakfast they set out, Miss Melissa carrying a blotting-book to fill with flowers and ferns for her herbarium: a possession everybody should have, she informed Bluebell.

Bluebell carried a most superior lunch — not in the calico bag, which smelled of stale bread-crumbs and had been used rather freely in getting the "last tag" of various girls on separating for the day — but in a willow hand-basket with lids, so cumbersome that she envied Teeny and Tildy when they sallied forth with their slim reticule. However, *they* had not company.

"And how did you like the singing-school?" inquired Miss Melissa as she and Bluebell walked down toward the run.

"It was a g'ography school. Oh, it was *so* nice! He had them sing the countries — I wish Rocco had waked 'fore we started: I'd learned it to her."

"This country seems very romantic," said Miss Calder, inhaling the air with delight. "But it needs cultivation. You should see the smooth, beautiful hills around Sharon."

"Is that where you live, ma'am?"

"Yes, that has been my residence all my life," said Miss Calder with nice precision. "And, my dear, you may, if you please, call me aunt Melissa. Your mother called me aunt Melissa."

"Yes'm. Thank you," murmured Bluebell. She was about to curtsy, but hesitated lest it might not be a suitable occasion. "Aunt Melissa, is Sharon a great big place — as big as Fredericktown?"

"I know nothing about Fredericktown. But Sharon is not a city. It is a delightful small town of about two thousand inhabitants."

Bluebell silently wondered who counted the people. She had vast respect for cities and towns. She could not imagine anything ill-kept or disgusting about a town. Presently they came to the run, and Miss Melissa uttered one or two exclamations as she staggered across the stones.

"This isn't anything to the foot-log," said Bluebell. "But, O aunt! wouldn't it scared you last night if you'd been on Ballie when she slipped over the Narrows! It's an awful steep place!"

"Yes," said the lady, turning quite pale; "the man who fetched me from the cars drove along there. He assured me there was no other road, or I never should have allowed it."

"But there *is* another road."

"He said there was none. And I have trembled ever since to think of returning. I trust your father does not ride that way often?"

"Oh, yes, I guess he does."

Miss Melissa trembled now to think how soon the little speaker might become doubly orphaned.

"We rode that way last night," repeated Bluebell, "and a runway horse come by and pushed us off! Ballie was all off but her fore feet, aunt, and she just jumped back! I was scared," she pursued, plodding along innocently, her dark bare arms drooping with their load of basket; "but I showed my Irish pluck and didn't make any fuss. I didn't make any, either, when father left me on Ballie and went in to Ridenour's. A man come along and made her plunge so she would have run away or throwed me off if I hadn't held tight!"

"Indeed," said Miss Melissa faintly. But a most determined look grew in her shocked, affectionate face. "The poor children," she ruminated, "will not only have the bringing up of boys, but their very lives will be continually endangered by their absorbed young father, if I do not interfere."

"You see we had to go to Mary Ann Furnace to 'tend to a man that fell over the Narrows and got hurt," Bluebell went on; but by this time they had reached the Banks', and Teeny and Tildy were waiting.

Teeny walked beside Miss Calder, trying to feel quite a grown woman and striking her dignified heels against her own dress at every step; but Tildy hung back and helped Bluebell with the basket. Tildy felt a motherly patronage for the smaller girl. They were chums, though Bluebell's arm had to reach up to Tildy's waist, and Tildy's arm lay most comfortably on Bluebell's shoulder. Whatever else might be in Tildy's disposition, she was a devoted partisan. These friends seldom disagreed. Bluebell accepted Tildy's solemn dictum with credulous readiness, and was usually her partner when the school marched, or the delightful rainy-day game of "Round and round a green sugar-tree, one cold and frosty morning."

There were, however, two things which Bluebell felt she could not yield to Tildy, and these were the spelling-prize, and their one disputed "piece" on Friday afternoons when "speaking" was in order.

To be sure, there were plenty of other pieces which might have been added to their reportory, such as "*My bird is dead, says Nancy Ray*," "*Twinkle, twinkle, little star*," and "*I like to see a little dog*," all fresh as the lips that mumbled them in class; but both Tildy and Bluebell would speak "*Mary had a little lamb*," or they wouldn't speak anything! They both loved and doted on this piece: they not only knew it by heart, but each claimed it with a jealousy passing that of authorship. If Mr. Pitzer called Bluebell's name first, she flew to the middle of the floor and shrilled "*Mary had a little lamb*," with a triumphant wag of her head at Tildy. If Tildy had the first opportunity, the case was reversed, and Bluebell, with a sense of injury, declined to contribute to the afternoon's literary exercises. The sweet-hearted schoolmaster smiled at their weekly controversy, and perhaps the scholars got tired of the ever-recurring lamb; but the literary range of the school was not very wide, and there were other repetitions than Bluebell's and Tildy's.

The schoolward-going group this time walked with decorum past the downs. But Miss Calder made frequent pauses on mossy logs while the others brought her forage of ferns. They chewed sassafras leaves and peeled long withes of spicewood. She could see distant laurel heights through breaks in the woods, and they made a long detour to get her bunches of the pinky-white blossoms. So it was actually late in the forenoon when they came to the foot-log by Hall's mill. Though Miss Melissa had walked with spirit, she shrank from the boiling Rocky Fork, and asked for the bridge, and even proposed going back rather than trust the giddy foot-log. But this was not to be heard of, and Teeny distinguished herself for firmness. She took tight hold of the fluttering lady's hand, and Tildy walked behind steadying her by the dress. So after a tilt and a shriek or two, they brought her safely to the other side in time for her to witness Bluebell's intrepid passage of the log, laden with all the baggage of the party except the blotting-book, which Tildy went back to bring.

MR. PITZER'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

Then they all moved upon the mud-chinked schoolhouse. Miss Melissa's gentle face expressed a refusal to be reconciled to this as an institution of learning. She was a professor's daughter, and had spent her days in an academic atmosphere. She had even taught in the Young Ladies' Institute one year after her graduation, in order to ground herself more firmly in polite knowledge. This was a long time ago; but all her life her society had embraced college-

bred people. So to speak, Miss Melissa had never come in contact with the common schools of her native land.

Mr. Pitzer got down from his desk and met them at the door; and Bluebell, who had been whispering over to herself all the way from the foot-log a formula of introduction, there kindly suggested by her godmother, turned red as the old-fashioned roses on the master's desk, and felt her breath broken short by every beat of her heart. But she came out bravely with the introduction:

"Miss Pitzer, allow me to present you to Mr. Calder."

Then she dropped her own curtsy and hid her face in her calico bonnet as she hung it up. For some of them *would* laugh, and she was wrapped in flames of mortification.

However, Miss Calder made a grand impression, and the schoolmaster walked back three steps to make his bow longer. Then he handed her to his chair on the platform, and he himself took a lower seat, leaving Bluebell's god-mother to appear the autocrat of the school. She looked around at the chinked walls and ink-splashed, knife-marked desks, at the sincere, reflective, bovine eyes which always distinguish country children — eyes that seem as full of woodsy sweets as the violets. And she looked at the flushed schoolmaster, who pushed his spectacles quite into his hair, and puckered his mouth into very wise shapes while he went on explaining to Jo Hall and the big boy who ciphered with him a deep problem in common or vulgar fractions. It might have been that Mr. Pitzer was out of his depth, though he was a great schoolmaster; or that the explanation was too pompous. Miss Calder's eyebrows went up in the very least degree, though not for the world would this gentle creature have hurt the self-esteem of any one. After Jo Hall and the big boy had marked the extent of their next lesson with their thumb-nails, the schoolmaster said some learned things to Miss Calder about the importance of mathematics: and as this was a very apt class he hoped to take it through the book. And she asked him if the course embraced Algebra and Geometry, and was going on to mention Trigonometry and the Calculus, when she observed the poor schoolmaster grow red and stammer. He did not want to be put to shame before his pupils, but spoke out with a humble spirit:

"No, madam, my researches have never extended so far."

And something in the old man's tone touched her so keenly that she was shocked with herself, and wondered if she, Melissa Calder, had been rude! Such a fear drove her to the extreme of kindness and gentleness. When the schoolmaster found she was a living and breathing graduate — alumni were as scarce as authors then — his deference towards her became much greater. The true-hearted old gentleman loved knowledge; he begged that she would make a few remarks to the school, which would be much better than a continuation of the exercises. Miss Melissa blushed; but everybody who entered a school in those days felt bound to "make remarks" if called upon to do so. So Miss Melissa began:

"Young ladies and gentlemen" — which made the little boys giggle and nudge each other; but as her soft, fine, cultivated voice went on, they all listened and were drawn to her, except, perhaps, a few who thought Bluebell Garde felt herself proprietress of a lion.

Bluebell felt indeed happy. Her reading-class was called after the schoolmaster beamed his satisfaction over Miss Melissa's talk, and she read her loudest and glibbest. Then noon came on, and there never was a more delightful noon. The hot day brought rank, sharp smells from everything: even the dog-fennel along the road yielded a pungent fragrance, and jimson-flowers were not to be despised.

Miss Melissa was pressed into the swing by an ardent group, and flung up a few times among the leaves, where her white curls danced like sensitive spiral springs. And all the big girls sat around her to eat their dinners, and talked quite as if they had known her all their lives. But Perintha Pancost mimicked her behind a tree, and refused to be caught, when Bluebell Garde, the Blackman, patted her one, two, three, right on her back! Perintha also had brought the first summer pippins in her reticule, and she gave bites to every girl in school except Bluebell and Tildy Banks.

The afternoon was devoted to festivity. Mr. Pitzer felt that so distinguished a visitor must be entertained. Miss Calder might disapprove of him, with everything else she had seen at Rocky Fork, but she could not help liking the old master.

Pieces were "spoke," as a matter of course. Jo Hall, in a shrill, confident voice, told them he had

"Stood beneath a hollow tree,
The wind it hollow blew:

He thought upon the hollow world
And *all* its hollow crew!"

without one misanthropic shade in his apple face. Two of the boys had a dialogue, in which a tiny Mr. Lennox looked up to a lubberly Peter Hurdle and told him he was a contented boy and quite a phil-os-o-pher. And two of the girls had a dialogue which sounded like one end of a telephonic conversation as it is heard nowadays; for one girl shouted that she had lost her thimble, Mary, and would you please lend her yours; in reply to which you heard only a murmur. There was quite a colloquy, and the silent girl evidently gave a great deal of good advice, but listen as you might you could only get it by inference from what the loud-voiced girl said. Then John Tegarden shouted "*The boy stood on the burning deck*," until he came to the most exciting part, when his memory failed and he retreated mumbling and injured, not so much by the trick it had served him, as by Jo Hall, who ducked his head and imitated John's slouching, disappointed attitude. John picked some clay out of the wall and watched for an opportunity to shy it at Jo, but reflected that it might hurt; and being the tenderest hearted boy in the world, he crumbled it slowly away and watched Teeny Banks lead out a group of embarrassed damsels and station them in a circle around herself, it being understood that she was the mother and these her daughters gathered in an easy family group to discuss the seasons. One declared her rhymed preference for Spring, another for Summer, a third for Autumn, and a fourth for Winter, when Teeny chimed in with a sweet monotone informing them that each season in its round held certain delights, and they must see the Creator's hand in all.

Well was it for Tildy and Bluebell that Mary's disputed lamb was not called out that day. For Dr. Garde drove up just at this stage of the proceedings, and Miss Calder bade the schoolmaster adieu, and the schoolmaster went outside to see her in the buggy, the wind blowing the hair from his dear old forehead, while during his absence several charges of paper wads were exchanged across the house, to the scandal of the big girls who picked the missiles from their hair or dresses, and with impressive shakes of the head threatened to "tell master."

There was too much electricity in the air, and the school was too boisterous to settle down to routine again that afternoon. All besought Mr. Pitzer to let them have "spelling-school," even Bluebell, who had declined riding home on account of her head-mark; and the smiling schoolmaster consented.

They decided to "choose up and spell down," instead of "choosing across." Then Jo Hall and Amanda Willey, being nominated by the schoolmaster, approached each other and took his ferule

WHICH SHALL CHOOSE UP?

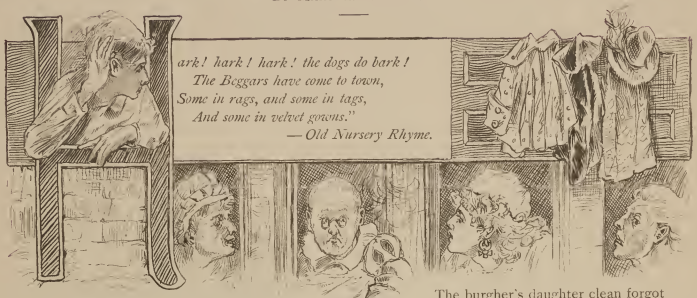
between them. Jo grasped it above Amanda's hand, and Amanda grasped it above Jo's hand, and this continued until Jo's hand came last at the top. This result entitled him to the first choice; and he and Amanda, taking their stations with backs against opposite walls, he chose:

"Bluebell Garde."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEGGAR KING.

By Mary E. Wilkins.



"Hark! hark! hark! the dogs do bark!
The Beggars have come to town,
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."
— Old Nursery Rhyme.

HALF frantic, down the city streets,
The barking dogs they tore;
The dust it flew, and no man knew
The like of it before.

The great St. Bernard's booming bass,
The hound's sepulchral howl,
The terrier-whelp's staccato yelp,
And the bull-dog's massive growl,

In chorus sounded thro' the town:
The windows up they went,
Thro' every space a gaping face
Inquiringly was bent.

The burgher's daughter clean forgot
Her snood of silk and pearls,
And full of dread, popped out her head,
With its tumbled yellow curls.

A rosebud smote her on the lips:
Down went the rattling blind;
But still the maid, all curious, staid
And slyly peeped behind.

A handsome lord, with smiling lips,
Leaned from the opposite tower;
Two withered hags, in dirt and rags,
Did from their garret glower.

The tailor left his goose to see,
And got his coat ablaze;
Three peasant maids, with shining braids,
Looked on in wild amaze.

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, APRIL, 1881.

Copyright, 1881, by D. LOTHROP & CO.

FRONTISPIECE. A Japanese little maid. . . . . E. P. HAYDEN and FRANK MILLER. 205

A JOYOUS LITTLE MAID. Poem. . . . . MRS. L. C. WHITON. . . 203
Illustration: Frontispiece.

MOOLEY. . . . . LUTHERA WHITNEY. . . 203
Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Mooley thinks she is in clover.

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL. Poem. . . . . C. L. C. 206
Illustration by Miss HEATH.

THE BANDITS' CAVE. . . . . W. J. CHASE. 206
Full-page Illustration by Miss HEATH. The bones held and so did the men.

THE RAIN AND THE FLOWERS. Poem. . . . . GEORGE COOPER. . . . 211

TO-DAY. No. IV. . . . . EDWARD E. HALE. . . . 212

A NONSENSE CHARADE. . . . . GEORGE B. BARTLETT. . . 214

A BIRD'S HOUSE. Poem. . . . . ANNA F. BURNHAM. . . 215

ST. BOTOLPH'S BELLS. — A Ballad. Poem. . . . . MRS MARGARET J. PRESTON. . 216
Full-page Illustration by [illegible] Wilcox [illegible] bell pays.

ROCKY FORK. Chapters XII.–XV. . . . . MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. 218
Three Illustrations by [illegible]: I. Mr. Jones [illegible]; "It's going to storm," [illegible]; "What's that?"

THE DOOR PEEL. Poem. . . . . JOY ALLISON. 225

WHERE THE FIGURES CAME FROM. . . . . REV. WALLACE E. MATHER. . 225

THE STORY OF MISS MOLLY. — A Thanksgiving Idyl. . . . . MARY E. WILKINS. . . . 226
Three Illustrations by [illegible]: Molly [illegible]

THE QUAKER WIDOW. . . . . MRS. ALFRED MACY. . . 228
Full-page Illustration by Miss HEATH. Aunt Lydia's daughter Lydia, and Peleg's son William.

THE TRUE STORY OF MOTHER MARGARET IN 1650. Poem. . . . . MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS. 232

HOW LOGS GO TO MILL. . . . . MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS. . . 234
Four Illustrations by [illegible]: Men [illegible] Logs [illegible] A Forest Fire. The Lumber Jack [illegible] sawing Logs. Pushing the Logs [illegible] Driving the Logs [illegible]

THE STORY OF HONOR BLIGHT. Chapters XIV.–XVII. . . . . AUTHOR OF "ROYAL LOWRIE." 237
Four Illustrations by [illegible]: Mr. Blight [illegible] Is the [illegible] Mr. Blight [illegible] Mr. Blight [illegible] Honor [illegible]

MISSIONARY IRONCLADS. . . . . MRS. AMY TERESE POWELSON. 245
Illustrations by Miss [illegible]; Hedgehog, Cow, Snail, Frog, Tortoise, Dog, and Cat.

BLACK AND WHITE CHROMOS. — A SPECIAL OFFER. 247

A WRIGGLER. Poem. . . . . EVA F. L. CARSON. . . . 247

THE STORY OF A COMFORTABLE MORNING. A Two-Part Story. Part I. . . MRS. LUCY GIBBONS MORSE. . 248
Five Illustrations by Miss [illegible]: The Wrong [illegible] Rachel had made a [illegible] Rachel [illegible] You [illegible] Knight; Rachel welcomes [illegible]

THE MITE SOCIETY AT SWEETWOOD SCHOOLHOUSE. . . . . MRS. M. L. EVANS . . . 253
Two Illustrations by [illegible]: Rachel [illegible] a speech.

PUSSYKINS AND KITTYKINS. Verse. . . . . CANNIE HICKS. . . . 257

POLLY COLOMBE. — THE FIRST SOCIAL CHAPTER IN. . . . . MRS. A. M. DIAZ. . . . 258
Ten Illustrations by [illegible]: Polly [illegible] Polly [illegible] A [illegible] Polly [illegible] "That's Tinky;" [illegible] Polly [illegible]

HOW A LITTLE GIRL GOT AT HER OWN MAMMA. Poem. . . . . S. J. B. 262
Illustration by Miss [illegible].

TANGLES. . . . . FRANK E. SAVILLE. . . . 263

MUSIC. A Waltz. [illegible] . . . . . LOUIS C. ELSON. . . . 264

SUPPLEMENT. — WARDIE'S WATCHWORDS. Chapters XV., XVI. . . . . GEORGE MACDONALD.

The May Wide Awake will [illegible] "A King's Bell;" "Henrietta's Heroism;" "An Evening with Chaucer" [illegible] other stories, illustrated poems and articles, among them a [illegible] paper on "Wax Figures," [illegible] many illustrations.

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"WILLING TO FIGHT FOR LET TO PRAY."

"But, sweetheart! patiently thou must wait,
For I dream of an end of pains,
In which thou shalt walk in tender talk,
Thro' better than English lanes,

"With comrades as kind as ever strayed
Beside thee o'er Lincoln leas,
Or listened betimes to St. Botolph's chimes,
In Boston beyond the seas!"

ROCKY FORK.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THUMB-PAPERS.

BLUEBELL GARDE was deep in a discussion with Tildy Banks, and heard not her name till it was repeated.

The conference had begun while the master was out of doors bidding adieu to Miss Calder. The afternoon was so hot that little paper-fans, made of old book leaves and fastened in the middle with pins, were fluttering all over the house; the long windows and the door were wide open; still a stifling heat made everybody feel aggressive. And at this unfortunate time Tildy made a discovery which she imparted to Bluebell in a harrowing whisper:

"P'rinthy Pancost's got your thumb-paper!"

Bluebell looked across at Perintha. Then she grasped her own spelling-book and reader, and turned the leaves with a rapid swish, her eyes sparkling more at every turn. No thumb-paper reposed in any of its accustomed places. It was made of a leaf of Jo Hall's copy-book, and ornamented with birds which seemed to wear pantalettes. Bluebell was very neat with her books, which she loved as friends; and not one word was erased by a sweaty little thumb-mark. And P'rinthy Pancost had *stolen* her thumb-paper! The school was swarming with thumb-papers. Every youngster in his hours of idleness employed himself folding bits of paper into the required shape, and it was an art, I assure you, which required skill. She could make, or accept from willing hands, a dozen others in as many minutes. But that was not the point. She had suffered spoliation, and, menacing Perintha Pancost, she cried out in a loud whisper:

"You give me back my thumb-paper!"

"'Tain't yours," replied Perintha, coolly unfolding it. This was a crowning insult. To unfold a thumb-paper was to destroy its individuality and make it a mere square scrap.

"*'Tis* mine!"

"'Tain't!"

"The master'll whip you!"

"Yah-yah!" taunted Perintha, whom the weather was reducing to impishness.

Bluebell's tears started, but she staunched them bravely with a corner of her apron.

"Cry-baby cripsey!" whispered Perintha, leaning towards her.

"I'll tell my aunt Melissy on you!" threatened Bluebell, feeling that this authority must crush her.

But Perintha sniffed.

"Your aunt Melissy's nobody's daddy," she said quite aloud, copying from the boys this strong phrase which was calculated effectually to put down upstarts.

To be told that you were "nobody's daddy" was to be robbed of all dignity and consideration in this world; it was a snub which the meekest and most peaceable must feel. But to have your great aunt Melissa called "nobody's daddy" was not only a family outrage, but an attack on the infallible dignity of all grown people.

Bluebell shook her auburn head and whispered to Tildy, "I'll tell the master what she said!"

But Tildy, constituting herself second in the affair, advised with head-shakings and dark looks that they deal with her themselves.

"The master would just make her give you the thumb-paper, and he wouldn't do anything to her," said Tildy, remembering how she had appealed to him against her enemies in vain, and had afterwards taken ample satisfaction with her nails.

The master came in, and arrangements were made for the spelling-school, during which Bluebell returned to the grievance on her mind. "Mary's lamb" was no wall of separation now. The dark head and the auburn head rubbed against each other. Perintha looked defiant, and was evidently making partisans of Minerva Ridenour and the other girls on her seat.

"Bluebell Garde!"

Bluebell started as Jo called her name the second time, and went to take her place with some pleasure in being chosen first among the good spellers. Perintha was chosen nearly last on the opposite side. I

am afraid there was exultation over this under the auburn mass of hair. Jo Hall gave her a handful of wheat from his father's mill to chew. Tildy was below the big boys and girls on Jo's side, so there was no chance to confer with her, if the spelling code had not forbidden whispering. Bluebell, therefore, munched her wheat and gave herself up to the excitement of the occasion.

They spelled across: that is, the schoolmaster, standing between, pronounced a word first to one side then to the other. Alas that little words should have slain so many! If he had begun in words of three syllables, many of them could have rolled the letters glibly. But among the ie's and the ei's Teeny Banks and half a dozen other big girls stranded. The lines thinned rapidly; those who missed, retiring to central

LOOKING FOR THE THUMB-PAPER.

benches and watching the fortunes of their sides with great anxiety.

Fortune favored Perintha Pancost. Easy words came to her, and she stood among the last three on her side. Still, with Jo Hall and Bluebell Garde opposing, though they stood alone, what could her side expect? The contest waxed very hot; and constantly was Perintha Pancost favored with words she could spell. Her leader went down; her only other supporter went down.

Then Bluebell found herself overflowed with a word that had "ation" in it, and Perintha spelling pertly at it stood an instant longer than she did. Of course it floored her, but she could now boast that for once she had outspelled Bluebell Garde!

Jo Hall stood up three lines longer, spelling tremendous-sounding words; and when he tripped, there was such a storm coming up that the master said he would dismiss early that afternoon.

Already the thunder could be heard echoing among the hills. The role was hastily called. Tildy waited outside for Bluebell; under her slat bonnet the hair was clinging to her temples, but the gloom of her eye and firm pucker of her mouth indicated fullness of purpose.

"When she comes out," said Tildy.

"Yes," said Bluebell, piteously, from the depths of defeat and injury and physical lassitude.

Perintha's name came away down among the P's, and she was ranged accordingly on a bench which never got free as soon as the B's and G's on the girls' side.

"When she comes out," repeated Tildy, "we won't scratch her—"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Bluebell. She could not bring her mind to that.

"Because the marks would show," pursued Tildy; "and we won't whip her with sticks."

"The master might whip us!" exclaimed Bluebell in terror. She prided herself on never having been punished at school. And all teachers were not like Mr. Pitzer in those days.

"Yes, he might," assented Tildy, evidently having foreseen that objection to the sticks; for when Mr. Pitzer had severe cause he could be strict as the strictest.

"But I tell you what we *will* do," said Tildy, leaning forward and laying the utmost emphasis on every word. She lifted her forefinger, and her reticule slid down to her elbow:

"WE WILL CHURN HER!"

CHAPTER IX.

THEY CHURN.

A flare of lightning in the northern sky may have frightened Perintha as she stepped over the sill; or she may have suspected an ambush at each side of the school-house. At any rate, a strong desire to be once more under her father's roof, gave swiftness to the little bare feet, and her pantalettes danced at a lively pace through the dog-fennel. Her black eyes gave one quick look behind, and after that look her reticule, like a swelling sail, stood straight backwards in the wind. But Tildy had her before she was more than screened by the fence of Martin's wheat-field.

"Take hold of her other arm!" commanded Tildy. And Bluebell, panting, took hold.

"Now churn!"

And they churned. Up and down they churned until it seemed all the buttermilk of Perintha's nature must go to the bottom and the pure butter of repentance stand up to be gathered by their correcting hands. So interested in their undertaking were the reformers that Perintha's cries and struggles seemed to make no impression on their senses. Their sun-bonnets hung by the strings around their throats, and their loosened hair switched up and down, keeping time to the churning. It was so absorbing a gymnastic performance that Bluebell felt Perintha must almost enjoy it, if she did strain to get away.

The churners were brought to a pause by hands laid on their shoulders, and lo! there stood Mr. Pitzer with a following of half the school. Perintha's face came out of the crown of her sun-bonnet, all smeared with tears and curly hair, and the black-eyed, piteous look she threw up to the schoolmaster, cut Bluebell to the heart.

Dr. Garde's little girl was terrified to find herself in the position of a culprit; but this was endurable compared to the sudden rush of remorse caused by Perintha's helpless look. She had been churning a malicious little imp, and behold here was the grieved face of her daily playmate! All the pretty things Perintha had ever done, flashed before her. Perintha sent some tissue-paper birds to Rocco when Rocco was sick; yes, and she made the baby a set of pasteboard chairs in a box house. And what fragrant apples had come to Bluebell's teeth from Perintha's reticule! She would always let you have the first swing, too; and what did that old thumb-paper amount to?

"She didn't act so till I got mad to her first," thought Bluebell, making one of the principal figures in a procession to the school-house, the master's finger and thumb carrying the lobe of her ear. Tildy walked on the other side of him, her ear similarly supported. Perintha, bidden to follow, sobbed as mourner behind them, and a sympathetic though silent crowd supported her.

This, however, was dispersed at the door. The master waived all hangers-on away; and the nearer-rolling thunder gave them additional warning. Even Teeny, after wavering with a concerned face around the windows, was obliged to take to the foot-log and leave these culprits to their fate.

"Now, sir!" said Mr. Pitzer, taking his judgment-seat. And the thunder rolled directly overhead. When Mr. Pitzer said "Now, sir," to a girl, he had forgotten she was anything but a culprit. He took out the Rules of the School, and putting on his spectacles, and peering through the darkening air, read Article Ninth:

"ARTICLE NINTH: *Pupils are under the jurisdiction of their parents from the time they leave home until they appear upon the play-ground. But from the time they enter the school-house until they enter their parents' door at night they are under the jurisdiction of the master, and accountable to him for all misdemeanors.*"

His spectacles flared at the three.

"They ketched me and shook me up and down, and I wasn't doin' anything to them!" burst out Perintha with a sob, leaving Article Ninth entirely aside from the question.

"She stole Bluebell Garde's thumb-paper," said Tildy, somber but collected. Her reticule dangled from her elbow, and her bare toes squirmed along a crack in the floor. Her face expressed determination coupled with a gloomy distrust in Mr. Pitzer's ability to deal out justice. A brisk rush of air came through the open window, which made the dear old man sneeze and take off his spectacles. Bluebell was weeping in the bottom of her apron, which she lifted to her face.

"I thought I was sh-showin' my Irish pluck," she broke out, wringing her small pink nose; "but I guess I wasn't! and it makes me feel so bad to think I hurt her!"

The master laid his hand on her head. The other hand he laid on Perintha's. Tildy stepped back as if she feared he might have a third hand for her.

"P'rinty can have my thumb-paper," continued Bluebell; "and I don't care for the other things, 'cause she was good to my little sister when my little sister was sick — and I got mad first."

There was now a hearty duet of sobs performed by Bluebell and Perintha. The latter thrust her arm up to the elbow in her pocket and drew out the most crumpled and defaced of thumb-papers, which she held out to Bluebell.

Tildy put her nose up. She'd like to see herself "knucklin' under, that way, to P'rinth' Pancost or anybody else!"

But the master's face glowed in the gathering dimness:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so:

"But children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise — "

One jagged knife of lightning, reflected on the school-house door, cut short his exhortation.

"It's going to storm," he said, looking up as if the fact had just presented itself to him. "You better all run home now, and try to be good friends hereafter." He put up the Articles, took down his hat, and busied himself shutting the windows. He paused to say, "Good-evening," three separate times as the three went out courtesying to him for the second time that evening.

Tildy stalked straight toward the foot-log. Perintha paused after turning her bonnet's mouth homeward, and twisted back, looking at the ground.

"Good-bye, Bluebell. I'm going to bring you some pippins to take to your aunt Melissy to-morrow."

This was equivalent to a full apology, and Bluebell hastened to acknowledge it.

"Goody! will you?"

"Yes," said Perintha, lifting her still wet lashes.

The two little girls looked into each other's eyes and smiled. It was a treaty of peace. Then a cloud of dust travelling up the road enveloped them; Perintha scudded away with it, and Bluebell, her mouth and eyes filled, ran towards the Rocky Fork after Tildy's retreating figure.

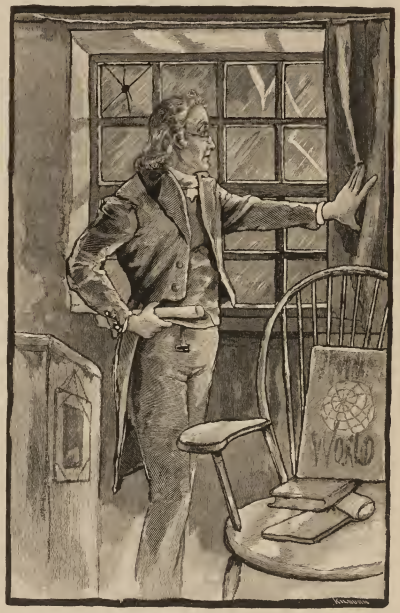
CHAPTER X.

MOTHER OUTDOORS DISTURBED.

"Wait, Tildy!" called Bluebell, when she reached the foot-log and saw a figure climbing the heights beyond.

The wind may have carried her voice away, for it almost blew her off the log, and a trampling sound far off, like the rush of an army of giants through the woods, filled one's ears. The heavy basket caught on bushes as Bluebell scrambled up the rocky path, and tired her hands, while Tildy's reticule sailed straight on.

"O Tildy, wait!" panted the little girl. Among the windings, or in some short cut, Tildy's figure ever and anon appeared and disappeared, and Bluebell faced the storm alone. How black its gloom was in the woods! The very rocks and trees which had been smiling landmarks so long, seemed strange and threatening. A quick patter caught her, and then a deluge mixed with frightful glares and deafening



"IT'S GOING TO STORM," HE SAID.

roars burst over the world. The trees rocked and twisted, and just ahead of her she saw one tall chestnut bend as if swooning, and fall across the way with a long, sublime, whistling crash. Even in her terror Bluebell heard and felt that wonderful cry of the falling tree which cannot be forgotten. The splinters of its broken trunk stood up like pale yellow icicles in

the air. She made a detour among hazel-bushes to pass it, and ran along the path, trembling in every nerve, yet under her fear delighting in this revolution which had overtaken Mother Outdoors. The warm summer rain dripped from every thread of her clothing and soaked her body in its delicious bath. The footway turned into a miniature canal; and every tree-trunk stood in startling blackness against the general gloom. Before the first dash had quite thinned its gray sheet to sprinkles, that far-off trampling arrived in earnest; the storm pelted and poured; the lightning flashed in her very eyes, and its answering thunder was instantaneous; a tree swept down here carrying others with it; and there two went down together, until the whole woods seemed cracking and wailing around her.

With streaming garments, and shoes that spurted water at every step, the little girl still ran ahead. She could scarcely see the downs when she passed them, but they appeared dimly, like the desert islands in Mr. Runnell's maps. Again and again the lightning seemed barely to miss her, and she jumped as the thunder crashed around her ears. She ran until she was out of breath, and then panted along among the drenched ferns. In spite of the confusion and loneliness and closing darkness, there was exhilaration in the warm, soaking rain.

It ceased to pour as she passed down the slope; the wind lulled; and through openings she could see distant long dark threads stretching from cloud to earth, then suddenly disappearing. The confusion in the woods died away. But there was no clearing up, no emerald flash of wet grass in the setting sun; no rapid drying of branches and laugh of leaves. The rank, fresh smell of wet earth was mingled with scents from the peppermint that bordered the run below, but the faintest suggestion of old dead leaves came with them. The lightning retired toward the horizon and threw a silent or distantly answered dazzle through the woods once in awhile. And night was coming early without any sunset.

Bluebell saw a man advancing through the bushes, drawing showers upon himself at every step. She reflected that it was not far to Banks' now, and if he tried to carry her off they could hear her scream; so she trotted forward, a desirable object to kidnap, her shapeless bonnet hanging around her neck, which it discolored with its strings, her dress and pantalettes clinging to every line of her vigorous little figure. Still the man paused to parley with her, and his parleying consisted in offering her two fingers of his left hand and turning back.

"O father, I'm most drowned! And the woods fell down!"

"It's been a hard storm," said father. He had a closed umbrella in his right hand. Branches and underbrush would interfere with it if open here. He paused, setting it against a tree, and reached down to his little girl.

"Perhaps I'd better carry you."

"O father, I'm wet as sop."

He lifted her up and took his umbrella. He had on his gum coat and boots which he wore over ordinary clothing when riding in the teeth of storms.

Bluebell threw one arm across his shoulder, from which dangled the big basket.

"That might have been left at the school-house," said father.

"It's Liza's," said Bluebell, "and all the rain has rained through it and through my dinner cloth."

"I might have brought it in the buggy. Did you get across the Rocky Fork before the rain?"

"Yes, sir. And Tildy ran on ahead."

She was progressing royally down the slope, rained on by every branch, but so comfortable right by father's light, long locks. He moved sure-footed from stone to stone. The dark was closing around them. The cry of frogs and of the disconsolate cows came up from low places in the valley. But Dr. Garde's little girl had the task of telling her father she had "been called up by the master" that day. His code was stern. He had told her if she received punishment at school and came home with complaints, she would be punished again. Bluebell was very proud of her standing and integrity at school. The closing night seemed so dismal. What would he say if he knew she was called up!

She cuddled her free hand under his ear to have some vantage ground, and broke forth:

"I churned P'rinthy Pancost, father!"

"Did you? How do you play that?"

"We didn't play, father. We did it a-purpose, Tildy and me. We had a fallin' out. And the master called me up after school!"

Father walked on with the low pine-like whistle under his breath.

"But we made up," his little girl went on, unwilling to enter into the enormity of Perintha's sin against aunt Melissa; "and she's going to bring apples tomorrow."

"That's right," said father. "Always treat your little mates kindly, and obey the master."

"Yes, sir," assented Bluebell, giving his neck a little squeeze. "I do like the master, father. I guess I'm going to take the prize in our class in spelling!"

Father delivered a short whistle, and looked around into her face, smiling. This signified that he was pleased. It was his note of acclamation over his daughter's achievements.

"I don't *think* anybody else has near as many head-marks as I have. Father, won't it be polite for me to go to school while aunt Melissa's here? Can't I go in the *afternoons*, anyhow?" coaxingly.

"Do you like to go so well?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" We have such fun noons. And somebody else would get my head-marks!"

He did not reply at once, and they came by Banks' house. The candle was lighted, a smell of supper came forth; and Tildy in dry clothes was standing at the door.

"Why didn't you wait?" called Bluebell.

"I couldn't," said Tildy, tartly.

"P'rinthy's goin' to bring some apples to-morrow," assured Bluebell.

But Tildy sniffed. "Some folks is awful thick, all at once," she commented.

Bluebell looked down at her father's ear, and wondered why it was mean to make up with folks.

Tildy's mother came to the door, drawn by the sound of voices, and looked out anxiously. She was a very tall, ungainly woman, bent in the shoulders, with gray, black-lashed eyes which Tildy's were like. She wore a clinging black calico. Her face was careworn but very motherly. Bluebell knew that her husband was dead, that he had worked at the Furnace in the winter, and in the summer farmed his own land, which lay along the valley between the hills and the run. He must have been a pleasant man, for he was cousin to Liza at home. Mrs. Banks' name was also Eliza; and the neighbors to distinguish them called this one "Robert's Liza."

"Did she get hurt?" cried Robert's Liza, when she made out the doctor's arm-load.

"Not a bit," he replied, facing around and smiling.

"Come in and have some tea or something before you go on, do! Tildy was a sop, and I expect Bluebell's wetter yet. Teeny got home before the trees began to fall, but I've been that frightened about the children!"

"We can't stop," said the doctor. "I have to start out when I get back with this soaked pappoose. The run's rising, Liza. You'd do well to take your crocks out of the milk-house to-night."

"I'll do that," said Liza; "but do *you* mind the Rocky Fork, Doc — it's dreadful when it gets up."

"Oh, never mind me," replied Bluebell's father. He plashed on down the slope with her; and through

"WAIT, TILDY!"

the humid dusk Bluebell heard the run boiling, along with a sound of the Rocky Fork itself, which was quite outside its banks, muddy and angry; and she could not be sure that certain eddies did not swirl above the buried stepping-stones. But father seemed sure of it, for he put his feet through the eddies, and then the water reached the ankles of his gum boots. He stepped firmly up on the meadow green, and during that short interval between the run and the bars, con-

densed all that he had meant to say to his little girl during the walk.

"Put me down now, father," she said. "Ain't you tired?"

He put her down and gave her two of his fingers again, while he took the basket. Two fingers just filled her grasp.

"How do you like to live at the Rocky Fork?"

This question surprised her so she looked up at him; but his face was a white blur in the general dimness.

"Would you rather live in the town where your god-mother does, and go to a fine school?"

The prospect was like a dazzling flash to Dr. Garde's little girl, through even this gloomy weather.

"Oh, yes, sir! I'd like to live there! But"—with a rising pang—"Mr. Pitzer is so good, and he let us have spelling-school this very afternoon. Do they have mountain-tea there?"

"Probably not. So you've been happy up here in the hills, have you, Bluebell?

"Yes, sir." She could barely remember a home in a city, and one pillared church where music was made by unseen people. She had been happy, and the Rocky Fork was the only place she had lived in.

"Miss Melissa has been speaking to me," said the doctor. "I can't attend to Rocco and you as your mother would have done. I want to be a good father." There was an unusually tender tone in his voice.

"Why, father," exclaimed Bluebell, climbing up the bars, so she could take him around the neck when he lifted her over, "you're such a nice, nice man! I don't think anybody could be gooder; I would be so sorry if you was anybody else! I like you, father!"

He laughed half under his breath, and got over the bars with her.

"My daughter flatters me."

"'Deed, father, I'm in such earnest! 'Deed and double-deed!"

"Ah? Well! Miss Melissa was a great friend of your mother's, and I think she has some right to advise about the future of you children. You must be educated."

Bluebell imagined herself an educated, faultless woman like aunt Melissa!

While she was imagining, her father lifted her up again and kissed her, saying as he set her down, "Run right in now to Liza. She has dry clothes and a nice supper ready for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DOOR-BELL.

By Joy Allison.

DING-a-ling-ling!
'Tis the postman's ring.
I'll be first at the door!
For, early or late,
He likes not to wait,
Who travels the neighborhood o'er.

Ding-a-ling-ling!
'Tis a beggar's ring.
Now who can tell, to be sure,
An indolent shirk
Unwilling to work
From one of the worthy poor?

Ding-a-ling-ling!
'Tis a pedler's ring.
Patience, good folks, I implore!
Perhaps, like the rest,
He's doing his best,
And what can a man do more?

Ding-a-ling-a-ling!
Ring-a-ling-ling!
All the day long, without end.
And the willing one
Will cheerfully run,
And often will meet a friend.

ROCKY FORK.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

AFTER THE STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

BLUEBELL MAKES A POEM.

IN the night Bluebell was wakened by the cherry boughs scraping her window — and how they did scrape! The rain was tramping; it beat the house and roared on the shingles; the pines were making a high, thrilling noise which she did not know was like the voice of the sea. All within was so dry and comfortable; all without so muddy and dark. Yet off in the woods there were sweet smells, and birds' nests tucked in forked branches, and the May-apples were rank, and even old rotten logs crumbling to yellow dust had a pungent odor of their own. What did the birds do in a storm? Did they turn their tails down like chickens? And how did the naked birds that were all furry bill and sprawling limbs like the baby swallows under the shed-eaves, get along?

Father on his night-ride, was the thread on which these thoughts were strung. She thought of him first, and he ran through everything else. Ballie's firm, quick step was moving on distant roads; the pill-bags were fastened behind the saddle; father whistled softly between his teeth; and anxious people looked into the storm for him. It scarcely occurred to Bluebell to wish him indoors. He and rough weather were old acquaintances. She had seen him come to the open fire stamping, the frost in his hair, or take off cloth leggings covered with mud, or stiff-frozen from the ford. What did he care for summer-rain, housed as he was too, in rubber coat and boots, and on the most sensible horse in the world! Bluebell decided to ask Liza if she might not put on her very oldest dress and stand under the eaves where the water ran over in a constant shower.

But in the morning everything looked so dreary and soaked she did not care to do it. Clouds scudded close to the earth; the hill above the house showed black under its foliage; the elder-flowers by the rock play-house were beaten to the ground; and hollyhocks in the garden leaned down as if about to swoon. The cherry-leaves had a higher polish and intenser green, but little unripe apples strewed the orchard.

Dr. Garde had not come home. Liza said she did not expect him before night. In very bad weather she had known him to be gone two or three days. Still, she kept some warm chicken in the old-fashioned Dutch oven before the fire while she did her baking.

The air was oppressive. But Miss Melissa moved around wrapped in a thick shawl. Liza took the roses out of her fireplace and started a warmer color dancing over some sticks. The low-scudding clouds began to pour again.

Bluebell spent the morning with Miss Calder making doll-clothes, and wondering if Tildy's mother let *her* go to school. Only a few of the children who lived nearest would be there, for so many had to cross the numerous bends and turns of the Rocky Fork. They would have to play in the house if it did not clear before noon, and the tracks of the boys' bare feet would look so funny on the floor. Today seemed years removed from yesterday. This was a bit of dingy autumn thrust through a summer day. Bluebell enjoyed the dress-making with zest, but she hoped it would clear.

Rocco had her high chair drawn to the kitchen table, and helped Liza with the baking. Her tow hair was braided back, the ends turned up and tied with black thread, and her slim claws as clean as soap and water could make them. She had Bluebell's little rolling-pin and baking tins and Liza's thimble before her. Liza was making caraway seed-cake; she watched the baby fondly, giving her dabs of dough which Rocco rolled out, cut up and placed in her tins. As soon as they were baked she divided them evenly on two saucers; for Rocco never ate any treat of which Bluebell did not have exactly half. She had been known to keep a mellow apple or pear from morning till dusk when Bluebell came home; smelling it and turning it over wistfully, but waiting its division.

The rain poured while they ate dinner.

"It comes down by bucketfulls," said Liza. "I do hope Abram will get round and look after Liza-Robert's stock. Lambs is so simple, and hers are always gettin' into the run."

"Why doesn't she let her farm to a tenant?" suggested Miss Calder.

"Well, that's not the way around here. Abram, he's her brother-in-law and my first cousin; he lives about half a mile above us, and he 'tends to things for her. Liza's no manager."

Soon after dinner Miss Melissa lay down for her daily nap. Georgiana sat on the setting-room mantle in an incomplete gingham dress, smiling on the weather with unchanged serenity. Liza went up garret to do a small "stent" of spinning. She always spun on dismal afternoons when the needle would lay in sewing. She knit winter stockings for the family. Bluebell and Rocco followed her, and the wheel could be heard soon after the children's feet ceased sounding on the stairs.

When the children's feet ceased sounding on the stairs, they were in the garret. It was one big dusky room, extending over the whole house, with a chasm in the floor through which the stairs came up. At each side the roof sloped so that even Rocco might knock her head. There were windows in the gables; and from all the rafters hung dried peppers, pennyroyal, ears of seed-corn, bags of seed, and sage, and of dried raspberries, and blackberries, cherries, and peaches, for in those days the art of canning fruit was not generally known to housewifery. Liza's special jams and preserves stood along a system of shelves, in stone jars, broken-nosed tea-pots and flowered bowls tied up closely with white cloths. The floor was clean and dustless. A retired rocking chair which had lost one rocker in the battle of life, was settled in one corner where it lived on a pension of the children's favor. For right by it was their mother's old trunk, the black and white hair worn off it in patches, leaving a tough hide exposed.

In this casket Bluebell kept many of her play-things and all her most precious books. She had "Emma and Caroline," a paper-book some three inches square, a diminutive Mother Goose, several histories, and a work on geology suitable to advanced students which her father had brought her, and her school prizes — notable among them a pink-backed volume of Dr. Watts's hymns which she had learned by heart. Here also reposed her last Sunday-school book, which had rather harrowed her mind; for it was the Memoir of Jane Ann Smith, who caught fire and burned to death; the picture of Jane Ann running out of the mill door all on fire, was put in as a lively frontispiece. There were almost no books for children in those days. Hannah More's tracts and memoirs of very pious people constituted the library from which Bluebell and all the other little Rocky Forkers chose; if it could be called choosing when the librarian held the backs of an armload of books towards you, and you might pick out only one at a hazard. Bluebell had found one delicious story of a little girl whose uncle came and took her away to India where she had no end of wonderful times. But most of the books were grown-up, or very serious, or consisted of advice to young English servants when starting out to service. So Bluebell unfolded from its wrappings with tremulous delight that real fairy-book, "Tales from Catland" which Aunt Melissa brought her. It was a book with some long words in it, but even these were a sonorous pleasure; the Countess Von Rustenfustenmustencrustenberg, Grandmagnificolowsky, the tall page, Glumdalkin, the cross cat, Friskarina, the amiable cat. Bluebell settled into the one-sided rocker, and lived in castles and woods and palaces, while the rain beat the shingles directly overhead as if it were playing thousands of small castanets, and Liza's wheel sang high or low.

Rocco sat down on the front of a small flax-wheel which worked with a treadle, and afforded the baby just sitting-room, to watch Liza spin.

The great wheel stood in the centre of the garret; on its long bench lay a pile of wool-rolls. Liza took

hold of the end of a roll, attached it to the spindle in some mysterious manner, and turned the wheel around and around and around with a smooth stick which she called her wheel-pin. The spokes seemed to approach each other, then melted together into a transparency, the hum rose higher and higher until it became a musical scream, and Liza stepped back drawing her roll off the spindle into a long woolly thread. Back and forth she moved, from the spindle to the gable window; now hurrying up the wheel, and now letting it sing, as it seemed, away down in the sloping bench which supported it.

The rain rained on. Bluebell forgot her head-marks. When she had read two stories and let the Cat-book sink to her knees, her imagination was so stimulated that she craved half-unconsciously to make a story herself. But Liza's wheel put rhythm into her head, and Liza's presence mixed the practical with the purely ideal.

For a long time she sat and thought, constrained to form into shape what she had in her mind; and if the thing itself was simple and the shape grotesque, many an author since Bluebell will confess to having given very poor expression to the finest inspiration.

"I believe it's going to quit raining," said Liza as a very pale ray slanted through the window and shone on the point of the spindle.

She pulled out the last roll and stopped her wheel.

"What's that noise?"

It seemed to be some one knocking perseveringly at the kitchen door. Liza gave the wheel one more vigorous turn and finished her stent before she started down.

"I expect it's Abram," she said. "Don't let Rocco fall down the stairs, Bluebell, and don't play with my spinning."

"No, ma'am, I won't."

Roused from the spell which wheel and book had cast, the children turned to each other for a romp.

Bluebell paused impressively as she caught the little sister in her arms, and proceeded to make a confidant of her.

"Honey-dew, sisser's made a pretty piece!"

"Piece o' what?"

"Poetry! Like 'Poor Jane Ray' and 'Twinkle, twinkle.'"

Rocco heard these standards of literary excellence mentioned without any emotion.

"I'll say it to you."

"Le's p'ay," suggested Rocco instead.

"It's somethin' pretty — about Liza," urged the poet, tasting the first difficulties of securing a public.

Rocco paused in the mad-career of a tumble and consented to listen.

"See that pretty maiden,"

("That's Liza, you know," explained Bluebell,)

"Spinning in the rain."

"'Tain't wainin'," said Rocco; "it's twit."

"It was, though. Now you just listen:

"See that pretty maiden,
Spinning in the rain:
The wheel goes round and round to make
Our stocking-yarn again.

The wind goes roar and roar,
The wheel roars with its band;
The maiden turns it with a pin
For fear she might hurt her hand."

"Isn't that pretty?"

Rocco meditated. The subject of poetry had aroused other thoughts within her; and the faculty of association carried her on from a hymn Liza frequently sung to her —

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.
And cast a wistful eye
On Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie —"

to the family who represented the idea to her. So without making any comment on Bluebell's poem, she said decidedly:

"I want to go to Jordan Stormy Banks' house."

CHAPTER XII.

"JORDAN STORMY BANKS."

"All well as common, Liza?" inquired Abram, knocking the mud off his feet at the kitchen door.

"Yes," she replied, but with a shade of anxiety. "The doctor hasn't got home yet. Come in, Abram. Have you been over the run?"

"I guess I won't come in," said the farmer. He was large-framed, stooping, and clothed in homespun wool of an indescribable dull color. His wamus was belted in; his broad slouching hat showed several holes. He placed a hand on each side of the doorway and leaned in while he talked. "Yes. I've been over there. Liza-Robert came nigh to loosin'

her milk-house last night. The milk-lids was afloat and the spring is clear under water."

"Tuh! tuh!" ejaculated Liza. "And I expect the Rocky Fork is clear out of its banks."

"I should say it was," imparted Abram deliberately. "It's half-way up the Narrows and all over the meadow t'other side. Table Rock came down in that blow yesterday!"

Liza uttered a cry. Table Rock had overhung the Narrows ever since her memory began.

"Hall's mill has been carried off and lodged in the bottom-lands. The stone's sunk and the frame's split in two or three pieces."

"Why, Abram!"

"Yes, it's consider'ble high waters. Ridenours was out in a canoe over their cornfield this mornin'."

"How's Eli?"

"Doin' well, as far as I know."

"The doctor said he'd maybe have to stay by him a while last night. Seems like he was threatened with inflammation."

"If Doc's t'other side of the Fork he'll not ford it for a while. It's all 'round the school-house. Willow told me this mornin' Mr. Pitzer couldn't take up school till the water went down again. That g'ography man'll have to put off his doin's too. There's a sight of timber down on the hill. I don't know when we've had such a storm."

"Did it do you any damage?"

"Well, no. Uprooted a few apple trees. That's about all. Any chores you'd like done out doors?"

"I'm much obliged to you, Abram, but there isn't anything. The cows always come up to the bars. I s'pose Samantha's well?"

"So's to be around. The children's folks have come to see ye, have they?"

THE POETESS AND HER AUDIENCE.

"Yes, it's a kind of an adopted aunt of their mother's."

"Well," said Abram, taking his hands off the sides of the door, "I must get on toward home."

He came back after going a few steps.

"I'll look in again before night, Liza."

"I'd be obliged if you would, Abram."

Neither spoke of feeling anxious about the young doctor. Still Liza girded herself more cheerfully to go out and gather her demoralized poultry. A primrose-colored west brightened the whole landscape. The beaten-down grass had already begun to lift itself, and a pleasant, drying breeze was flowing down the valley. The broken clouds drifted to all parts of

the sky. Liza gathered drenched and gaping chickens into her apron, where they trod upon each other with cold pink feet, and piped shrilly for food and comfort. She had a special basket behind the stove for these weather-orphans, where their down would curl once more, and all of them subside into a buttercup colored mass, too sleepy to peep. There was one chicken that ran persistently through the weeds away from her, yet calling with all his might for aid from some quarter. He stretched his thin neck here and there and disconsolately shook his pin-feather wings. Now lost in a forest of rag-weed, he made the tops quiver over him as he ran; and now slipping through the garden palings, he scampered dismayed up and down the bank of a deep canal, the channel whereof he had known before the deluge as a neat garden path between beds of vegetables. Liza reached through and gathered him to the asylum in her apron just as she observed Bluebell picking her way to the lower bars. The run was roaring through the meadow, and she rose up apprehensively.

"Don't go down to the water, Bluebell. You can't cross now."

"But Tildy's on the other side and beckoned to me. I just want to talk across to her."

"I'm afraid you'll fall in if you go too near. Remember the run's up."

"I'll be careful. Tildy can't come over, and she does want to see me so bad!"

"You've both been weather-bound," said Liza smiling. "Well, you be careful. Where's the baby?"

"She's talking to Aunt Melissa. I gave her my new doll to hold."

Precious as little sisters may be, there are times when the mature girl of nine or ten feels that she cannot have them "tagging" after her; when she gives them a sop in the shape of her best plaything, or engages them in conversation with some elderly and charming relative, while she slips out to gallop where heedless baby shoes would have to be carried.

Tildy had been signalling at the other side of the run for some time.

Bluebell ran down the wet meadow, feeling joyful at being out of doors once more. The hills were half smiling. She could not help noticing how the trees tossed. In the southwest was a cushion of foliage so large, so green, so apt to dimple with the wind, that the little girl never could help wishing to sit and tumble about on it.

The run showed wide and turbid from the back door, but on near approach it seemed a ranting young river. Sticks and even rails were being eddied away by what was day before yesterday a few strands of clear water.

How wide was the separation between Bluebell and Tildy!

Resentment of the Perintha Pancost truce had been swept from Tildy's face by later occurrences.

"We can't go to school any more," she called.

"O, yes, we can when the waters go down."

"The' won't be any school-house. The Rocky Fork's all around it. Our spring-house pretty near went, and if the run rises much higher it'll carry off our house and your house, too."

Bluebell looked back at the weather-beaten homestead.

"It would look like Noey's Ark. But it says there isn't to be another flood, Tildy, 'cause the rainbow's put in the sky for a sign that the waters shall no more cover the face of the earth!"

"Hain't been any rainbow this wet spell," said Tildy impressively.

Bluebell searched the whole sky, and brought her eyes down again clouded with apprehension. There had been no rainbow this wet spell.

"I don't believe it will rise to the roofs of the houses and the tops of the mountains," she cried, with an upward inflection of appeal.

"I wish't it would. Then you could sit on your roof and I could sit on mine, and sail sticks and boats across to each other. I've been havin' lots of fun with mother's old bread-bowl. Why didn't you come down soon as it quit rainin'? I beckoned to you."

"I didn't see you. Where's Teeny?"

"She's helpin' mother with her weavin'. Why don't you take off your shoes and stockin's?"

"I don't know," replied Bluebell looking down at her low shoes and then at the lush soft grass. She always had envied Tildy her untrammelled toes, but her father had a prejudice against bare feet in all weathers. Tildy, that fortunate creature, could walk sidewise in the dusty summer road, dragging one foot and thus making a beautiful broad mark, with stopping posts indicated, like the picture of a fence. But if Bluebell attempted it she filled her stockings with dust and rendered her shoes a dismal sight.

Tildy now came down to the brink and made her impression in the yielding soil.

"Look there," said she, displaying two fine black

slippers of glossy mud. "Take yours off, too, and maybe we can wade some."

Bluebell found a dry stone, sat down upon it, and peeled her feet pink and bare.

"Come along up the run," called Tildy. "I've got my boat up here."

So they scampered along on each side, the ooze coming between Bluebell's toes with a delicious rush.

SHE HEARD A LONG, RINGING NEIGH FROM THE LANE.

The bread-bowl beached on Tildy's side, was ready for service. She had a pole to steer it with, and setting it afloat, ran along turning and guiding it as anxiously as if it were a bulrush basket with another little baby in it. Bluebell ran by her side of the stream, and begged that the vessel might make a voyage to her. With a push of the pole, Tildy turned its prow, but it got caught against a snag, and she labored long to free it. Finally, the cracked and rather unseaworthy vessel came triumphantly in, and Bluebell caught it with joy.

The two girls felt as if they had shaken hands across the separating stream. Bluebell had some of the baby's seed cookies in her pocket. She wiped the bowl very dry with bunches of grass, and made a nest of fresh grass in the centre, on which a handful of thimble cakes were then carefully deposited, and the gallant craft started on its return trip.

It moved down stream, and both girls accompanied it. Tildy poled with care lest the cargo might get slopped. Now, there was a rail coming down stream in the centre of the current, pointing like a long black finger to the fact that that bowl must be got out of the way, or there would be a collision on the high seas.

Bluebell danced and exclaimed while Tildy poled in set determination. Alas for the noble bread-bowl! In despair she stuck the pole into it, brought it with a swish to land with its grass and seed-cakes scattered to the stream, and losing her balance fell partly in herself.

"O, Tildy!" screamed Bluebell, when Tildy scrambled on the bank, dripping to her waist.

"This makes the second time this week I've got wet," said she solemnly. "I don't b'lieve I want to wade now." She sat down on the grass and wrung her clothes. Her mood was very sombre indeed.

"I expect I'll take sick and die," she said. "Father used to get wet to his hide before he took bed-fast. And I'm a good deal his build."

"Just as soon as my father comes home," cried Bluebell, "I'll ask him to ride Ballie over the run and give you some medicine."

"You needn't throw it up to me that you've got a father when I ain't got any," said Tildy, dismally.

"Why, Tildy! I *never!*"

"You did, too. But mebby you ain't got any either, now."

"My father's comin' home to-night!"

"Mebby he is."

"He's just gone to see his patients, and he's comin' right straight home!"

"Table Rock fell down over the Narrows yesterday."

"I don't care if it did!" warded off Bluebell, with quivering lip.

"My Uncle Abram says it could 'a hit your father just as easy as not!"

"But it didn't!"

"But somethin' may have happened to him. If he tries to cross the Rocky Fork now, he's sure to get

drowned! Uncle Abram says he feels uneasy. Looky there, now! Mebbe that's his hat comin' down the run!"

Bluebell suspended a great sob and watched the black object approaching. It reeled nearer and nearer — it looked *so* much like father's black hat: she saw the band: she saw the brim dip —

"Ho!" cried Doctor Garde's little girl triumphantly, "that's just a chunk o' burnt wood, Miss Tildy Banks, and my father ain't any more drowned than you are!"

Tildy, who felt herself more drowned than she wished to be, and decidedly uncomfortable — for there is a difference between sky-water and run-water — merely responded, "Huh, Madam!"

Bluebell started back to pick up her stockings and shoes. She heard a long ringing neigh from the lane.

"There!" she cried, shaking a shoe at Tildy, "there's my own father come home to my house this very minute! I'm going right to the bars," she added, thrusting her tender feet into the shoes after wiping them on her stockings, "and I'll tell him all the mean things you said. And I won't ask him to give you the medicine, so I won't."

"I don't want it," responded Tildy: "he hain't got any but nasty stuff."

Doctor Garde's little girl did not stay to argue. She scampered to the lower bars, flung over them, and splashed across the puddles to the upper bars. Ballie's glossy, tossing head appeared around the barn-corner. But her saddle was empty and turned to one side, the pill-bags dangling, her bridle hung loose, and as soon as she saw the little girl, she uttered a neighing scream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WOES OF SQUEDUNK.

By Eva F. L. Carson.

Squedunk was a turtle,
A Japanese turtle,
A little red turtle of straw;
Torn away from his mother,
Bereft of his brother,
His home on a far foreign shore;

With a stern little master,
Who makes him move faster
Than ever he dreamed of before;
With a string through his back
Hung up on the towel rack,
Forgotten, until he is sore!

And, to crown all his woes —
Bad enough, you'd suppose —
He has lost any power to complain;
For, the first of last week,
Some one stepped on his "squeak,"
Which he never recovered again!

HIGH on a branch of a beautiful beech,
Three brown owls and their mother
(They went by the family name of Screech,)
Chattered with one another —
For they were invited out to tea,
By a cousin of theirs in a neighboring tree.

Each was dressed in his Sunday rig:
Their faces were round and flat;
Their eyes were yellow, and just as big
As the crown of my new black hat;
And pretty red feathers just covered the dears,
From the tip of their tails to the top of their ears!

"Tu-whit! Tu-whee!
You're going to tea,"
Said the mother-owl, croaking and squawking;
(Her voice was hoarse,
And her tones were coarse,
And this was her manner of talking:)

"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
And what *should* I do
If I happened to hear to-morrow
That your manners were rude,
Or your conduct not good?
It would break my heart with sorrow!
Remember you're *owls*,
And not barn-yard fowls,
So let there be no complaining —
No grabbing, or biting,
Or scolding, or fighting —
And never forget your training;
Don't giggle or laugh,
Or indulge in chaff —
That's almost as low as stealing —
But make use of your eyes,
And always *look* wise,
No matter how silly you're feeling!"

High on the branch of the beautiful beech,
The three owls, one and another,
Vowed to be good, in a terrible screech,
And kissed the beak of their mother,
And went off demurely, as little owls should,
To assist at high tea in the depths of the wood.

Ah! that was a feast that would tempt the soul
Of an anchorite even like Tanner:
There were mice on the half shell, and rats on the whole,
In every conceivable manner,
And beetles and moths of enormous size,
And gauzy-winged, taper-tailed dragon-flies.

ROCKY FORK.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

LIZA IS SURE THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABRAM HAS A THEORY.

THE Arabian mare's long cry reached Liza's ear, also. She was putting her chickens in the basket, and having covered them, went toward the bars.

"There's something wrong, the way that horse whinnies," said Liza aloud. "Why, look at her now! He's been thrown!"

Ballie was walking from one end of the bars to the other, resenting the saddle and dangling saddle-bags, resenting the bridle which hung to her feet, but more than all distressed by the absence of her master. As soon as she saw Liza she uttered another interrogative wailing cry.

A pair of small stockings hung across the fence: Bluebell's figure was flying down the lane at the foot of the pine hill.

"O, my gracious!" cried Liza, smiting her hands. "Now *she'll* go off and get killed. Come back, Bluebell! come back here! She runs right on and doesn't hear me!"

Ballie heard intelligently, and jerked her bridle from under foot, seeming, as she did so, to fling a wail after Bluebell.

Liza got over the bars and mechanically relieved the mare, unfastening the pill-bags and saddle, and turning the bridle back over her neck. Leaving her tied to the post, Liza flung her apron over her head and started running towards Abram's house. It was a mile to Abram's. When she had passed the orchard and was nearly across the east meadow, she remembered Miss Calder had been left with only Rocco in the house, unconscious of what had happened. Still running, Liza dipped into a gulch-like hollow which divided the stony meadow in halves. It was oozy and slippery, and she climbed the other side nearly out of breath. Abram's house appeared beyond its orchard.

When Liza had scaled the orchard fence, and recovering breath a little, came running towards the front of the house, she found Abram and his wife talking with a man in the road.

Bounce, the house-dog, had barked all the way up the orchard, but they had never turned their heads.

"O Abram!" she cried. At this Abram looked around, and showed a face as distressed as her own.

"We're just heard the doctor's been drowned," said Samantha solemnly.

Liza was not prepared for this statement. Her burning face bleached.

"Who says so?" she exclaimed aggressively.

"The g'ography-teacher and him both tried to cross the Rocky Fork at the ford, and his horse acted up some way and got him off."

Liza groaned.

"I don't believe it," she said next: "why didn't you help him?"

The geography-teacher was splashed and muddied from head to foot. His face looked haggard, and on Pancost's tall gray horse he appeared singularly gruesome. Liza despised him at first sight. She longed to pull him from his uncertain seat, and have him punished for this trouble for which she unreasonably held him accountable.

"I couldn't help him, ma'am. I just escaped with my own life, and rode as hard as I could to the first house I saw, to give the alarm."

"There's four houses between this and the ford! His horse just came to the bars! Abram! Why don't you stir yourself? Go and help him! He isn't drowned, I know. Why, he can swim like a fish! If you'd only stopped to be of some account!" she cried, flashing her excited eyes up and down the geography-teacher.

"Liza," said Abram, "I'm startin' to the stable for a horse. But you hain't heard the particulars."

He cantered away, and Samantha, who had gone into the house, came out with a camphor-bottle. She bathed Liza's face, while that good spinster held to the fence and denounced Mr. Runnels.

"Where's your particulars, now? If you'd stood by him like a man, as he'd a stood by you! Where is he? What did he do after he got into the water?"

"You don't know what you're talking about, ma'am," said Mr. Runnels, avoiding her eyes, and speaking in a dejected way without heat. "His horse got to plunging and the saddle slipped. The current was so strong we were both carried away below the ford, and when I got out, his horse had kicked him loose."

"Ballie kick *him!* She never kicked him!"

"I can't help that. She was climbing the bank and a heavy log hit him and he went under. I called for help, but nobody came. Then I put my horse to a gallop and rode as hard as I could to the first house I saw."

"Sit down, Liza," begged Samantha, pushing her upon a stool they used in picking fruit. Liza sat down. "There goes Abram to the ford fast as he can go. And if he don't find anything he'll warn out all the neighbors. Don't take on so!" sobbed Samantha in her own apron.

Mr. Runnels turned his horse and followed Abram. Dripping and wretched and in need of hospitality as he certainly was, it had not occurred to either of the women to offer him anything. He faded from their view merely as the bearer of bad tidings.

But a capable woman like Liza could give up to smelling camphor for a moment only. Within half an hour she had created a revolution in her own house. The sitting-room was turned into a hospital ward, with every appliance for restoring wounded or half-drowned people. A fire made the black chimney-piece sparkle. Miss Melissa followed her around, awed and colorless, but anxious to help. She did marvels of lifting and carrying, scarcely knowing it. A chill struck through the air as the day closed. Only the baby, who sat in the big rocker with Georgiana and the soles of her own feet broadside to the fire, could sing with any enjoyment of life. The unusual bustle and the climbing fire seemed things of good cheer. Unconscious of any trouble and feeling in a musical mood, Rocco improvised recitative, crescendo and diminuendo, knitting her fine eyebrows with an artist's concentration:

"O — my — GOOD — GWacious! Jawgeanno! — I neva' turn back any mo'. An' it WAINED: AND Juicy-crucy-fied 'im. Cap in my father's HAN'! An' the' was a little guyl had a nice dolly, b'ronged to her sisser B'uebell. O Jawge-ANNO!"

Liza-Robert came tip-toeing in on her heavy shoe-soles. She had got the news some way, and going nearly a mile up the run, found a narrow place where she could get across by the aid of rails and so reach the troubled house. She had been crying on the way, and when she saw Rocco toasting her soles with such musical satisfaction, the poor woman buried her face in her apron.

"Poor little innocent!" she said, passing her hand down Rocco's head; "poor little innocent!"

Rocco was accustomed to Liza-Robert's widowed expression, and laughed up in her face.

"Dreat big doll," she said importantly, turning Georgiana for inspection.

Then, as if a peg had slipped in the music-box of her little chest, she straightway struck off again:

"On Missus — JORDAN STORMY Banks's house, I cast a Rishful EYE!"

Miss Melissa came in from the banistered porch where she had been watching, and Liza from the kitchen.

"Did you see or hear anything?" inquired Liza. Her plump, well-preserved face looked shrunken.

"Nothing," replied Miss Melissa, spreading her transparent, trembling hands to the fire.

"I'll make you acquainted with my cousin's widow. Miss Calder," said Liza.

Miss Calder bowed to the raw-boned, sad woman. Liza-Robert inclined her head:

"How do ye do, ma'am?" Then she wiped off a rolling tear with her apron. There was a natural majesty in her which fully appreciated culture and delicacy in another; but now she met this lady without a thought of the difference between them.

"He staid by me night and day when I had the lung fever, and the other doctors giv me up to die. If it hadn't been for him I wonder who'd be carin' for my children now! I'm just a hard-workin' woman that's had trouble, but he always was as good as an angel to me and mine."

Liza went to the door; then to the bars. The day was gone: she was startled to find it so near twilight.

Presently she came back with an heroic air, patted the prepared bed and laid it open, turned a stick on the fire-dogs over, and hurriedly brought in a candle.

"I thought I heard some one comin'," she said.

It seemed to be the tramping of another horse at the bars. Ballie, still tied to the ignominious post, neighed to it interrogatively.

Abram came striding in.

"Where is he?" said Liza.

Abram looked at the three women piteously.

"I don't know. We ain't found him."

"Who's lookin'?" cried Liza with a sharp tone.

"All on this side the Fork. The men goin' home from the Furnace all turned in."

"I thought mebby 'twas only that curly-headed g'ography-teacher," said Liza. She burst out sobbing in her apron again. Miss Calder sat down. Rocco was frightened, and got down with Georgiana hanging across her shoulder, to stare at Abram.

"We did get his hat," said Abram, swallowing as if his very prominent Adam's apple were choking him. "And I have a kind of a theory now."

He proceeded, without much encouragement, to explain his theory:

"Mr. Runnels says a log hit him and he went down right by the ford. They're gettin' Ridenour's canoe and 'll drag over that spot. But I hev a kind of theory — I don't know whether I'm right or not — "

The three women lifted their heads expectantly.

"My theory is, it didn't stop there."

The pronoun sent a shudder through his hearers.

"It's down below the Narrows, and I'm goin' to Mary Ann and warn out the men for a search there."

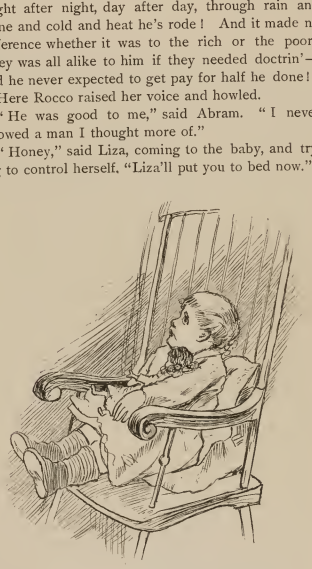
At this hopeless view of the case, Liza walked the floor in a transport of grief, and Liza-Robert tried to repress her own sorrow and attend to Miss Calder, who seemed fainting.

"Oh, the poor boy! And him so noble-hearted! Night after night, day after day, through rain and shine and cold and heat he's rode! And it made no difference whether it was to the rich or the poor! They was all alike to him if they needed doctrin' — and he never expected to get pay for half he done!"

Here Rocco raised her voice and howled.

"He was good to me," said Abram. "I never knowed a man I thought more of."

"Honey," said Liza, coming to the baby, and trying to control herself, "Liza'll put you to bed now."



"I NEVVA TURN BACK ANY MORE!"

"I don't want to go," howled Rocco. "I want B'uebell to sit in the chair and wock me."

Liza flashed a glance all around the room. Then a recollection ran over her face leaving it more faded.

"Oh, didn't that child come back? She ran down the lane to hunt him. Abram, where's Bluebell?"

CHAPTER XIV.

BLUEBELL HAS NO THEORY.

When Doctor Garde's little girl started down the unfenced lane, she acted on an impulse given by ter-

ror. She ran with all her might at the side of the lane, tangling her feet in fragrant pennyroyal, and bounding over bunches of ground-cherries, so that it seemed a whole year before she reached the place where it joined its mud to that of the main road. This was a steep, stumpy place: young saplings had been ridden down, and bent their bruised backs to draggle torn tops on the ground. On the black hill above, all those pines were whistling softly between their teeth, as father did. Hundreds of odd thoughts rushed pell-mell through the little girl's mind.

Ballie's track here melted into others; but as Bluebell had not thought of tracing Ballie's course, she did not pause on account of losing the clew. She stood still an instant and looked back toward the house. She was so little. Grown-up folks would know better what to do. The house was almost out of sight among trees. She had no distinct idea except that father was certainly in danger somewhere and must be found. The primrose light was fading out in the west. If she went on and nobody knew where she was, she might slip over the Narrows and be killed, and against this her sound flesh and wholesome blood rebelled utterly. Still, her pause was only an instant long: she laced up the leather strings of her shoes and tied them firmly, waded around mudholes, and ran on toward the entrance of the Narrows.

Just here the Rocky Fork burst upon her sight. Bluebell held to the flint wall feeling giddy. She had never seen such an expanse of water. It covered nearly the whole of a wide meadow, and on the side next the Narrows licked at the earthen cliff, crumbling it by slow handfuls. She felt it was climbing step by step to grab her as she started on.

There was a current like a mill-race over the hidden bed of the Rocky Fork. Logs, brush, rails, whole trees, skated along on it. The child could not keep her fascinated gaze off this current, and it made her so dizzy she was obliged every few moments to stop, reeling against the hill-wall and hugging its stones with her hands. She was going in the direction of the current. Just as Bluebell entered on this narrow track she heard violent galloping begin of a sudden behind her. She thought of Billy Bowl, and seizing a root above her head, made herself as flat as possible against the wall. She thought also of the loose horse which met father and her upon the Narrows, and turned desperately to frighten it back. But this horse was a lean gray one and had a rider, and both were dripping from head to foot; the rider looked wildly toward the Narrows and wheeled his horse away from them. Then he flew away as fast as the animal could gallop on a sled road, arching by through the pine woods which led to the road past Abram's, but was seldom used except by wood-cutters. He had not noticed Bluebell.

"It's the g'ography teacher," said she hurrying on. "And *he's* fell in the water and wet all his nice clothes, and he looked *just like Billy Bowl!*"

Nothing else happened in her dizzy, long journey around the Narrows. Midway she could not look at the waters, but their sound filled all the country silence. Bluebell's road remained in light after the shadows settled on them. A huge hole was left over the gutter where Table Rock had hung: the earth was broken all around. Bluebell got by it as well as she could. When she reached the Furnace the day-workmen were about to start to their homes.

All the way around, though Doctor Garde's little girl had been showing as much Irish pluck as she could muster, her chin had shaken with sobs and her heart felt bursting with a mighty homesickness for father. She looked into the Furnace now, unreasonably expecting to see him on a bunch of coats or wamuses, tended as they had tended Eli Ridenour.

She saw glittering eyes and smutted faces, and heard a line of song roared out.

"Where's my father?" she cried to the nearest Furnace-man.

Several came to her at once.

"It's Doc. Garde"s little girl."

"What's the matter, sissy?"

"Is my father here?"

"No. He hasn't been past the Furnace since night before last. What's the matter?"

"He's got hurt someway," wailed Bluebell, the tears dropping to her breast. "The horse came home with her saddle all turned, and I can't find him."

The Furnace-men looked at each other, and the alarm flashed around.

"Which way was he ridin'?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe he fell over like Eli Ridenour and you'd brought him here. Oh, if you don't find my father, I can't stand it at all!"

"He must have been trying to ford the Fork," exclaimed the biggest of all the Furnace-men. "We'll go down there."

They swarmed around each other in what appeared a scarlet confusion of unbelted wamuses, then trooped in a hurry to the Narrows. They forgot the child.

She stood crying beside a brick pillar, too overwhelmed with trouble to think of anything but its pain. Where *was* father? And was he badly hurt?

CHAPTER XV.

THE FORD.

In an hour the banks about the place where the country road forded the Rocky Fork in low water, were studded with what seemed from a distance large, unblinking fire-flies. And on the stream itself two or three other fire-flies in a cluster moved back and forth, here and there. Bad news need not be telegraphed in the country. It flies faster than the wind. The whole neighborhood on each side the Rocky Fork knew that Doctor Garde had been carried down in the Rocky Fork, and men of all ages turned out in the search.

The Furnace-men brought dried pine sticks for torches. Three people paddled Ridenour's canoe about, trailing light on the muddy water. The trees took on a weird appearance as these torches lit up the inner mystery of their branches, and some sleepy birds that had just comfortably settled for the night, chirped inquiringly. Overhead the stars appeared by ones and groups through a clear sky, from which the trailing mists were blown away.

The men in the canoe had a log-chain and hook which they trailed along the bottom. Others followed the banks down stream, being obliged to go around deep bogs and back-waters which nearly covered what had been grape-vine thickets. Doctor Garde's felt hat had been found in a thicket by one of the boys, and Abram had ridden off home with it: but when he got there he had not had the heart to carry the soaked and dreadful token in, but had laid it in a corner of the porch while he entered to tell about it and state his convictions.

Mr. Runnels remained by the ford, walking his borrowed steed here and there, and stretching fearfully toward every object which attracted notice.

"They say Pancost come nigh losin' his old gray," said Mr. Willey grimly, laying his hand on the neck of this steed.

"I barely got out," replied Mr. Runnels. "It seemed as if we were both to go."

"What possessed ye to try the Rocky Fork when it's so high?"

"I wanted to carry around word to all my pupils on this side that the lessons would be stopped till the water went down. I was about to turn back, but Doctor Garde was just venturing in, and I thought a man might follow where he went."

BLUEBELL HAS NO THEORY.

"Oh! but Dr. Garde wouldn't turn back from anything. And he had the prettiest piece o' horse-flesh in the whole country. She could swim like a duck, and take a straight up-and-down bank, and in the

darkest night he could give her the bridle and go to sleep. The trouble with Doctor Garde, sir, was that he didn't know danger when he saw it. This is a rough piece o' country, but he'd cut right across the hills, and once he got his eyelid cut open riding against a branch, and it hung down to his cheek. But he goes home and sews it up himself, and keeps on ridin' as if nothing had happened. Ain't many men could stand what he could."

"I should think not."

"No, sir. I couldn't. And he was the best doctor, sir, I ever had in my family. There's Hall over yonder. His mill went with these high waters, but I believe he feels a sight worse about the doctor.

The men with the grapple-chain hooked something. It was no easy matter to keep out of the current and the course of limbs and various flotsam from woodcutters' piles. They got into a still place scummed over with powdered rotten-wood, and here they carefully drew in the laden hook.

Men on the opposite bank called to each other and came running to the verge, while those by the scummy bay knotted together and held their lights down.

"Have you got anything?" they called.

Those around the hook fell back and looked up:

"No, nothing but a little stump."

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRIO AND CHORUS.

The homesickness for father grew to agony in Dr. Garde's little girl. She stood just outside the Furnace pressing her hands together.

When she was a smaller girl she dreamed once that father was dead. It was a smothering dream. Her heart weighed her down so she thought she could never skip or play blackman again. Driven by unendurable loneliness which nothing but the presence of father could cure, she persistently hunted him till she came to an enormous mansion which was heaven. Here she asked for him, and was told that he had just passed into another apartment, which she entered just in time to see the last fold of his garment disappearing through an opposite door. So from one vast room to another she still followed, calling him as she ran; but he never heard, and she never touched even the hem of his robe. The place grander than any town, was full of carvings, pictures and nameless elegances, such as Bluebell could not remember ever having seen before. Then she was in a forest where a wind-storm had passed. Fallen trees made a limitless bridge from her feet into the horizon, and there was the most brilliant moonlight over the whole visible world. She was crying to herself, hopeless of ever seeing father again, when he came walking over that endless corduroy bridge toward her. He came walking in a long white robe which covered him with light and trailed on the logs, his square serious face full of concern about her. He did not seem pleased to find her crying there, though he picked her up and soothed her! Then he told her she must be kind to the baby and be a good girl; and without her being able to detain him, he turned and trailed again out of sight across the moonlit logs.

This dream had made such a painful impression on Bluebell that she never had forgotten it. It always came across her mind at serious times. It seemed to belong to the same class of untold terrors as her superstition about Billy Bowl. But now it came up before her like reality. Or perhaps the reality which the child was facing stood before her like that dream.

The Fork's roar came up through humid dusk which was thickening every minute to darkness. Some whippoorwills in the trees below the road were uttering their cry almost under her feet, so that she heard the guttural which preceded it:

"G' — whippoorwill,
G' — whippoorwill!"

But presently out of the intermingled sounds of whippoorwills, water and frogs, there came something else very different.

It was not at first distinct; but when Bluebell listened intently, she did hear a voice calling:

"Hillo!"

The little girl ran along the road toward Mary Ann until she came to where the Narrows broadened to a hilly shoulder which sloped gradually to the Fork. Bluebell knew nothing about the descent. Within this hill and along under the Furnace, John Tegarden's coal-fires were supposed to be perpetually burning. But her eyes were accustomed to the dark, and there was a fine starlight overhead.

It did seem dreadful to come down to the very edge of the Rocky Fork. Flecks of foam showed on it like threatening teeth. Black objects were continually passing down, out in the current. Sometimes these fish etched their fins on the low sky on the other side, when you saw that there were twigs and limbs of a floating tree.

When Bluebell had climbed down almost to a level with the Rocky Fork, she held on to a bush, and listened.

"Hillo!" called the voice again.

It was farther from her, and must be just under the Narrows opposite the Furnace.

"Father! Is father there?"

"Hillo! somebody come and help me!"

"O father, are you drownin'! O what shall I do?"

"Is that you, Bluebell? Who's with you?"

"Nobody, father, but just myself! I can't get to you, father — the water's so deep!"

"Don't think of trying to come to me!"

There was a pause. The Rocky Fork, the frogs, and the whippoorwills uttered their voices. Bluebell thought she heard a groan contributed to the chorus.

"O father! *are* you drownin'? Can't you get out somehow?"

A horse's feet made heavy thuds overhead: they sounded so loud she was not sure he heard her.

"Father! what must I do?"

"Bring somebody here."

"But you'll drown while I'm gone!" cried Bluebell, adding a blubbering sob by way of period.

"No, I sha'n't."

His little girl's nerves were not equal to facing the bare possibility, and she sent up a wail.

"Don't make a fuss," came father's voice, somewhat sternly.

"Who's that down there?" called a voice from the road overhead; "Bluebell?"

"Sir?" She held to her bush and looked up: there was a blurred man on horseback against the deeper background of hill.

"Is that Bluebell Garde?"

"Yes, sir. My father's here in the Rocky Fork, and I don't know how to get him out!"

The man made his horse's feet clatter, and he could be heard immediately afterwards, making his way down the bank himself.

"Who's that?" called the doctor from his invisible position.

"It's me, Abram Banks. I don't seem to make you out, doctor."

"I'm here in the shadow on a log."

The Rocky Fork and the frogs and whippoorwills came in with a full chorus while Abram paused and caught his breath.

"Can you hold on a bit longer?"

"I think so. The water's quiet. But my arm's broken, and I can't help myself, and it may turn me faint pretty soon, again. I've nearly fainted several times."

"If you could hold on till I gallop back and get Ridenour's canoe."

Bluebell sobbed in her dress-skirt.

"Can't you get a rope up at the Furnace, Abram? If I had one end of a long rope I could fasten it to the log, and then you could tow me to where you are."

"Is it a big tree?"

"No, rather small. I managed to get it out of the current — broke off some branches and paddled."

"Bluebell," said Abram, deliberately pulling off his wamus and boots, "you go up the bank and see what my horse 's doin'. I tied him in such a hurry he may get loose, and then we'd be in a box for a way to git your father home."

The little girl scrambled up, holding to the grass in places, and before she reached the top, she heard a plunge which told Abram had taken to the water.

Abram's horse was tied to a sapling across the road, and was stretching his neck to brouse.

The breathing of the Fork and the frogs was interrupted by splashings and half-exclamations. Bluebell was reassured by hearing her father's voice more plainly. The log was being pushed cautiously out of its harbor. He directed Abram not to turn it towards the current, but to steer it against another log. Abram's replies were interspersed with grunts.

It was not a very long time before they struggled up the hill, Abram helping the doctor. His own hair was sending little streams of water down his wamus, but Doctor Garde was dripping from head to foot. When the light from the Furnace fell on him, he showed in a ghastly plight.

"Have you got a knife, Abram?" asked the Doctor.

Abram groped in his homespun and brought out what he called a jack-knife.

"Now, cut my sleeves open, will you?"

This was done. The doctor took his coats off.

"That rubber sleeve compressed it, or seemed to. It's considerably swollen." He examined his right arm. Bluebell could see him closing his lips.

"Just git on the horse now and I'll put sissy up behind you. Or can't you manage it?"

The doctor took the horse's bridle in his left hand, and placing one foot in the stirrup, leaped up as he did on his Arabian. But this time he sank back and leaned on the plough-horse's neck.

"Afraid I can't do it, Abram. A few ribs a little out of normal condition, too."

"Can't you step on that rock, father?" said Bluebell, caressing his sound elbow. In her comfort at having him again, she would have been his stepping-stone herself.

The faintness passing away, he followed Abram and the horse to a rock and succeeded in mounting from that. The farmer flung up Bluebell behind him, and took the bridle. This small cavalcade started at once.

"It'd be safer to go the long way around the hill," suggested Abram. "They're a-huntin' you b'low at the ford, and we might meet 'em with lights or somethin', and this horse might cut up. She's always simple along the Narrows.'

"The nearest way will be the safest to-night. I want to get home, Abram."

So they passed the Furnace in a quick walk and entered the Narrows. The night-workmen were busy inside, and probably speculating about the recovery of Doctor Garde's body.

"Father," cried Bluebell, hugging him carefully below his arms, "Ballie came home with the saddle all turned over!"

She laid her cheek against his dear wet back, ashamed to make louder demonstrations of joy. Now that he was out of the water, the whole disaster seemed a mere extension of that painful dream.

"And you started out to find where she left me, did you?" said father in a bantering tone which indicated that he was touched.

"Yes, sir, and I thought you fell over the Narrows."

"Did you say they were searching at the Ford?"

"Got out Ridenour's canoe and draggin' with a log chain."

"Who?"

"The whole neighborhood, nigh about. That g'ography man he first brought word to me, and the Furnace-hands heard, and they come. But it wasn't my theory that it — that you'd stop there. I felt pretty clear you'd went with the current. Liza, she come runnin' to tell me some mischance had happened to you. The g'ography-teacher, he looked scared out of a year's growth," said Abram, having recourse to the time-honored humor of his region.

"He was badly scared." The young doctor's face shone with a phosphorescent smile. "If I had left him to his fate he couldn't have stood it, perhaps, as well as I can. It was folly in him to try the Fork, any way. But he plunged in because I did, and I felt bound to help him over."

"He told us," remarked Abram slowly, "that you was kind of took off by the current and your horse kicked you, and you sunk."

The doctor laughed.

"Well, he certainly was scared out of his senses. Why, I had crossed the current, diagonally, as the mare always takes a swift current, and was just at the opposite bank, when he yelled to me. He had come in holding his horse's head down, and it was about to drown; they spun around in the current and started down stream. When I got to him I seized his bridle and tried to lead him out, and then the horse began to struggle, and the first thing I knew I was dropped of and thrashed around, and his gray gave me a few kicks which might have been fatal out of the water, and I saw Ballie spinning along the road with her gearing half off, and the young man getting safely out on his horse. I tried to swim, but my best arm was so numb I couldn't use it, so I just kept out of the way of drift as well as I could, and finally found a log I could crawl upon. I think he called me once or twice, but I found it necessary to fix my whole mind on what I was doing. When I got on my log and as far as the Narrows, it took hard work to get out of the current. Can't we move on a little faster, Abram?"

The horse's pace was quickened. Bluebell had not listened for the crumbling of earth below, nor did she much mind the gutter under Sable Rock hole. Her soul was given up to indignation.

"He didn't act the man, appearently," pronounced Abram, having turned all the incidents over.

"I'll never go to his g'ography-school again!" cried Bluebell from a bursting heart.

"Tut!" said father, "little girls should be seen and not heard. Abram, would you mind trotting? I think I could stand it."

They trotted.

Bluebell's face intensified behind the wet back. Her imagination rehearsed a scene. She put Mr. Runnels before the geography school, and especially before Mr. Pitzer's spectacles, and pointing to him said, "He is just as bad as Billy Bowl, for he let my father get pushed into the Rocky Fork after my father had helped to pull himout! "Old Billy Bowl! Old Billy Bowl!"

A LIST OF THE POETS-LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

1. Edmund Spenser, 1591—1599. The famous author of the *Faery Queene*.

2. Samuel Daniel, 1599—1619. Author of the *History of the Civil Wars*, and many minor poems. His style is marked by good sense, dignity, and a flow of pure and harmonious verse.

3. Ben Jonson, 1619—1637. The great poet and dramatist, whose name is familiar to every student of literature.

(*Interregnum.*)

4. Sir William Davenant, 1660—1668. A prolific dramatic writer, author of many fierce partisan pamphlets, and connected with the revival of the theatre after the eclipse it had sufferecd under the severe Puritan rule.

5. John Dryden, 1670—1680. Though Dryden did not receive his letters-patent until 1670, he nevertheless was paid the salary for the two preceding years.

6. Thomas Shadwell, 1689—1692. Author of seventeen plays. His name has been perpetuated as the hero of *Mac-Flecknæ* and Og of *Absalom and Achitophel*, satires by Dryden.

7. Nahum Tate, 1692—1715. A name almost forgotten. Said Pope of Tate's writings: "It is not poetry, but prose run mad."

8. Nicholas Rowe, 1715—1718. A rich and prosperous author, a good man, and an intimate friend of Pope and Prior. He wrote seven plays. The best known are *Jane Shore* and *Fair Penitent*. Rowe was the first to undertake an edition of Shakspeare upon true critical and philological principles.

9. Lawrence Eusden, 1718—1730. A name only perpetuated by Pope's *Dunciad*, Book I, line 63.

10. Colley Cibber, 1730—1757. Born in 1671, died in 1757. He was the author of thirty plays. See Pope's *Dunciad*.

11. William Whitehead, 1757—1785. Accepted the office after Gray had refused it. He wrote seven dramas, long since forgotten.

12. Thomas Warton, 1785—1790. Author of *History of English Poetry*: also of an excellent edition of Milton. He wrote some beautiful sonnets.

13. Henry James Pye, 1790—1813. "Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye," says Lord Byron, in his "Hints from Horace." And again in the "Vision of Judgment," the same poet represents the ghost of King George as exclaiming, on hearing Southey's recitation of *his* "Vision":

"*What, What!*
Pye come again? no more—no more of that!"

14. Robert Southey, 1813—1843.

15. William Wordsworth, 1843—1850.

16. Alfred Tennyson, 1850—.

The term "poet-laureate" is said to have had its origin in the custom of the English universities in the middle ages of giving a laurel wreath to those graduates who would undertake to compose a poem of 100 verses on some stated subject. They were called *poetæ-laureati*. The origin of the office of poet-laureate is obscured in doubt. Selden investigated the matter, and was unable to find any authenticated origin. The first laureate of whom we read is Wato, called the "Versificator," who wrote a panegyric on Henry I. Bale speaks of Robert Baston, who wrote a poem on a crusade under Richard I, as a poet-laureate. Again, we have record of Henry D'Averanches, "Versificator Regis," who received a hundred shillings per annum during the reign of Henry III. In the reign of Edward II, we read of Peregrinus who wrote a poem celebrating the siege of Stirling. Chaucer does not seem to have been appointed to the office, but it is said that he assumed the title, and in 1389 received from Richard II an annual allowance of wine. John Kay, who calls himself "hys humble poete," was reputed to be the poet-laureate under Edward IV. Andrew Bernard was called a poet-laureate during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. John Skelton is said to have succeeded Bernard.

In 1718, while Eusden held the office, a series of birthday panegyrics and New-Year's odes was begun, and this custom continued for a century. During Ben Jonson's tenure the salary was 100 marks; this was increased by Charles I to £100 and a tierce of Canary wine from the royal cellars. This continued until the time of Southey, when the pay was cut down to £27 and no wine. When Thomas Warton died, Gibbon tried to have the office abolished, but failed to do so.

Some of the poets who wore the laurel found their duties irksome, but only Whitehead saw fit to free his mind, as he did in the following unique verse:

"*His muse, obliged by sack and tension,*
Without a subject or invention,
Must certain words in order set—
And utter neither truth nor lies."

The whole matter is in some doubt, yet the best English scholars generally accept the names and order as we have arranged them above.—*A. F. Blaisdell in National Journal of Education.*

SANS-GAMMON.

SANS-GAMMON sunk down, with his head on his hand,
And groaned such a groan as hard cases demand.
I said to Sans-gammon: "My friend, this post-prandial pain means dyspepsia. Beware! Use it bland!"
"It doesn't mean any such thing!" said Sans-gammon, savagely; "it means that my whole life has been one conglomeration of ill-treatment and abuse, and it's getting to be what I no longer can or will stand!"

"Is it so? Take my arm. Let us have a good talk.
Now tell your mishaps to your friend while we walk."
"*You* don't care to hear them!" said S., with a stalk,
And a glare of distrust, which at once made me awkwardly pull my mustache and wish the fellow wouldn't be so rancorous! Of course, as an average human being, I was more interested in my affairs than his own; but he had my hearty companionship, as I assured him—tho' such a suspicious thrust
Will the kindest and friendliest impulses balk.

Said Sans-gammon, "My feelings get hurt, and I'm slighted."
At the curb, from her carriage Miss Smithers alighted;
I made her my compliments, duly delighted.
Sans-gammon stood off, like a heathen benighted,
and never took the least notice of the old lady, though he knows her hobby is to be treated with great consideration! Strange how he got his reputation for boorish unsociability, which before
The whole town has been sung and recited!

Then continued Sans-gammon, "Because I am so
Square and upright in business, they keep me down low!"
A customer met him, and there at one blow
Sans-gammon got rid of *that* patron, I know,
by snapping the man up, and quite walking over him, because in the course of a minute's conversation the individual asked him some business question,
"The answer to which any dolt ought to know!"

"And," still sighed Sans-gammon, "although I take life
Most seriously, doing my best in the strife,
(In strife he *did* well—he was always at strife!)
I can't get the woman I want for my wife!
And I can't get any enjoyment. I don't prosper; and I declare to you, I am sometimes awfully tempted to blow my head off with a gun, or eat poison, or jump into the river,
Or to sever my jugular vein with a knife!"

"No, that would be poor con-jug ating!" said I.
And here Rosy Posy came tripping it by;
She was the adored, I could tell by his eye.
What sort of impression on her did he try
to make, do you suppose? What a chance for an admiring look! or even a sad, penetrating glance! Not for Sans-gammon, however. He regarded her stonily, and told her he hadn't seen her looking so badly since she had that
Disfiguring boil on her nose in July!

I took poor Sans-gammon a pris'ner at that;
I dragged him off home, and showed him a cat:
"Rub her coat the right way: she lies purring and fat.
Rub it up the wrong way: there's her horny claw—pat!
Now, my man, put this morsel of truth into your mouth with your scratched finger, and chew the truth well! The human race is a very nice, comfortable tabby; and you're continually rubbing it's fur the wrong way. You tactless soul! if you don't quit it you *will* come to some sudden or unmourned end—and then your epitaph ought to be: 'This man died of not knowing how
To say *Pretty pussy*,—but *Scat! you beast, scat!*'"

MARY HARTWELL.

[*Original.*]

Querist and Social Circle.

Right welcome, friends, both old and new,
With questions fit and answers true;
Thrice welcome who together vie
To stronger knit the social tie.—*D. L. Milliken.*

BYBURY PAPERS.

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Go into the House when it Rains.

A paper read at a Bybury gathering by the Bybury Schoolma'am.

I have been asked (said Miss Hunt) to comply with Mrs. Enbury's suggestion, and write something on the subject of Deference to Wealth.

You will find my text in the last part of an old saying: "Go into the house when it rains." The discourse will not start from its text, but will arrive at it.

Mrs. Enbury, in her last communication, spoke of "society" people, as a class, fenced in, set apart. This reminded me of a remark I once heard made by a "society" young lady. She was past the first flush of youth, well educated, cultured, and, to a considerable degree, scientific. I mention these as being conditions under which one might expect to find the gold of common sense. We were fellow-boarders, and I really felt grateful to her for affording me so much entertainment. The way in which she graduated her manners, for instance, was vastly amusing. To those above her in the "society" scale she was deferential; to her equals, cordial; to those a very little below, affable; to those just outside the charmed circle, condescending; to those far outside, frigid.

We were only a short distance from Harvard College, and one day at table Commencement was spoken of. She expressed indifference, and I remember well the supercilious tone of voice, the half-contemptuous expression of countenance, the slight drooping of the eyelids, the as slight upward movement of the chin, and the genteel pucker of the lips with which she said, "I believe it is not a 'society' class this year." Talents, genius, attainments, were naught to her unless their possessors were "society" born and bred.

But now comes the curious part of the matter. The very people who laughed at or were affronted at her for looking down on them did themselves look down on others, and these on others, and these on others, and so on. And this is the case generally. The kind of people who rank number two, or lower, in the city, are often among the number ones of the towns, associating on *equal* terms only with those of their own social standing, and patronizing, or condescending to, or holding aloof from, the lower grades, so called. Either directly or indirectly their children are taught to consider themselves as being in some way set apart. They must walk and talk and play and study only with their set. There must be separate schools for them—select, private. If this were to secure more satisfactory teaching, well and good. But often the avowed object is that *our* children need not associate with *everybody's* children. Now a friend of mine, who has taught schools made up of *our* children and schools made up of *everybody's* children, tells me that the average of character was about the same in both. There was no despicable trait, no wickedness, no vice even, among the latter that was not also found among the former. It is true that among *everybody's* children may be found some who are rough in speech and manners, but these startling and repulsive exhibitions are more likely to repel than to attract *our* children. The worst danger comes not from these, but from evil influences which work unnoticed.

By this fencing off at school, and by certain other ways, *our* children, and especially *our* girls, are made to grow up into the belief that they are formed of a superior kind of clay, and this belief affects their behavior even on occasions when they and *everybody's* children meet on what is supposed to be common ground. A country town needs, say a new hall, or a clock, or a fountain, and to complete the necessary funds, "sociables" are held, which the whole town is asked to attend and support, the idea being that all who do attend come together sociably and on an equal footing. Among the girls present are some of *our* children, now in the beginning of their teens. It is curious to observe how, even at that tender age, they show the spirit of caste. It is shown in various ways: by smiles, glances, and rude whisperings; by a gathering up of the skirts when any of the "*low*" people come near, and by a marked avoidance of contact with "*low*" people, whether in sitting, standing, or dancing.

Usually they are encouraged in this behavior by home influences, if not by direct home teachings. Says dainty little Miss Geraldine Matilda X., in family circle next morning:

"That great lubberly, stupid Dick Hopkins, that used to work in our garden, asked me to dance with him! The idea! Of course I refused."

"Not quite the thing, perhaps, in a social assemblage," says Pa, "but I don't much blame you."

"One has to meet that sort of people in promiscuous gatherings," says Ma.

"He had on quite good-looking clothes, but nothing will ever be made of *him*," says Auntie.

Now if this stupid and lubberly Dick had been the son of a millionaire Miss Geraldine Matilda would probably not have refused to dance with him, or if she had, the home authorities would not have sanctioned the refusal.

"Why, my dear, he can't help his looks, you know. He may not be quite as bright as some, but he should not be slighted on that account. We ought to be careful of people's feelings. One should not think of one's own pleasure altogether."

Excellent sentiments! Far too excellent to be restricted to the narrow limits of a clique. Applied to the Dick Hopkins case they might be expressed somewhat in this way: "It is better that one should suffer fifteen minutes' discomfort, or even to soil one's gloves, than to run the risk of hurting a person's feelings."

Yes, the application of these sentiments should be as wide as humanity. "Behind every face is a heart, you know"—emphasis on second word. This takes in all: the stupid, the ungainly, the poverty-stricken, even the wicked. Behind *every* face is a heart to feel. Those who perceive this truth and are guided by it need never study the art of politeness. Their politeness will not be an art: it will be natural. It will show itself spontaneously, and to the lowly as well as to the lofty. A rose by the side of a ditch is still a rose, and can't be anything less. So the politeness of a man or a woman, or a school-girl or a school-boy, if it be genuine, will reveal itself in the hovel as surely as in the palace.

"I hear your brother is going to build a house; can he afford it?" asked a well-to-do lady of a shop girl with whom she had a slight acquaintance. This lady would not have presumed to ask such a question of a person of her own standing, supposing the degree of acquaintanceship to have been the same. This assumption of superiority is often seen in the behavior of those who are endeavoring to assist the poor by visiting, by free evening schools, free entertainments, etc. The *I-am-better-than-thou* spirit shows itself in every tone, look, word, and movement. They reach out a helping hand, but they make a very long arm, in doing it. They feel for the poor, but not with them.

I have a friend who supports herself and her mother by sewing. A gentleman of her town—a smooth, affable gentleman, punctilious in etiquette within certain social limits—called to see her on a matter of business, and kept

The Major seemed to take great interest in the story, but when it was finished he looked so tired, we said "good-night," and left him.

The next day the Colonel and I did the honors of the town, and showed him around the place. His ideas of business were remarkably clear, and he pointed out where would be a good location for the new grist-mill, and made such shrewd inquiries about the price of town lots, that we fancied he would be willing to invest by and by. Indeed, he won so much of the Colonel's estimation, that he invited him to give up his rooms at the hotel and take his residence with him; and after much persuasion the Major accepted the invitation.

The next few days he made the acquaintance of every one, and then began to talk business. His orders were to arrange for the purchase of one hundred horses at once, he said, but not to buy them wholly until further orders from headquarters. We had a number of good horses in the place, and, as times were a little hard, every one was willing to sell.

But one night, while the owners were chatting with the Major, in his room at the Colonel's, a band of thieves swooped down on the place, and stole the twenty best horses to be found in the county.

No one knew it until the next morning, and then there was a tremendous hubbub. I was sorry to have my subscribers lose their animals, but at the same time it certainly improved my business, and I sold a large edition of the *Mirror* containing the particulars of the robbery.

The Major behaved handsomely in the affair, and worked as hard as any one could to find the thieves; but they could find no traces, and came back disappointed and tired. Upon their return a vigilance committee was appointed, with Major Strong and Bob Smart as leaders. But Civil Bend was not visited by any suspicious characters again for a few weeks, and their care relaxed.

Major Strong still lingered with us, much to our gratification. He bought several town lots, on time, and gave us valuable assistance in our suit against the town of Brady. He still resided with Col. Greene, and was a constant attendant upon the Colonel's wife and daughter. People might have talked if it had been any one else, but, under the circumstances, no one could be so malicious as to think that there was anything wrong in his intimacy with Mrs. Greene.

The only one who never took to him was Bob Smart, and I found Bob growing so morose and silent, that I began to think he was drinking more than was good for him. One day I had a call from him in company with Col. Greene.

There was a devil-may-care air about Bob that I didn't like, but as the Colonel seemed to think it was all right, of course I was satisfied. I might as well say here, that, inasmuch as I was going to marry his daughter, I was pleased with anything that pleased him.

"Bob, here," said the Colonel, "thinks he has discovered something important, and says he wants to tell it to us."

"Fire away, Bob," said I.

"I hain't got a great deal to tell," said Bob, "but what I do say is 'cording to Hoyle. I am aweer of another plan to borrer some horses from the Bend, and I am disposed to prevent 'em from doing any such a d——n thing."

Of course we opened our eyes very wide. How did he know about it?

"The law says a man mustn't criminate himself, and, by hokey, I'm not goin' to do it. I presume my word is good, and I say *I know it.*"

"We must get out the Vigilants at once," said the Colonel, "We will head off this diabolical game."

"We mustn't do nothing of the kind, Colonel. We must organize ourself inter a light brigade, and go for those fellers."

"What!"

"Yes, I'm speakin', Colonel. I can snatch any half-dozen such chaps baldheaded, myself, and at any notis."

Bob then gave us a plan of operations, and it was so sensible we agreed to follow it. He especially made us promise to say nothing about it to Major Strong, saying he didn't want strangers mixed up in his affairs, and we felt the same way.

On the night the proposed stampede was to be made, he and I and the Colonel stationed ourselves in a little woods about half a mile from the town, and on the direct road to the Black Hill country. We waited patiently till long after midnight, and were at last rewarded by hearing the tramp of horses.

"It's all right," says Bob, "I've got a dark lantern, and I'll use it so as to bring a surrender, for I don't want no shootin' unless some on 'em's bound to be happy." We fell in according to programme; Bob in front, the Colonel at the edge of the wood nearest town, and I between the two.

The thieves had about a dozen horses, and were feeling safe. We could see there were only four men. The Colonel let them pass until the last man came up, when he gave a whistle; Bob and I answered it, and at that instant he flashed his light into the face of the man nearest him, calling out to us, "All right, boys?" and we answered back, "all right."

"We've got heads on you, boys," shouted Bob, "but we don't care to shoot, unless you'd rather have us."

They supposed there were a number of us there, and they surrendered. We fastened their hands and feet, and turned the horses into the woods. The Colonel and I were getting ready to go back to town, but Bob said our work wasn't through yet; he expected another friend along after a while.

We sat down with our prisoners and chatted with them until about daylight, when we heard the sound of a carriage coming out from the Bend. We put the men so that they couldn't untie or help each other, and then took our places near the road.

As the carriage drew near, you can imagine our surprise, when we saw that it was the Colonel's, with his best pair of horses drawing it. Our first thought was that some one must be sick, but Bob said there was no sickness anywhere, and he intended to stop the carriage anyway.

He took his place in the road, and when the horses were near him he called out, "Halt!" The man in the carriage answered by firing at him. Bob uncovered his light and flashed it in the horses' faces. They stopped a second, but that second was just long enough for the Colonel to catch them.

"You're done for, Major," said Bob, coolly, "we've been waiting for you."

The answer was an oath, but he saw three rifles before him, and he did not attempt any resistance.

"You d——n villain!" shouted the Colonel, "say your prayers, for I intend to shoot you."

"Oh! father, don't shoot," a female voice cried from the back of the carriage.

He sprang to the side and looked in, "My God! Minnie!"

I said nothing, though she was the girl I was going to marry.

Bob brought the men out of the woods, and we started back to town.

The people were just learning that their barns had been broken open, and were running around as if they were mad. Bob told them their horses were safe, and we went to the court-room with our prisoners.

The Colonel was elected judge, and a jury appointed in no time. The only witnesses called were Bob and myself. Bob's testimony was short:

"I found out that this yer Major was a bluffin' on us, and was the head of a band of hoss thieves, by openin' a couple of his letters. I'm the postmaster, and if any gent present says I ought not to have unpasted them ere letters, let the gent step up and say so."

No one thought so; on the contrary they gave three cheers for Bob, and then I gave my testimony. The jury found them "guilty," and the judge sentenced them to be hung in one hour.

When sentence was pronounced, one of the prisoners wanted to speak with Bob, and, after a minute's conversation, he addressed the court again.

"Gents, one of these men says he is a woman, by hokey; and she says if we will let her go, she will take us to the hosses stole last month. I ain't for hangin' women, myself; and I vote we lets her off innocent."

The vote was unanimous, and she was allowed to leave town, and, strange as it may seem, she kept her word and did return the stolen horses, and—married Bob Smart!

The others were taken out to the trees and hung; and it gave the Bend so much notoriety, that half the people in Brady moved over, and our town has prospered finely since that time.

As for me, I forgave Minnie, and married her, and we have been very happy. The *Mirror* is still increasing in circulation, and I think, after all, the Major was a great benefit to Civil Bend.

—*Richard Grant.*

A SONG.

I was laid low among the reeds,
And there Love found me;
Slow, slimy things and water weeds
Were moving round me.

The world passed by—I blamed it not—
Gay life hates sorrow;
The grace it never gave my lot,
I would not borrow.

From it I took my grievous wound,
And bravely did it—
Then trailed away, along the ground
In pain, and hid it.

Love cleft the reeds above my bed,
And wound, that killed me;
"Why, sweet!" he said, and raised my head,
And kissed and thrilled me!

His grand, warm eyes drank all my gloom—
And my distresses;
Ah! he to whom this Love doth come
All things possesses!

—*Mary Hartwell.*

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VOL. XIII.

WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

EDITOR

D LOTHROP & CO PUBLISHERS

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WIDE AWAKE.

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CONTENTS OF WIDE AWAKE, NOVEMBER, 1881.

Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

FRONTISPIECE. The storm, the great Arctic storm.	F. H. LUNGREN.	286
NIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.	GEORGE ADAMS.	287
Illustration, Frontispiece, by F. H. LUNGREN.		
PICTURE. How they do weed out the Woodchuck.	W. PARKER BODFISH.	290
AN EXPLANATION FOR MAMMA.	HER SON JAMES.	290
MISS TIPTY-TOES. Poem.	JOHN ALBEE.	291
Two Illustrations by ADDIE LEDYARD: Miss Tipty-toes in the morning: Miss Tipty-toes at night.		
HOW THE LITTLE STEADMANS HAD A GOOD TIME.	MRS. H. R. ELIOT.	292
Full-page Illustration by JESSIE MCDERMOTT: "What a surprise it all will be."		
BOYS AND BANTIES. Poem.	REV. J. K. NUTTING.	296
Illustration by W. P. B.		
TO-DAY. No. XI.	EDWARD E. HALE.	298
ALL HALLOWEEN. Poem.	MARY E. WILKINS.	301
Illustration by JESSIE CURTIS BUTTERFIELD.		
SHARON. Chapters VII., VIII.	MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD	303
Illustration by G. F. BARNES: Hillsdell and one pictured tome, called Shakespeare.		
A BRAVE BOY.	MARY WAGER-FISHER	309
A LITTLE SHOPPER. Poem.	MRS. M. F. BUTTS.	310
Full-page Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS. "And here I am in the store."		
HITTY'S FIRST SCHOOL.	E. C. WHEELER.	312
Illustration by CAROLINE HANSELL: Madam Gray's School.		
GRANDMOTHER'S BEAR STORY.	BRENDA AUBERT.	314
Full-page Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS. "And there, right in the path, a great black bear with a white face."		
GRANDFATHER'S BEAR STORY.	F. E. HAMILTON.	317
Illustration by F. MERRILL: Lying in wait for Brian.		
SOME MORNING ORDERS. Poem.	MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT.	319
HAVING HIS OWN WAY. Chapters IX., X.	AUTHOR OF "ROYAL LOWRIE."	320
Three Illustrations by WALTER SHIREAW: "A certain distinguished author." Waiting for the tide; Confidently expecting soon to tow into ocean.		
THE MAN IN THE MOON IN FOLK LORE.	JOSHUA F. PACKARD.	329
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.—A. D. 1622. Poem.	MARGARET J. PRESTON.	332
Illustration by W. P. BODFISH: "Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin!"		
RIX'S FIRST ERRAND.	SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.	334
Illustration by SOL EYTINGE, JR.: In pursuit of the roan hen.		
PICTURE. Making the Jack o'lantern.	W. PARKER BODFISH.	339
THE BOY KING OF EGYPT.	KATHERINE CAMERON.	340
POLLY COLOGNE. Little Folks' Serial. Chapter XI.	MRS. A. M. DIAZ.	343
Ten Illustrations by BOZ: Supper for two; "Sleep, baby, sleep!" "It is no use for a man to go home without his wife;" "Can we have Polly back?" "To keep them from taking cold;" Josephus had dropped down in a daisy; "Where are boys to the back seats?" A sob from Annetta; Martha Ann Wilson; Josephus has a mug of milk.		
PICTURE. Home, Sweet Home!"	G. F. B.	346
TANGLES.	FRANK L. STANTON.	347
MUSIC. Harvest Song.	LOUIS C. ELSON.	348
MAGNA CHARTA STORIES. II.—In the German Woods long ago.	ARTHUR GILMAN.	349
Illustration by ROBERT LEWIS.		
DOOR-YARD FOLKS.—I. Sculpus.	AMANDA B. HARRIS.	352
Illustration by BOZ.		
WAYS TO DO THINGS. II. For a Girl's Room.	MRS. SUSAN D. POWER.	355
Illustration by MRS. L. B. HUMPHREY.		
LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—MUSIC. II. Terpander and the Lyre of Greece.	HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.	359
THE TRAVELING LAW-SCHOOL. II. Florence and her own.	BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT.	361
HEALTH AND STRENGTH PAPERS. II. The Old Church Green.		363
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.		364

The December WIDE AWAKE will have many delightful features, besides stories and poems; prominent among them will be an amusing operetta, to be illustrated by Miss Nina Gray Clark, entitled "Prince Paul and Jean." the music by Louis C. Elson. There will also be a charming six-page ballad "Wee Willie Winkie," by Miss Wilkins, illustrated by Miss Humphreys in her happiest vein. Also a delightful paper, entitled "A Delightful Grandfather—Jacob Abbott among Children," comprising a considerable portion of Mr. Abbott's unpublished letters, etc.

D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS, 30 & 32 Franklin Street, Boston.

Press of Rockwell & Churchill, 39 Arch St.

And if the gold-haired boy and doves
Those solemn eyes of blue
Had really seen — how can I tell? —
The darling thought 't was true.

There was a slim young maple near
With gold leaves round his head,
And clematis caught on his boughs —
And was it that instead?

If 't was or no it matters not,
It was a pretty dream;
And we are gladder all our lives
Sometimes for things that seem.

Before the sisters went to sleep
On that All-Hallow E'en,
They told their gentle mother all
The wondrous things they 'd seen.

She laughed a little tenderly:
"Oh hush, my foolish dears,
Your true-loves come not yet, I hope,
For many merry years."

But when the three were all asleep
She came beside their beds,
And kissed them all, and softly stroked
Their little silken heads.

SHARON.

[THE FURTHER HISTORY OF DOCTOR GARDE'S LITTLE GIRL.]

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CHAPTER VII.

EVENTS.

SUNDAY came.

Dr. Garde's little girl was richer by one music-lesson, which Miss Melissa herself gave her; and by a blue shirred silk bonnet and muslin-gingham dress, as well as long black mitts, the like of which she had never seen before. Sunday was an important day in Sharon. This old Massachusetts colony retained many Puritan customs. All day the various church bells rang; for Sunday-school, for forenoon, afternoon and evening services. Miss Melissa and Bluebell moved on crowded sidewalks on their way to church. The little girl was astonished by the architecture which she saw around her. The church they entered seemed a sublime pile. They ascended a flight of broad steps, and passed through a matted vestibule into the vastest and whitest place Dr. Garde's little girl had ever seen. The aisles were carpeted, many of the seats were cushioned, the pulpit was a sumptuous small parlor by itself, and music, so full and mighty that it made the air shudder with delight, came from some invisible place. She followed godmother's rustling clothes up the central aisle, and was placed beside her in one of the most comfortably padded pews, with footstools under foot, and books in the racks. The tremendous congregation spread on every hand. There were no men's side and women's side! Families sat in their own seats. The bald head of a father might be seen beside the dancing, bonneted head of his daughter. Everybody seemed solemn but exceedingly comfortable; and when the music ceased nothing but a whisper of fans could be heard. Through a door at one side of the pulpit came a saint-faced man, who ascended and opened the Bible. He looked very nice, and not a bit like that Mr. Joel Clark at the Rocky Fork who cruelly mortified her one Sunday when she ventured to peep between the leaves of her book while he was preaching in very loud and long-sounding words. Her eye had just caught an old English wood-cut — possibly one of Berwick's — when it seemed the world was tumbling about her ears! She could not believe her senses. Mr. Clark was pointing his finger at *her*, and sinking her in seas of shame.

"That little girl," said he, "who is reading there, had better close her book and listen to the sermon."

Then the whole congregation looked at her as if they had always known she was a wretch. Perintha Pancost and Minerva Ridenour, who were just going to look into their books, sat up and appeared virtuously wrapped in the discourse, while Mr. Clark went on as if it was just right to crush a shrinking child by the way. And may be it *was* right. How did Bluebell know? He was a grown-up, good man, and a preacher, and she a little girl, of no account except in her relationship to Dr. Garde. She held the tears back with heroic struggles, but her face burned with hot blood; a mark was set upon her; and whenever Mr. Clark came around on the circuit, she could not bear to pass under his eye; and if he made an address to the Sunday-school, she cowered down behind the tall seats. This preacher in the Sharon church did not look as if he would point out little girls: therefore Bluebell liked him. The congregation stood up and turned around to sing, and then she saw the source of the music: two or three key-boards like a triple piano, on which a young man played, and a great row of pipes in a mass of woodwork which she did not understand. There were some people who stood in a class holding singing-books, and this singing-school was up in a high place like a slice of a second story, and this second story extended also around the sides of the church.

Miss Libbie Biggar sat in a pew the other side of a partition, in the most beautiful cherry silk bonnet, tied under her chin with ribbon. It was made like Bluebell's, with a slight flare. What else Miss Libbie wore, was concealed by the high partition. Beside her sat an old lady as fair as a lily, in mourning clothes. But that her hair was as white as dandelion-down, Bluebell must have believed her young; for nowhere in the church could be found a smoother, more delicate face. An old woman, according to Bluebell's observation, was a bent, brown person, wrinkled like a withered apple, like Granny Ridenour.

The two little girls exchanged glances; then the people kneeled down; then they rose up to their feet, and all began to talk out of their books to the minister, apparently, who talked back as if he were teaching them.

Libbie took advantage of this first lesson to lean over the partition and whisper:

"I'm going to call on you to-morrow. We went to Newark, so I couldn't come before. Orpha and Orrell are coming too."

"Yes," nodded Bluebell in trepidation, making signs, for the minister seemed looking over people's heads at them. She wanted to ask what made him wear a black gown with a white scarf around his neck. The people suddenly kneeled, and Bluebell hurried to drop to her footstool as she saw aunt Melissa do. It was all beautiful, and made her feel good; but Libbie Biggar reached over the partition to whisper again:

"You've got a pretty bonnet."

Her grandmother pulled her dress as she subsided, and Bluebell could hear her industriously saying off bits of the prayers. Then everybody resumed his seat; and the music, which had burst out at all sorts of pauses, began again triumphantly, and the people in the class up-stairs sang a very beautiful piece, which never afterwards quite left Bluebell's mind. She learned in time to know it as the *Te Deum*.

"There's Orrell," whispered Libbie again, indicating a flossy-haired child at the side of the church.

"Oh, don't!" begged Bluebell; "he mightn't like it." She cast her eye at the pulpit.

"Our minister don't care. I like him. He takes tea at our house. His boy whispers and squirms all the time. Look at him up there."

Bluebell looked at the boy in a front pew, and felt thankful to see him twisting very restlessly. He was a handsome little fellow; but, as Mr. Cook would say, not in harmony with his environments.

The sermon began, and Libbie's grandmother moved nearer to her.

"I don't have to come to vespers, do you?" said Libbie to Bluebell, when service was over.

"I don't know," replied Bluebell.

They moved out in different streams of people, and did not see each other again.

After dinner, godmother brought out the catechism and instructed her goddaughter. They went to vespers, and, before the gas was lighted, had a long talk, sitting with their arms around each other, in which the duties of godmother and godchild were discussed.

On Monday morning Bluebell practised her music lesson while aunt Melissa was shopping. After dinner she put on the muslin gingham, for in this town people frequently wore their Sunday clothes on common days! — and sat down by her godmother to learn herring-bone stitch. The French clock on the mantel ticked: it was black marble, with a shepherd leaning across the top; the piano stood open; when

Bluebell had stitched a strip or two, she might practise again. Afternoon checker-work moved on the porch, and shadows chased each other up and down the pillars. Bluebell felt like some grand little girl in a story, who had a fairy godmother. How pleased father would be to see her learning to be such a lady! Probably at that moment the scholars in the log school-house were just mopping their faces after recess. What fun they had had! — but how different the log school-house was from aunt Melissa's drawing-room! Bluebell's polish at this period began to have a vulgar, varnishy odor. She wondered if it was the proper thing to have gone to school in a log school-house. Libbie Biggar had evidently never done such a thing, and that pretty, fluff-haired girl at church could not understand how the benches had a queer, foreign smell, and Mr. Pitzer let them have such good times. Doctor Garde's little girl was noting the differences in externals, and the refining influence of beautiful surroundings; and in her anxiety to improve, she was in danger of forgetting what she owed to the country hills.

The knocker was lifted and came down with a boom, ushering in the prettiest and most laughable bit of comedy. Miss Libbie Biggar introduced her friends Misses Orrell Pratt and Orpha Rose, and the three diminutive ladies sat down in large chairs, and acted grown-up. They had on all their ornaments, and their white dresses were distended with the hoops which at that time were coming into vogue. Sweet and kissable in their ribbons and bright bonnets, they were a charming study as to manners. Orrell held her little sunshade in her crossed hands, and drooped her eyelids prettily, as she inquired about Miss Melissa's health, and delivered her mamma's compliments. Bluebell, at a signal from godmother, had put her work out of hands, and she too sat up, trying to reflect as faithfully as a mirror these pinks and patterns of juvenile society.

Miss Orpha had difficulty with the small wire framework, known as a skeleton, which surrounded her person, but she managed it with a great deal of tact.

"How do you like Sharon?" inquired Miss Biggar, as if she had never done so rude a thing as to talk across partitions in church.

"Oh, I think it's beautiful!" exclaimed Bluebell, with immediate consciousness that enthusiasm was out of place in the presence of such well-balanced ladies.

"Where did you live before you came here?" inquired Miss Orpha, with a touch of curiosity.

BLUEBELL AND ONE PICTURED TOME CALLED SHAKESPEARE.

Bluebell blushed! When she was older she blushed to remember that she blushed. But these girls seemed so finished, and she was so little in accord with their past, that her beginnings looked raw and humble.

"It was a very hilly place called the Rocky Fork."

"There are a great many hills here," remarked Miss Orrell.

"Yes; they are very pretty."

Bluebell's nerves twitched, she was on such a strain of propriety.

If the conversation flagged, the young ladies sat looking at each other and their young hostess, or Miss Calder, with calm, unchildlike nonchalance, which threw Dr. Garde's little girl almost into despair. Her former standard of being agreeable was to talk much and fluently; a pause was a breach of politeness, and put pins and needles into her flesh. How then could she ever hope to attain to such silent self-possession? Afterwards, at school, she discovered that Orrell was naturally dull, and Orpha not half as charming and amiable as first acquaintance seemed to warrant. She asked them about their dolls without arousing much maternal enthusiasm. As they went away, however, their voices could be heard in quick chatter along the street. Timidity had not ruled them in the least. They had simply been making a proper, dressed-up call, as their mammas did.

Then followed, in due course, that great day of the party. Bluebell was nearly worn out with anticipation before afternoon came. She had a new fluffy dress of a material called tarletan, spread over innumerable skirts and a skeleton. Aunt Melissa became her maid, and filled the office with the greatest care. The little girl's hair was braided loosely and tied in two ropes with long satin ribbon. Miss Melissa was guilty of shoeing her in white satin slippers, but they were heelless. This vision of little girl paraded up and down before the long glass in the parlor, overlooking her thin arms, and delighted with her fairy disguise. Promptly at four o'clock, some ladies and gentlemen began to arrive, some under the chaperonage of mothers or elder sisters, but the majority in twos, or covies like partridges. Bluebell, previously instructed, and much awed by the good company, did not run to meet her future playmates and ask them to go to the playhouse, or up-stairs to the garret for a play; even the luxury of a chicken funeral was far from her mind. She stood by aunt Melissa, and each little girl and boy, on emerging from the dressing-room and entering the parlor, was presented to her. There was a dressing-room up-stairs for the boys; the girls took off their hats and laid down their parasols in aunt Melissa's room. And they had doting elders who stood by and re-twisted their curls or adjusted the "set" of their hoops.

When everybody had arrived, the parlors swam with sweet faces, white full-blown tarletan flowers, white pants and black jackets. The boys had not the ease of the girls: it drew Bluebell's heart to them to see their awkward postures and attempts at behaving. The boys intended to come out strong at tea-time.

The older people who came along started games; the children played "Hunt the Slipper," and this created some real noise and scrambling. Then they played "Forfeits" and "Consequences;" and just before supper a grown young lady in enormous crinoline sat down at the piano and cried, "Partners for a French Four."

Immediately certain little couples took their places on the floor, and Johnny Pratt, evidently prodded by his sister, stepped up to Bluebell.

"Come on," said Johnny.

"What they going to play?

"Goin' to dance a French Four."

But Doctor Garde's little girl hung back, full of dismay.

"Come on!" exclaimed Libbie Biggar, "it's your party and you have to lead off. Isn't that the way, Miss Ann?"

The young lady at the piano turned half way around and said she believed it was. She looked at Doctor Garde's disconcerted little girl with a kind smile.

"What's the trouble?"

Oh, it was dreadful to have the room full of children and several irreproachable grown-up folks looking at her as if she were some peculiar savage.

"Why don't you come on?" cried Libbie with an impatient stamp.

"But I don't know how. I shan't mind if somebody else plays in my place."

Somebody else would not do, in the eyes of a few sticklers; so Bluebell was pushed and huddled through the figures, and merrily laughed at. And it seemed the most dreadful performance she had ever heard of, and mortified her sadly. She was consumed with a desire to step and act gracefully; the motion was exhilarating; but how could she put her toe out just so, and remember which hand to give every time! The others made precise steps with which she was unacquainted, and to imitate them in her timid way was to make a caricature of herself.

Aunt Melissa came in from the dining-room like a friendly sail to a half-wrecked sailor, and made a few

smiling excuses for her goddaughter. Then she marshalled the children out, and their guardians looked in at the dining-room door to see what a charming company they made. Admiring mothers assisted aunt Melissa in serving refreshments, and from the first biscuit to the last dish of pink ice-cream there were exclamations of delight over the table.

After supper they played in the grounds until sunset; other games in the parlors followed; and by eight o'clock the last little girl was going home saying she had had a lovely time.

And all these things made a deep impression on Doctor Garde's little girl. She felt elated notwithstanding the French Four, and kissed aunt Melissa with quite the air of Libbie Biggar. Godmother was delighted with the pleasure she had given. Her own individuality was very slight: to be amiable and appear as well as the best Sharon people was her standard of manners, and she was glad to see her charge conforming to them.

Still, the sap of the woods is strong, and will rise in veins which it has nurtured. After all this civilized excitement, Bluebell fell asleep late, and dreamed a wordless and rhymeless dream which had no beginning or end, but chimed along, bringing the smell of ferns and oak-leaves, sweet-brier and sassafras, and the very breath of trees, all around her. Nobody sings the full expression of dreams: if this dream had been sung, perhaps it would have sounded —

Oh, there was a very funny little pink-eyed man;
His hair stood out as only silk of dandelion can;
He whistled up the morning, and down the afternoon,
And slept inside a hollow tree all covered up with moon;
His dress was made of moss-hair that greener branches studs,
And fringed around with catkins of palest willow-buds;
He drove a sled of oak-leaf with katydids a span —
Oho! this world is rosy to a pink-eyed man!

His feet he bathed in violets; he tapped the big pawpaw,
And sucked, astride May-apple forks, each apple that he saw;
Peppermint and pennyroyal, sheep's-sorrel had he,
Spicewood and sassafras, and nuts from nutty tree;
His pockets sagged with dewdrops so bright they shone like sparks,
And he teetered on a grass-blade and threw the cores at marks.
He made a spider spin him a gray hammock on her plan, —
Sing, oh, this world is rosy to a pink-eyed man!

He made a brook-stone chimney within his little garth,
And piled a heap of fireflies to sparkle on his hearth;
All overhead were carvings of ancient wormy sort;
He tied up ants in couples and made them hunt for sport;
He had a little long-bow of throstle-quill; for string
He tore a strip of bat-leather out of a gray bat's wing;
And when he shot one June-bug, why, twenty others ran —
Aha! this world is rosy to a pink-eyed man!

His boat was half a butternut all scooped and polished clear;
He had a crew of water-skates, and he need only steer;
He always wore an acorn-cap for fear his hair might burn;
And he sat upon a toadstool and fanned him with a fern;
Or in an empty bird's nest he piped whole afternoons;
The gnats would dance by thousands to hear such merry tunes;
The long sweet time in honey-drops of amber clearness ran —
And oh, this world is rosy to a pink-eyed man!

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS BIGGAR'S POSSESSIONS.

Every afternoon the knocker clanged on Miss Calder's door, calls for her *protegée* being plentifully sprinkled among the visits of older ladies to her. Doctor Garde's little girl enjoyed driving out to make calls with her godmother. In a town the size of Sharon, over twenty years ago, calling on your intimate neighbor with state and ceremony was a moral duty. The afternoons dreamed. Slow embroidering and careful hand-sewing were enlivened by rapid talk. It was delightful to be roused from a drowsy state by a pageant of friends in great bravery whose manners accorded with their clothes. The people of southern cities will have their *Mardi gras* mummery in spite of fever and famine: so, at that period, the ladies of large villages found their principal diversion in careful toilets and stately calling.

But the best thing after all at aunt Melissa's was the library. Bluebell was overwhelmed by her riches in that. Her own *Cat Book* paled by the side of *One Thousand Fairy Tales* and the *Arabian Nights*. There were books of travels, and piles of *Graham's Magazine*, *Sandford and Merton*, Abbott's *Rollo Books*, *Robinson Crusoe*, whole shelves of poets, immense cyclopædia volumes, and even a few gilt annuals, books of beauty, etc. Walter Scott and Irving inhabited one long shelf with Cooper. O world of books, what a great world thou art, and how large a part of many people's lives is projected into thee!

Miss Melissa herself was a gentle student. She felt her early relish revived by the fervor with which this child seized on the library. She directed Bluebell occasionally, but let her forage at will.

Doctor Garde's little girl calculated that this feast of books would last until she was quite old — almost twelve, in fact.

One pictured tome, called Shakspeare, hard to lift from the shelf, and very queer and hard to understand in some parts, had yet a fascination. She was delighted to find this the source from which came some of the best *Fourth Reader* pieces: Shylock at the trial: Prince Arthur and Hubert. She toiled carefully through both the whole plays, and would not for anything have confessed to a grown person that she felt real sorry for poor old Shylock, though he was bad. It seemed so naughty of his daughter to carry off the ring he prized — the one he had from his wife Leah — and so dreadful for him to lose all his prop: — prop, Bluebell considered, must be short for property. But Portia and the caskets were great fun, and Antonio a man almost as lovely as her own father. She devoutly wished Hubert had taken Arthur away off into the country — to some place like the Rocky Fork — and had never told the king he still lived. Wasn't it nice the old bad king got so scared at those moons! He was as bad as the uncle in *Babes of the Wood*.

But the very loveliest of everything was Midsummer Night's Dream. What could be cuter than Puck, or more delicate than Titania! With a natural instinct for pronouncing, the little girl got nearly all the names right, though she branded Theseus as The-ze-us, unconscious of the Greek dipththong's shortness, and never in her life could she alter the charmed sound.

Plutarch's Lives was delicious in spots, but rather tough. Shakspeare, on the other hand, was never, never tough. She missed old and deep meanings intended for adult senses. Titania's infatuation with the weaver was so funny she chuckled heartily. But the finer aroma of the plays was never missed once.

There were some copies of Dickens on the shelves too; but she happened on them late, for Dickens did not appear an attractive name.

Libbie Biggar came flying in and found Bluebell with her head supported by her hands and a fat volume propped open on the table.

"Come on!" exclaimed the shingled young lady; "Miss Calder said you might go to my house and stay the afternoon."

Doctor Garde's little girl looked up, absent and half distressed.

"Sit down and take off your hat," she murmured, with a glimmer of polite solicitude.

"I shan't stop a minute. What are you reading?"

"Oh, it is the nicest story! Oh, his mother was so sweet, and Mr. Murdstone was so mean, and so was Miss Murdstone. But I could hug Peggotty: she's as good as Liza was. And I almost wish Davy would go away off and visit his funny old aunt that flattened her nose against the window."

"Well, come on. I don't care anything about that. You're always reading. Orpha Rose says you went and huddled down in a corner with a book when she had you to her house to tea."

"It was *Undine*," pleaded Dr. Garde's little girl, turning red. "I did want to know so bad what became of her."

"I don't think it's nice to be reading all the time."

That settled it. Libbie Biggar, who had been carefully brought up from birth, ought to know what was nice. Still, Doctor Garde's little girl felt her individuality too strong for her in spots. She inwardly decided that it was nice, too!

"But I don't read all the time. I began Davy last week, and I've only read a little piece, about little Em'ly and the boat-house and all, and where Mr. Murdstone whipped him, and Davy bit him — oh, good!"

"Well, if you 're coming to my house to play little dinner, come on. I don't see any fun in just reading and reading and reading."

Miss Biggar spoke with a tang of injury; and with a similar tang on her part, Bluebell marked her place in Davy and hid the book lest somebody else might appropriate it. To be hauled by the ears all the way from a distant country called England, to play ever such a fine play, was sudden. But there was no appeal. Doctor Garde's little girl must always be under the dictation of some companion. She followed Libbie as obediently as if the latter were Tildy, and the stage of action the Rocky Fork. How far she would bear dictation the dictator never knew until he experimented and her swift and complete rebellion apprised him. But, after all, what little girl would not for the time prefer Libbie Biggar's playroom to all the libraries collected since and including that of Ptolemy Philadelphus?

It looked like a toy-shop. There were animals standing on wheels to be drawn by a string; animals which nodded their heads quite like life; cats that mewed, dogs that barked; rabbits and squirrels sitting up in plaster-of-Paris immobility; a whole Noah's Ark with a cargo of wooden survivors — Mrs. Noah, Mrs. Ham, and Mesdames Shem and Japhet in red

or blue or yellow or green dresses of bright paint, and Noah to the life, looking so like the rest of his family that you could only distinguish him by his broader hat. As for dolls, Georgiana, who had come in Bluebell's arms, sat down in despair and felt nobody at all! There was a baby doll in a cradle, with real bald head and fat hands, wearing a long dress and baby cap. A very much dressed mother-doll sat by it in one chair of a satin and mahogany parlor set. A negro doll dressed in bright calico leaned against the head of the cradle to signify that she was the most faithful of nurses. Various insignificant dolls with mashed *papier-maché* faces lounged about in faded finery, or sprawled staring at the ceiling as if counting flies. A wax lady as large as Libbie could handle — so immense in fact that she wore a little girl's shoes — sat in an arm-chair.

O Georgiana! when thy doting relative felt that mighty doll's floss and saw her walk across the floor, and heard her cry "mamma!" instead of the inarticulate noise which was all thou couldst make in thy chest, didst thou not slide down and roll up thine eyes and decide that life was not, after all, worth living!

But what were the dolls beside the cooking furniture of that magic room! In those days every little girl had not a complete toy household at her command. Conveniences for cooking dolls' meals were rare, and many a doll sat down to a cracker on triangles of broken dishes, and thought herself well served.

But under the black mantel on the brick hearth of Libbie Biggar's playroom stood the completest little iron stove, with Lilliputian lids, pots, pans, skillets, oven, tea-kettle. It was not to be looked at, but cooked with. In the left-hand corner by the fireplace was a cupboard, bearing a tea-set, and not the kind which will barely fit your finger with thimbles of cups, but large enough to eat with. And a round table was drawn cosily near it; a table just large enough to spread above little girls' laps when they sat up to it on low chairs.

What a kingdom to come into! They set about kindling a fire in the stove with sticks prepared for that purpose, and very soon the little monster was roaring away, the pipe sending up small clouds to the chimney, the tea-kettle blowing out steam, and coals of actual fire grinning between the steel bars!

Mrs. Biggar, the floss-haired grandmamma, came in, smiled indulgently at their zest, and exhorted them not to set themselves on fire. She was going out, and if they wanted anything they might get it from the kitchen. After she was gone, the domestic, probably set to watch the fire, looked in once or twice, and left some goody each time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BRAVE BOY.

By Mary Wager-Fisher.

HIS name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years old, and he lived in a large city in the State of Ohio, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools. He was a slender lad with quiet gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of the "brag" about him. Some of the boys called him a coward because he never would fight; and whenever a rough fellow would shake his fists in Frank's face with "You don't *dare* to fight," Frank would quietly say, "I dare *not* to fight;" which was a much braver thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one doubted Frank's bravery. It was in mid-winter, and the fires in the school-building were fed with bushels of coal in order that the rooms might be kept warm for the hundreds of boys and girls in the school-rooms in that very cold winter weather.

Suddenly the teacher in the division where Frank Thompson studied discovered from a cloud of smoke that burst into the room that the school-building was on fire, and there were five hundred children in it; and in less than one moment half the children in her room knew, as did she, of the danger, and were preparing to rush out of doors. The teacher, Miss

Olney, said not a word, but springing to the door, she lifted her hand and with a commanding gesture motioned the pupils back into their seats, and they dared not disobey. She then hurried from the room to warn the other teachers of the danger and to give the alarm of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with flashing eyes had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in the room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"*Stand back!*" he cried; "*not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!*"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door with uplifted hand was equal to an army with banners. Every one felt that the boy who dared *not* to fight, dared to hold his post, and guard it too. And so he stood until the teacher returned, when he slipped into a passage-way, and fairly flew to one of the lower rooms, where he knew there was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted him in his arms and never lost hold of his burden until he had put him safely down at his mother's door, two or three squares away. Then he returned to the school-building from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a coward after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the newspapers, and several gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it were these words:

TO FRANK THOMPSON,
FROM THE CITIZENS OF C———,
IN HONOR OF A BRAVE DEED.
DEC. 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do *right*, and always a coward who dared to do *wrong*.

And now that the story is told, let us give three cheers for brave Frank Thompson and all the other boys like him.

A LITTLE SHOPPER.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

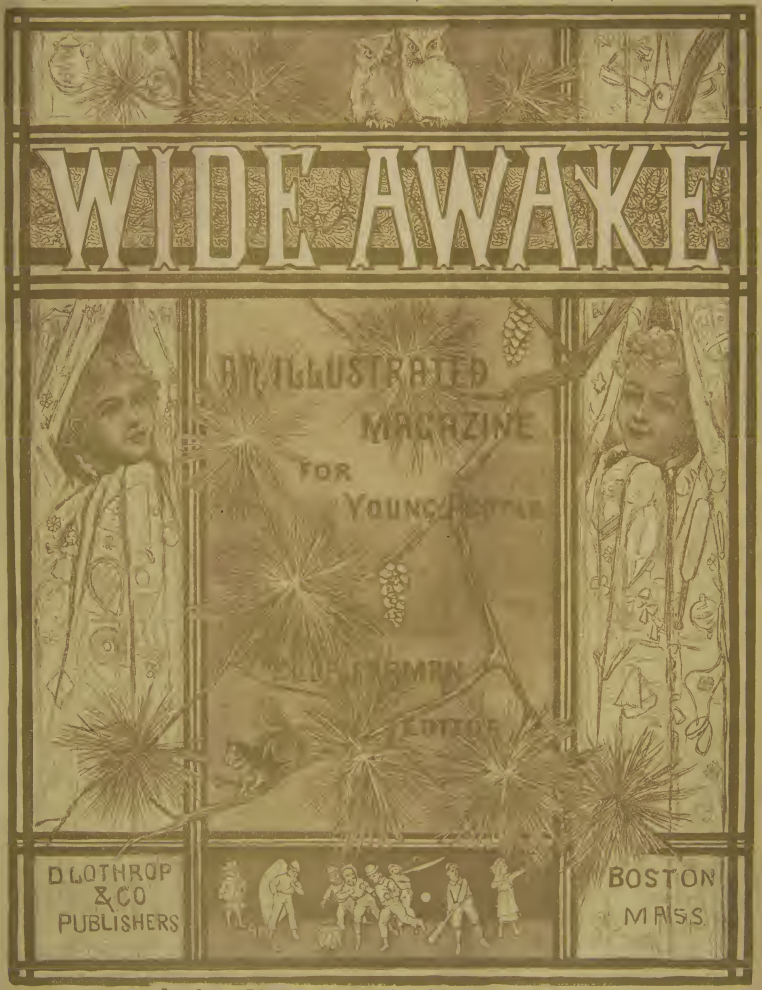
I WAS sent to buy purple silk;
I was sent to buy a gold crown;
I was sent to buy a gown of green
And a pillowful of down.

And here I am in the store,
And no one says me nay;
They do not ask for silver or gold —
They keep their goods for play.

Here are asters for purple silk;
Here is golden-rod for a crown;
Here is plenty of down in the milkweed pods;
And the sea brings green for a gown.

Permanent Enlargement of Wide Awake — See Yellow Pages Inside.

25 cts. a No. SEPTEMBER, 1881. $2.50 a Year.



London: JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 Fleet Street.

'Course I like grandpa's house; it's the splendidest
place to stay,
When there's all the out-doors to live in, and nothing
to do but play;
Somehow you forget your mother — that is, just the
littlest bit,
Though, if she were here, I suppose that I shouldn't
mention it.

But oh! there's a difference, Dolly, when your head
is so full of pains
That ('cepting the *ache* that is in 'em) there's noth-
ing left of your brains.
Remember how nice it feels, Dolly, to have your
head patted and "poored."
Ache? Why, I ache all over, and the bed is as
hard as a board.

Nurse says "it's a sweet lovely morning." It may be
for all that I care, —
There is just one spot in this great wide world that
is pretty — I wish I was there!
I can see the white roses climbing all over the low
porch door,
And the daisies and buttercups growing — I never
half loved them before.

And mother — let's see! she is standing in that very
door, no doubt —
She loves to look out in the morning and see what
the world is about —
In a pale-blue something-or-other — a loose sort of a
wrapper, I guess —
As if a few yards of sky had been taken to make a
dress.

And up from the pine woods yonder comes a beauti-
ful woodsy smell,
And the breeze keeps a hinting of Mayflowers —
the real pink arbutus-bell;
And I think most likely the robins have built in the
cherry-tree,
And by and by there'll be birdies — and I shall not
be there to see!

Did you hear any noise, Dolly? Speak, Dolly, you
little witch!
As if somebody was laughing — or crying! I couldn't
tell which.
We've kept from crying, so far; we've choked, but
we wouldn't cry —
I've just talked it out to you, dear; I had to, or else
I'd die.

But if that *is* you, mother (and I know by your lips
that it is),
I'll just squeeze your head off! — you think that all I
want is a kiss?
O mother: to papa and Tom you needn't go men-
tion it,
But *you* know it was *homesickness* almost killed your
poor little Kit!

"NOT A BREATH OF AIR!"

SHARON.

[THE FURTHER HISTORY OF DOCTOR GARDE'S LITTLE GIRL.]

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

"THEY BROUGHT BACK BUNCHES OF HONEYSUCKLE."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST TIME.

WHEN everything was settled, the Rocky Forkers said they were not surprised that Doctor Garde was going to move. A man always ought to better himself; but they hoped he *would* better himself. The Rocky Fork was rough and hilly, but some towns might be worse.

Miss Calder was to take the children home with her; but the Doctor, able to ride about with his arm in a sling, had to collect fees and settle his business before departing to a new field.

So Bluebell came the last time to the log schoolhouse. She might not see it again.

"The children shall visit you every summer, Liza," said the young man.

"And you must come to see them," urged Miss Melissa. But Liza knew the old time was forever broken up. And Bluebell knew that when she came back the schoolhouse would not be her schoolhouse, nor Mr. Pitzer, if he still reigned, her master; yet in her bustle and anticipation, regrets were crowded to a corner of her mind, and she felt important on this last day. Mr. Pitzer had written a beautiful parting address to her on half a tall foolscap sheet, in his fairest hand, up strokes light and down strokes artistically shaded, with such wonderful turning W's and other capitals, throwing fantastic vines all around. He had ornamented the top with a bird and a fish in red and green inks, each being deftly finished by a continuous flourish without the pen having been lifted from the paper. The address began, "Dear Youth;" and went on to describe life as a stream, and a child as a young voyager who was bidden to beware of quicksands, whose sky your old friend hoped might be ever free from storms. "How touching was a young and interesting mind just unfolding its petals to the sunlight! Whoever should bring it to perfect flower, it would always be a source of pleasure to your old friend to remember that he was the first to lead it in the ways of knowledge. May heaven bless and richly endow my young friend! Your schoolmaster,

"Thomas Pitzer."

Bluebell folded the paper reverently. She could not read many of the words; it was necessary to add more years to her life before this production could be appreciated in its magnitude. But she was very grateful for such a testimonial, and some odd tender string began vibrating in her little heart. O dear Mr. Pitzer! and dear old benches that smelled like the chest carved by Antony of Trent! The very dunce-cap was a thing of joy when she thought of it! How funny it looked on a blubbering little boy who would not repent of his misdeeds until he was stood in the middle of the floor with that paper cone on his head! Should she ever know again the hungry smell of a reticule that has a few stale crumbs in it? She had her way all day. She visited, and when she and

Tildy asked to go after the water, not a soul in school would have been a rival candidate for the same office.

They brought back bunches of honeysuckle from Langley's well, and the smell of that flower became forever associated in Bluebell's mind with worm-eaten benches, clay-chinked walls and the stirring air of the hills. She wore her best blue calico, and felt so dressed up as to have lost part of her identity. So Tildy rested the pail-handle on a stick, and silently carried the short end herself. And when they put the water-pail on its bench in the corner, Jo Hall got permission to pass it around (another fat office in primitive school-life), and not one mouth within those walls could refuse to press the dripping gourd when it presented itself, splashing cold drops on bare feet, or sending delicious shudders through thinly covered limbs. When Jo Hall reached Bluebell, he dropped in her lap not only a thumb-paper bearing her name, but a lot of birds ingeniously folded in the pattern generally accepted by the school.

Perintha Pancost had her pocket so bulging full of new apples that it weighed her down, and all the scholars on her bench swallowed expectantly. But, one after the other, they were passed to Bluebell, through hands which only stopped them on the way for a smell; so Bluebell's pocket bulged, and she and Perintha exchanged the most amiable and confiding smiles. Mr. Pitzer was so busy mending pens he perhaps saw no occasion for bringing out and reading that article of the rules which forbade eating "*apples, condiments, and nuts, or going to dinner-bags in school hours.*"

How kind all those boys and girls were! John Tegarden showed her the "Death of the Flowers," in the Fourth Reader, which he was learning to speak before summer school was out, for the "last day;" and, as it had a melancholy tone, Bluebell felt vaguely complimented. She would be away off in Sharon on that day; she would not even see the prizes distributed, to say nothing of missing that spelling prize herself.

Some of the parents who were not too busy harvesting would be there in their Sunday clothes; the children themselves would appear in different character, all shod in stiff shoes or jaunty slippers, the fortunate girls in white dotted swiss, or book muslin, with rosettes of ribbon in their tightly braided hair, the poorer ones in starched calico, the boys dressed exactly like their fathers, and looking like little old men, very much subdued by the calamity of clothes.

But still there probably were grander gala days in Sharon.

Amanda Willey would have Bluebell stand next to her in the ring at noon when they played "*I lost my glove yesterday, found it to-day.*" Of course Tildy stood on the other side, and Perintha, who went around with the glove — which was simply and solely an empty reticule, there being no glove in the entire school wardrobe — dropped it behind Bluebell. They abstained from "*Drown the Duck,*" because she hated the tiresome ins and outs, and was sure to be drowned by dashing straight at the leader.

Even the boys left "*Bull in the Pen,*" and "*Mad Dog,*" to say nothing of "*Base*" and "*Three Old Cat,*" and condescended to play for once with the girls, if the girls would play that variation of "*Hide and Seek*" known to them as "*Hickamy-dickamy;*" and to Bluebell was reserved the right of repeating the cabalistic formula by which the panting and eager crowd was narrowed down to the one party who had to hide his eyes. With dipping forefinger she went the rounds, rejoicing in the liquid roll of the words:

> "Hickamy-dickamy, aliga-mo;
> Dick slew, aligo-slum;
> Hulkum, pulkum, peeler's gum:
> France — you're out!"

The lot fell on Minerva Ridenour, that little baby-faced thing who was always standing about with her mouth open, as if perpetually astonished at the world, and who could not even eat an apple without showing how her white first-teeth made cider of the fruit. There were plenty of places to hide: behind logs and trees, behind the schoolhouse and the schoolhouse door. Before she had counted a hundred, with her eyes hid against the base, not a bobbing head or glint of calico could be seen in the landscape; and when, rubbing the smear which darkness had made, off her sight, she wandered cautiously a few yards from the base, lo! there were half a dozen long-legged fellows patting it, having swooped from overhanging branches or from behind logs. Forms appeared everywhere, and the little Blindman ran valiantly, but overtook only one or two at the base, where she patted excitedly, calling the individual names of the entire school, until she was checked, and reminded if she called anybody's name before he appeared that party could "come in free." Jo Hall and John Tegarden remained out when all the rest stood in a

scarlet and perspiring group! and it was ludicrous to see Minerva fly back to the base, as if drawn by an elastic rope which she had stretched, every time an alarm rose behind her or she saw a suspicious spot. On the other hand, the found majority shouted warning or encouragement to the invisibles:

"Lay low, Jo!"

"Run, John, now's your time! Run! run! run!"

BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE GARRET.

John had hid in the hollow towards the Rocky Fork, and his long legs at his distance were pretty equally matched against Minerva's tardier feet at her distance. It was an exciting moment, in which the majority patted its hands and knees and shouted with all its might. Minerva came in gallantly, but John reached over her at the last instant and patted the base: "One, two, three!" And then his impetus carried him sprawling on the ground. It was John's nature to throw his entire sensitive soul into what he undertook, and he did not enjoy the girls' laughing and the boys' hooting as he scrambled upon "all-fours." He did not know he was to do martial service for his country and to die the death of a soldier. The noble possibilities of the boy were at that time only apparent in his tenderness of heart. It was an aggravation to an awkward fellow like John to see Jo Hall sail in and encircle the base while Minerva was farthest from it, as if Mercury's wings grew on his neatly moving heels, pat it triumphantly, and step back with his head up, as if graceful success was a matter of course for him.

Oh, they had so much fun! If there was anything in the world more exhilarating than running right through when the Black Man calls, Doctor Garde's little girl had yet to encounter it. Then there was that similar play, with a shiver in it:

"How many miles to Barley-bright?"
"Three score and ten."
"Can I get there by candle-light?"
"Yes, if the witches don't catch you!"

But the school-day ended. Bluebell put her reader and spelling-book into her reticule. She got one last head-mark. And the lessons the higher classes had read that afternoon made a background of thought in her mind — the magnificently worded "Con-fla-gra-tion of an Am-phi-theatre," and that rousing story of a son's return, beginning, "It was night. The widow of the Pine Cottage had laid on her last fagot."

One by one the boys and girls went out, bowing or curtseying to the master, and he laid special emphasis on the "*Good* evening" which he gave Bluebell.

How soon it was all over! And how soon the very evening before her departure had come! The clothes she was to wear on the journey were laid out on a chair, and her mother's trunk brought down from the garret, repaired and packed. After all, it was decided to let Roxana stay with Liza until her father was ready to depart. In her own flutter, Bluebell scarcely anticipated missing the baby.

Tildy came over to stay all night, and they played until late. She brought her John Rogers' Primer as a parting gift for Bluebell to "remember her by." Its frontispiece represented the martyr, John Rogers, burning at the stake, surrounded by soldiers with axes, and his numerous family, in very short-waisted gowns or mature-looking coats. The delightful rhymes within its covers almost repeated themselves:

"Time cuts down all,
Both great and small."

"In Adam's fall
We sin-ned all."

"Zacharias he
Did climb a tree,
His lord and master
For to see;"

and many others with an old-fashioned tang like that of a winter apple kept far into the spring. And there was, besides, John Rogers' address to his children. On receiving this precious pamphlet, Bluebell drew from her own stores her oldest and dearest book, the "*Hymns for Infant Minds*," in pink pasteboard covers. There was this prime favorite:

"My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope as the older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child."

And there, too, was Mr. Pitzer's battle piece:

"Let dogs delight," &c.,

and.

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth has smiled;"

with dozens of other gently stimulating hymns which Bluebell had long known by heart. In giving this book to Tildy, she gave as nearly a part of her identity as could be separated from herself.

Morning came—early, but moist and shady among the hills. The girls were up before anybody else in the house. Tildy hooked Bluebell up with maternal care, and combed the tangles out of her hair with an energy which came near straining their friendship at that last moment.

Then Liza bustled about breakfast, and the baby waked in the unusual stir. Miss Melissa moved out of her chamber in the dignified habit which she had laid aside after her arrival at the Rocky Fork. Father did not ride away until the party was ready to start. Abram with his spring-wagon was to drive them to the station: father was still a left-handed horseman.

The last, and almost the very best, breakfast of Rocky Fork life was just over, when Robert's Liza and Teeny came trailing up the meadow, their dresses deeply touched with dew. Teeny brought her rough-coated china lamb as a parting gift; she had outgrown such toys; but Bluebell could only give her a kiss in return, for all her treasures were under lock and key.

Then a rattling was heard along the lane, and Abram appeared with his horse and spring-wagon. He had two split-bottomed chairs for his travellers, but for himself, a board across the wagon was good enough. He let down the bars, and drove in to take on the trunks. And then Bluebell realized that she was going away from home!

"GOOD-BY, B'UEBELL, GOOD-BY!"

Does the child leave you so lightly, old weather-beaten house! Never mind. Years will bring you

your revenge: you will live in her mind forever, a symbol of joy which does not come when we are older.

She is squeezing the little sister, responding to Tildy's stoical hug—and Tildy starts straight to the lower bars, her brimming eyes turned from the company. Liza-Robert is caressing her with some pious words, and now she is tight in Liza's arms, just realizing how soft and comfortable and dear they have been. She hangs to Liza while the god-mother makes her adieux, and Teeny gives her another pat as Abram hoists her into the vehicle.

Father is ready on his Arabian to ride beside them as far as Mary Ann post-office. They will take the long way around the hills.

The bars are put up behind them. Bluebell looks back and sees her group of friends moving into the house, and hears Rocco's voice—like the voice of the old house—calling persistently:

"Good-by, B'uebell! Good-by. Good-by, B'uebell!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

"Father," said Doctor Garde's little girl, when she saw the branching road ahead on which he must ride away from her, "you won't get into the Rocky Fork again, *will* you?"

"If I do, it will barely reach my saddle-girth now," replied father, smiling.

"But you'll be careful, won't you, father?"

"Yes, I'll be careful."

Both his horse and Abram's wagon were checked when the roads separated, while a few adieux were said. He shook hands with Miss Melissa and kissed his little girl. In a few moments he was cantering away, and Bluebell felt launched on the unknown world by herself. There was Abram, however, a figure to whom she had been accustomed so large a part of her life. And though he seemed nothing but a figure now, driving silently and looking straight ahead, for Abram was a reticent man, he was most significant of home. It was a long drive to the railroad station. Mary Ann post-office was quite back in the wilderness, and Bluebell had always thought it a suburb of the great world.

They stopped in the woods far from any house, and had their dinner. Liza had put up the best of lunches and plenty of cold tea. Abram unhitched his horse and led it to a stream to drink; then he took a sack of feed from the space behind the trunks, and fed it. Miss Calder and Bluebell sat on their chairs, but Abram took his dinner resting on the grass. When they had stopped half an hour by Miss Calder's time, he hitched the horse again, and they moved briskly forward lest they should be too late at the station for the afternoon Baltimore and Ohio passenger train.

As they came down a slope, Doctor Garde's little girl saw what she thought was an immense long boat sliding across a grassy plain with a roar which terrified her. It was as strange a sight as a blue or scarlet moon in the sky.

"Oh, look at that!" she cried: "what is it?"

"That's the east-bound passenger," said Miss Melissa. "Our train will be down soon now."

So that strange vision was "the cars."

She had heard of their rapid motion, and was prepared to see them shoot like a meteor; they were a little disappointing in that respect. But the smoke, the noise! And the possible danger! Suppose that train had changed its direction, and had run up the slope straight at Abram's wagon! Bluebell had no doubt the mysterious sliding power could move where it pleased. But when they alighted at the station, she saw stretching in front of it, and as far as eye could see on each side until the parallel lines became points or disappeared behind hills, iron rails laid on a prepared road. This was the railroad; the flying boat could not leave it for a turf track and prosper. Here was matter for congratulation; but a new fear arose in the little girl's mind which she would not on any account have betrayed. If the cars ran on wheels, as aunt Melissa explained that they did, how *could* those wheels keep from slipping off the polished tops of the rails? and if they departed ever so little, Bluebell knew what must follow. Her vision of riding on the cars began to take a lurid nimbus. Still, other people had ventured and lived.

The station was a small lonely building, but several handsome farm-houses could be seen in the landscape. There were two rooms inside, in one of which a little machine clicked all the time. There were poles all along the railroad, with wires stretched along their tops, and Bluebell noticed that these wires came down through a window to this machine. She knew what that was. It was the telegraph. She had heard things went more quickly over that than over the railroad.

"I hope father and Rocketty will ride on that when

they come to aunt Melissa's house," she thought. "Wouldn't the baby's eyes pop when they went spinning along so fast! But what do folks do when they get to the poles? I should think the tops of the poles 'ud hit 'em. I guess they just swing round the poles and go on. I don't believe I could go very fast if they *was* telegraphin' me."

Miss Melissa sat on a bench in the station. Abram had attended to the tickets and had the trunks marked for delivery at Newark. He then drove his horse some distance away, and having secured it, came back to see his party off.

Bluebell slipped her hand into his and stood by him on the platform.

"You'll soon be off now," said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you glad to get away from the Rocky Fork?"

"Oh, *no*, sir! But I want to learn at a big seminary."

"That's a fact," said Abram, as if deliberation had convinced him of it.

"Mr. Banks, I s'pose you'll see Tildy?"

"It's likely I will; yes, it's pretty likely."

"If you do see her, I wish you would please tell her to write to me; I forgot to ask her."

"I don't know's she can write."

"But Teeny can. And Tildy said she was going to have a copybook as soon as her mother bought her some foolscap paper. I am going to learn to write. I am going to play music, too, Mr. Banks."

"Yes, it's likely you'll learn a heap of fine things."

"Don't you s'pose Teeny would write a letter *for* Tildy?"

"That don't seem onreasonable," admitted Abram. "Christeeny writes a fair hand. Robert, he was a good scholar. He read the Bible and Josephus clear through."

"Yes, sir. And Jo Hall said they were singin' so nice at g'ography-school now."

"That's good learning," said Abram, drolly; "but ther's many another thing a man'd better know than singin' g'ogr'phy. F'rinstance: how to ford a creek!"

Before Doctor Garde's little girl could do complete justice to this pleasantry, which she and Abram, of all persons, were able to appreciate, the air was rent with a scream that turned the whole landscape for one instant into a nightmare.

"That's the cars," said Abram; "don't you see the smoke comin' round the hill?"

Miss Calder came out on the platform. The glittering monster of the rails bore down upon them as if determined to have their lives. The station agent stood ready to attend to baggage or express matter.

Before Bluebell could get her breath evenly, she was being helped up steps after her godmother, was walking along a long narrow room with windows on each side, and being seated beside aunt Melissa on a velvet-upholstered seat. Red, bright velvet, gayer than Rocco's best flowered winter dress which Liza made of a remnant of brocaded velvet among mother's things. The seats were very soft and spongy, too. Bluebell furtively bounced up and down while Miss Melissa was settling comfortably. She sat on a seat facing her. A man obligingly turned it over for them. All at once the station began to slide backwards; and before she could recover from this, the woods and hills gently slipped away as if they had grown tired of such everlasting rest. The train was moving! What was a wagon or a horseback ride compared to this! Teetering on a sapling, or on a board stuck through the fence, or swinging in a grape-vine, must forevermore be secondary methods of motion. But where was Abram? She stretched her head out of the open window, and Miss Melissa nervously pulled her in just in time to save her flat from a flight.

But Bluebell had seen Abram far back, plodding up the road behind the station.

"I didn't bid him good-by," she thought ruefully, as this last symbol of her country home vanished from sight. She felt a momentary pang, such as may-be shoots through a little plant torn from its cherishing ground to be transplanted.

But there was aunt Melissa sitting up so grand, her veil over her face and her delicate gloved hands enclosing her vinaigrette, ready for the headache which threatened her when travelling. She was a symbol of that larger life opening before the child.

Miss Calder was suffering a peculiar martyrdom. In every fibre of her sensitive nature she felt that she had robbed the lonesome spinster among the hills, who had not half her resources. But, on the other hand, she had but performed her sacred duty to the dead and the living. She knew she was considering the welfare of the children more than her own wishes. It was a waste for the refined young doctor to spend his life and energies at the Rocky Fork when by her influence she could help him to a position better suited to him. He was so humble and sorrowful himself, he had not considered that he owed a future to his dead wife's children.

Still Miss Melissa felt she had performed a very painful duty, and regretted that she had not done it years before; for anything neglected brings with it long arrears of interest.

But Bluebell was in a fever of delight. Every object seen on that journey was stamped upon her mind for life.

When they slid into Newark, at which point their trip by rail ended, the city glamour enveloped her. To be sure, they passed squalid houses, worse than the most illy kept cabins about the Rocky Fork; and she got swift glimpses of dirty children and pens of back yards, — in short, of all the unsavory sights which spot the outskirts of a city. But these seemed picturesque. The folks must have a good time living "in town." If the children were filthy, they could have candy every day, probably, and walk on sidewalks. Teeny said folks in Fredericktown never soiled the soles of their shoes. And oh, how beautiful the tall buildings were, when the slowly moving train, ringing its bell in state, gave glimpses of them! Streets stretching far as eye could see, carpets, dry goods, immense windows, people hurrying about dressed in their Sunday clothes and looking as if they felt the importance of living in town; carts rattling, long painted and gilded carriages with a man riding on top, appearing and disappearing around corners; and more than all, the roar of human life! How grand was a city! She even loved the smell of it, which consisted principally of escaping gas, not in good odor with more experienced noses.

Doctor Garde's little girl was in a nervous hurry to follow aunt Melissa out of the train when it stopped. She remembered its imperceptible starting, and what should she do if it carried her off by mistake? A man in blue clothes lifted her down from the last high step, and she kept close to Miss Calder. From the dingy brick dépôt came a light-haired smiling man in very neat clothes. He carried a whip in his hand.

"How do you do, Archibald?" said Miss Calder with great affability. "Have you got the carriage here?"

Archibald took off his hat and bowed, smiling all the time in the most laughter-provoking way, and replied that he was quite well, and hoped he saw Miss Calder looking well. The carriage was on the other side of the dépôt.

Miss Calder said she was in excellent health, but felt threatened with a headache and would be glad to get home. She hoped everything had gone well.

Archibald assured her everything had moved as usual, except the house didn't seem the same; and he would put her trunks up behind the carriage immediately if she could wait one minute.

"There are two trunks," said Miss Calder: "that one beside mine which that man is pulling out of the way, is Melissa's."

Archibald applied himself to loading the baggage on a rack behind the carriage. Then he made haste to open the door, let down the steps, and help his mistress and her charge in. The carriage was roomy and comfortable, and drawn by two fat sleepy-looking horses, black as coal and groomed until they glittered. They seemed on the best of terms with Archibald, who called them Coaly and Charley.

Miss Calder leaned back with a satisfied sigh as they started. The cushions were easy and the stuffed back supported one to the shoulders.

It was quite sunset when they left Newark behind and drove towards the yellowing west. The three or four miles intervening between the railroad town and Sharon was a succession of lovely landscapes, and seemed one of those suburban extensions which rich men love to beautify with their villas. There was no ruggedness like that about the Rocky Fork. The hills rose in majestic proportions but softened outlines. In the afterglow left by sunset the country had an unearthly beauty. The road constantly broadened; villa after villa appeared, each standing in spacious grounds. They reached the top of an ascent, and saw Sharon set below, surrounded by hills and glittering like a huge topaz in the evening light. As they descended they lost sight of her. She was drowned from view among her abundant foliage. Bluebell began to think the road had turned aside from her, when they came sweeping around a curve and past an artificial lake, and were in Sharon main street, so broad that many carriages like Miss Melissa's could drive there abreast. The street was quite lively with carriages, and Miss Calder exchanged greetings with numbers of people. One tall white building was beginning to glitter with lights from roof to ground. She knew it must be an important place, and asked with awe what it was.

"That's the seminary," replied Miss Calder.

Doctor Garde's little girl felt almost dizzy as she was obliged to withdraw her eyes from the great mill of learning.

They drove far up this wide street and turned down

another. The carriage stopped. Archibald opened a gate and drove half way around a sweep under tall trees, and brought them to the steps of a large old house. It was brick. Bluebell could see vines massed over one whole end of it. There was a tall pillared veranda extending along the entire front.

The hall-door was open, and within, a globe of light hung suspended from the ceiling. Bluebell thought of the Discontented Cat who went to live with the Countess Von Rustenfustenmustencrustenberg, as she was ushered into this hall and the double parlors which opened from it. She walked on bouquets of velvet flowers as large around as a tub. The lofty rooms appeared to Bluebell one vast collection of treasures. She did not know there were such pictures, such chairs and ornaments and lounges and curtains in the world.

In this house three or four generations of Calders had lived and died. It was the first fine house built in Sharon by one of the Massachusetts colonists when the country was new. It had been remodelled and added to, and its furniture changed with the family tastes or fortunes. But the Calders never destroyed an old thing. Its former belongings were sure to be preserved in some way.

Miss Melissa entered her own room which opened from the back parlor, and took off her wraps, bidding Bluebell take off hers also. And again Dr. Garde's little girl was astonished by the sumptuousness of her surroundings. Then aunt Melissa opened a door into a bathroom, and refreshed herself by bathing her hands and face at a marble stand, and called Bluebell to do likewise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COMEDY BEHIND THE BARN.

THE TRUE AND LAST STORY OF LITTLE BOY BLUE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN
THE SHEEP ARE IN THE MEADOW
THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN
WHERE IS THE LITTLE BOY WHO MINDS THE SHEEP
UNDER THE HAYSTACK FAST ASLEEP
OLD NURSERY RHYME

LITTLE white clouds flew
east thro' the sky,
The bee, with his honey-sacks,
scurried by
En route to his hive with his
stolen sweet,
With the gold of roses caught
round his feet;

And the farmer's dear little
daughter, too,
Came tripping along in her
ribbons blue;
And the sweet little girl had
a silver tongue,
And she sang, as she came, a
sweet little song:

"At Whitehall waited the Prince's boat,
The lark unravelled his silver note
As the river and garden he soared above;
The brave knight thought of his absent love.

"The world wags merrily on, 'tis said,
And the prince and the knight and the lark are dead."
Then the little girl stopped to take a
breath,
With never a thought of love or death.

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